The Ontario Readers

Fourth Reader

AUTHORIZED BY
THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION.

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Maisie Bailey

The Ontario Readers.

FOURTH READER.

AUTHORIZED FOR USE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS OF ONTARIO BY THE MINISTER OF EDUCATION.

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PREFACE.

In selecting the lessons of this book, it has been borne in mind that the Fourth Reader is the highest of the series of Readers authorized for use in Public Schools, and, consequently, the most advanced reading-book that the great majority of the pupils of the Province will use. The selections, with very few exceptions, have been taken from the writings of acknowledged masters in literature, and in addition to their intrinsic literary worth, they have the further merit of being such as will familiarize the pupil with the greater names in English authorship, and afford him a means of forming some estimate of the wondrous diversity, beauty, and richness of the literature of our mother tongue.

The selections in verse are poetic gems, whose lustre and value time will never lessen. Many of them have been household words for generations, and nearly all are popular favorites. Pains have been taken to secure accuracy of text in these selections.

The pieces, in both prose and verse, have been selected primarily with respect to their fitness as lessons for teaching reading. It is believed that they will so interest the pupil that he will be stimulated to learn to read for the pleasure and advantage the power to read will bring him. In prose, only such selections have been admitted as are complete in themselves; and while their variety of style and subject affords a wide range of exercises for training in reading, their instructive character will render them additionally useful.

For the sake of those pupils, many of them, relatively, of mature age, who cannot proceed farther than the Public School course, a number of somewhat difficult selections, from the higher realms of literature, have been inserted towards the end of the book. Notwithstanding this, it will be found, that, beginning with an easy transition from the Third Reader, the grading is gentle and regular throughout.

In the Explanatory Notes only those difficulties which are beyond the easy solution of the teacher have been explained. Anything about which the ordinary text-books in history, or geography, or grammar, supply sufficient information, has been left for elucidation to the teacher. Nothing has been said of all such words as are defined in a common pocket-dictionary; and it is believed that nearly every word which is beyond explanation by such help, has had its meaning made clear.

A reading-book should be used principally for teaching the art of reading. A reading lesson should not be converted into a lesson in history, or science, or literature. Yet so much does good reading depend upon an intelligent knowledge of what is read, that the teacher must be particularly careful to see that his pupils understand what they read. This is all the more necessary in the higher classes of a school, since the more advanced pupils, from the facility with which they recognize word forms, are apt to acquire the habit

of uttering the words of a book without clearly apprehending the meaning which lies in the words. Each lesson should be studied before it is read in class; and the teacher should, by questioning and conversation, satisfy himself that the main ideas and facts of the lesson are thoroughly understood before the lesson is taken up as a *reading* lesson, although much preparatory reading may be done during the progress of this conversation.

A pure tone, distinct articulation, and expressive modulation of the voice, are three indispensable requisites in good reading, the natural and unaffected use of which by his pupils it should be the constant aim of the teacher to secure. The voice should be freed from all whispering, lisping, guttural, strident, and nasal impurities. To improve the voice, the pupils should be practised in simultaneous deep breathing, first slow, then rapid, then explosive; also in the simultaneous prolonged utterance of the elementary vowel sounds, especially *ä*, *ō*, *o͞o*, *ā*, and *ē*,—first, separately, then in combination,—as, for example, *ä—ō—o͞o*. Pupils should be practised individually in these exercises, and in reading passages slowly and rapidly, alternately, and in high and low pitch, alternately. The introductory chapter on Expression, as well as that on Orthoëpy in the Third Reader, should be used as a basis for conversational lessons on articulation and modulation.

Pupils should be required to make rhetorical analyses of their reading lessons, and to state what tone, what sort of pitch, force, and time, and what inflections, stresses, emphases, and pauses, might be appropriately used in reading them. But this application of technical principles to reading should be very gradually and cautiously made; and the teacher should not be dissatisfied if his pupils are unable exactly to account for their use of technical rules. The main things to be secured are, an intelligent understanding of what is read, and a sympathetic rendering of it; and many pupils may make the latter unconsciously, either from superior faculty of sympathy, or from imitation of others. Imitation is a very strong factor in the process of learning to read expressively, and its power should be taken advantage of by the teacher, who should require his pupils to imitate his own reading, or that of their fellow pupils who read best.

As much as possible the readings in poetry should be committed to memory, and recited in class. Thereby the memories of the pupils will be strengthened, their minds filled with a store of beautiful thoughts, and their vocabularies greatly enlarged. In reciting, if the memorization has been perfect, the mind is left more free to attend to articulation and expression, than in ordinary reading, and voice culture can be pursued without the distraction of efforts to recognize word symbols.

It must not be forgotten that being able to read well, implies the ability to read correctly and effectively passages and pieces at sight. This ability is to be acquired largely by practice, which makes the mind alert to perceive the trend of thought, and the voice ready in varying its tones in sympathy with it; but it is due largely, also, to that general development of mind which follows "experience gained and knowledge won."

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EXPRESSION.

Good reading implies not only the art of uttering the words of an author so as to convey to a listener an accurate idea of the author's meaning, but also the art of appropriately uttering the words so as to convey the strength, beauty, pathos, passion, or other quality of their meaning.

Reading may be *correct*—that is, free from faults, and not *good*—that is, impressive. The requisites of correct reading are, that the reader shall understand what he reads, and shall violate no elocutionary principle in his reading; in addition, for *good* reading, it is indispensably necessary that the reader *feels* what he reads.

Expression, in reading, is the art of uttering the language read, so as to convey the thought and feeling contained in it, correctly and effectively.

The **principal elements** of Expression are:—Quality of Voice, Pitch, Force, Time, Stress, Inflection, Emphasis, and Pause. In regard to the use of these elements, very definite rules cannot be laid down, owing to the greatness of the range of thought and feeling, and to the complexity which these assume in language. There is one comprehensive rule, however, by which the reader should always be guided:—*To give a faithful, sympathetic attention to the full meaning, sentiment, and feeling of what he reads; and to manage his voice so as effectively to express this meaning, sentiment, and feeling.* Skill in the effective management of the voice is gained by acquiring a correct knowledge of the principles of Expression, and by persistently applying these principles in daily practice.

1. Quality of Voice.

Quality is the kind, or character, of the voice, in respect of the fulness, clearness, and purity of its tones.

Pure Tone is the quality of the voice when its sound is clear, smooth, flowing, unobstructed, and resonant. The sound should proceed freely from the mouth. There should be an absence of any whispering, guttural, sibilant, or nasal impurities. Pure tone is the quality of voice natural to conversation. It should be used in all simple narration, description, and argument; in the expression of cheerfulness, tenderness, pity, and all tranquil emotions; it is not suited to express the heights and depths of passion.

The Orotund is the Pure Tone, enlarged, deepened, and intensified. In it the voice is full, thrilling, and deeply resonant. It is the tone appropriate to the expression of grandeur and sublimity of thought, intense passion, inspiring emotion, energetic and vehement appeal, awe, reverence, and deep pathos. *The Ocean* (p. 247), and *Mysterious Night* (p. 302), may be appropriately read in the Orotund.

The Whisper or **Aspirated Quality** is naturally used to express fear, secrecy, caution. Horror, terror, hatred, contempt, are sometimes

expressed in intensified forms of this quality. The whisper should be used sparingly, and only for single words or sentences; as in

> While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
> Or whispering with white lips, "*The foe, they come, they come!*"

The Guttural Tone is used naturally to express hatred, malice, revenge, loathing, and all the worst passions of human nature.

2. PITCH.

Pitch is the general degree of elevation or depression the voice assumes in reading a sentence or a passage. It may be described as the keynote or prevailing note employed in the reading of the passage. It should vary with the character of the passage.

Middle or **Moderate Pitch** is that heard in conversation. It is suitable to simple narration and description, to moral reflection, calm reasoning, and all unimpassioned thought. It is the pitch which the voice naturally assumes, and it is the only one which should be long sustained.

High Pitch is that which rises above the conversational key. It is properly used in stirring description and animated narration, and for representing joyous and elevated feelings, and strong and impetuous emotions. The third and fourth stanzas of *Marmion and Douglas* (p. 256) are suitably read in High Pitch.

Low Pitch is that which falls below the conversational key. It is properly used in expressing reverence, awe, sublimity, and pathos. Hood's *Song of the Shirt* (p. 263) may be expressively read in Low Pitch.

3. FORCE.

Force is volume of voice, or degree of loudness.

Moderate Force is the medium degree of loudness heard in animated conversation. It is properly used in simple narration, description, argument, and all discourse which is not strongly impassioned.

Loud Force is appropriately used to express violent passion and vehement emotion, such as scorn, anger, defiance, and excessive grief. It is the natural language of strong exhortation and powerful appeal. Bruce's Address (p. 91), and Marmion's defiance (p. 257), will serve to illustrate the appropriate use of Loud Force.

Soft, Gentle, or **Subdued Force** is appropriate to the expression of awe, fear, caution, and secrecy; of pity, and all tender emotions. The *Death of Little Nell* (p. 100) may be read almost throughout with Soft Force. In some passages of this extract the force should be greatly subdued.

4. TIME.

Time is rate of utterance. It should vary to suit the thoughts and feelings to be expressed.

Moderate Time is the rate of utterance heard in ordinary conversation, or perhaps it is a little slower than this. It is appropriately used in narration, description, reasoning, and all ordinary discourse. It is

suited also to didactic and reflective pieces, and for the expression of gentle and tranquil emotions.

Pure Tone, Middle Pitch, Medium Force, and Moderate Time, should be employed in reading most of the selections in the Fourth Reader; in fact, they may be appropriately used in reading the greater part of all literature.

Quick Time is used to express animated and joyous thoughts, impatience, ridicule, violent anger, sudden fear, and all excited feeling. The *Ride from Ghent to Aix* (p. 285), the last two stanzas of *Lochinvar* (p. 169), and parts of *Waterloo* (p. 240), should be read in Quick Time.

Slow Time is used to express grandeur, vastness, awe, sublimity; solemn, grave, and devotional thought; pathos and all deep feeling. The sublimity, the adoration, the devout feeling of the 104th Psalm (p. 292), would be appropriately rendered in a somewhat low pitch, in a full orotund tone, with medium force, and in slow time.

Quality, Pitch, Force, Time, have reference to sentences, passages, or whole selections. Stress, Inflection, and Emphasis, have reference rather to words, and phrases.

5. STRESS.

In the utterance of a vowel sound the ear can detect two parts: a full opening, and a vanishing close. Thus if *ā*, as in *pale*, be uttered with full, open voice, two sounds may be recognized: (1) the sound of the name of the letter, (2) a tapering, or vanishing sound, like *ē* in *mete*. The opening sound, again, being capable of prolongation, may be spoken of as consisting of two parts. Thus every vowel sound may be considered as having an opening, a middle, and a last part.

Stress is force given to the *opening*, the *middle*, or the *last part* of the vowel element in the sound of a syllable.

Initial or **Radical Stress** is force given to the *opening part* of the vowel element in the sound of a syllable. It is natural to the expression of bold and vehement thought, of impulse, passion, terror, and alarm. Douglas's angry reply to Marmion (p. 257) contains many words which should be uttered with Radical Stress.

Final or **Vanishing Stress** is force given to the *vanishing* or *closing part* of a vowel element in the sound of a syllable. It is natural to the expression of impatience, peevishness, complaint, scorn, contempt.

Thorough Stress is an equal force given to *all the parts* of the vowel element in the sound of a syllable, the sound of the vowel being prolonged. It is natural to the expression of courage, of firmness, of bold and noble self-assertion. It may be properly used in the following sentence of Mr. Bright (p. 296):—*But I shall repudiate and denounce the expenditure of every shilling, the engagement of every man, the employment of every ship, which has no object but intermeddling in the affairs of other countries.*

Median Stress is a gradual increase of force in the utterance of the vowel element in the sound of a syllable, reaching its height in the middle of the sound, and gradually decreasing till it vanishes. It is natural to

the expression of all tranquil emotions—tenderness, love, pity, subdued sorrow, and pathos; and of dignified and elevated sentiment. It is appropriate to all poetic narration and description. It is the form of Stress which is most frequently required in reading, and when well rendered it gives much musical and rhythmical effect to the tones of the voice. Many of the stanzas of the *Elegy* (p. 331), will fall more beautifully upon the ear, if read with an appreciative use of the Median Stress.

6. INFLECTION.

Inflections are gentle slides of the voice, from one note or pitch to another, either higher or lower, occurring in the utterance of the accented syllables of emphatic words. Inflection bears the same relation to Pitch that Stress bears to Force. Inflection is the variation of Pitch in the utterance of emphatic syllables; Stress is the variation of Force in their utterance.

The **Rising Inflection**, marked (ˊ), is an upward glide of the voice. It is the inflection heard in questions to which the answer "Yes," or "No," is expected:—"*Can you tell me what o'clóck it is? Is it nine yet?*"

The **Falling Inflection**, marked (ˋ), is a downward glide of the voice. It is the inflection heard in complete answers:—*Yes, I can tèll you. It is nòt nine yet. It is only èight.*

The **Circumflex**, marked (ˆ), or (ˇ), is a union of the Rising with the Falling Inflection, or of the Falling with the Rising Inflection.

In animated conversation, inflections are naturally and unconsciously made. To obtain the correct inflections for any selection, the sentences may be thrown into colloquial form; the inflections then naturally made to express suitably the thoughts and feelings contained in them, will be such as should be used in reading the selection in its original form. It is very difficult further to lay down helpful rules for the use of inflections; but a few general principles may be stated:—

(*a*) The simple **rising** and **falling inflections** are the natural intonations of words used to convey the meaning they literally express.

(*b*) The **Circumflexes** are the natural intonations of words used to convey meanings they do not literally express.

(*c*) The **Falling Inflection** is the inflection of completeness; it is used to *disconnect* that which has been said from that which is to follow; it is the inflection of statement, of certainty, of emphasis, of all commands; it has been well called the inflection of positive ideas.

(*d*) The **Rising Inflection** is the inflection of incompleteness; it is used to indicate *connection* between that which has been said and that which is to follow; it is the inflection of *un*finished expressions; of thoughts which are conditional, uncertain, incomplete; it has been well called the inflection of ideas which are *not* positive.

(*e*) The **Circumflex** is the inflection of insincerity. It is appropriate to the expression of irony, mockery, ridicule, sarcasm, insinuation.

The use of inflections may be exemplified in the following words of Shylock (p. 312):—

Signior António, on the Riálto, màny a time and òften you have railed at me about my mòneys and my ùsurics, and I have borne it with a patient shrùg, for súfferance is the bádge of àll our tribe; and thén you have called me unbelièver, cut-throat dòg, and spit upon my Jewish gàrments, and spurned at me with your foót, as if I were a cŭr. Wèll then, it nòw appears you need my hêlp; and you cŏme to me and say', "Shy'lóck, lend me mòneys!" Has a dŏg móney? Is it póssible a cŭr should lend threč thoŭsand dŭcats?

Inflections **vary in length**, that is in the number of tones through which the voice rises or falls in making them. If the general spirit of the passage be unemotional the inflections should be of **moderate** length; if lively, joyous, bold, noble, or strongly emotional, they should be **long**; if subdued and pathetic, they should be **short**.

Monotone, is the tone heard when the words of a sentence or passage are uttered almost entirely without inflection. It is natural to the expression of awe, and reverence, and solemnity of feeling; of sublime and elevated description; of thoughts which convey a sense of the supernatural. The monotone is usually suitably uttered in a low pitch, and with full pure or orotund quality of voice, in slow time.

7. EMPHASIS.

Emphasis is the peculiar force of voice with which certain words and phrases in a sentence are uttered to indicate more clearly, than otherwise could be done, the sense and feeling intended to be expressed. In speaking, emphasis is natural and spontaneous. The speaker without thought places the emphasis where it properly belongs. Every change of emphasis in a sentence gives a change of meaning. For example, if the sentence, *James has seen your brother to-day*, be spoken with the emphasis placed successively upon the several words of the sentence, a new meaning will be conveyed with with each change of emphasis. Hence, as the full meaning of a sentence is rarely apparent from its form, the reader must bear in mind the spirit of the passage, and the meaning of the context, to be able to place the necessary emphases on the proper words. A knowledge, also, of the following principles will be useful:—*Words and phrases are naturally emphatic when they are: (a) peculiarly significant; (b) contrasting or antithetical; (c) repeated for the sake of distinction; (d) placed in a series, increasing in importance. Words and phrases which express new ideas are emphatic, while those which refer to ideas previously stated are relatively unemphatic.*

While the proper use of emphasis is essential to good reading, the undue use of it is valueless and offensive.

Slur is a smooth, gliding movement of the voice, in a subdued tone, by which those parts of a sentence of less comparative importance are rendered less impressive to the ear, and the more important words and phrases are put in stronger relief. It is natural to the expression of what is parenthetical and explanatory, of what is subordinate to the main thought to be expressed. Words that are slurred are read in a lower and less forcible tone of voice, with a slight change of time, usually an increase, and

with very slight inflections; but they should by no means be pronounced indistinctly.

8. Pause.

Pauses are suspensions of the voice, of longer or shorter duration.

In writing and printing, punctuation marks are used to shew the grammatical construction of sentences, and to assist the reader in discerning the meaning intended to be conveyed. In reading, the place of punctuation marks is supplied by pauses of the voice. But the rules for the insertion of punctuation marks are so unsettled, especially in the case of the comma, and are so mechanical in their application, that in reading, pauses do not always correspond to punctuation marks, although *in the main* punctuation marks should always be represented by pauses of the voice. Pauses are frequently made *independently* of the presence of punctuation marks, especially to indicate feeling. These may be called **Rhetorical Pauses**, in distinction from **Grammatical Pauses**, or those made to correspond to punctuation marks.

The duration and frequency of Rhetorical Pauses greatly vary. In animated conversation, in rapid argument, in ordinary description and narration, they should be short and infrequent. In serious, dignified, and pathetic expression, in language of passion and of deep emotion, they should be far more numerous, and somewhat prolonged.

The use of Rhetorical Pauses must be largely determined by the judgment, feeling, and taste of the reader. A few rules of general application, however, may be usefully laid down.

A pause should be made :—(*a*) *between the subject and the predicate, when the subject is a single emphatic word, or when it consists of a number of words;* (*b*) *between the parts of a sentence which have been inverted;* (*c*) *when emphasis is necessary, or to indicate contrast;* (*d*) *before and after* (1) *a noun in apposition,* (2) *an intervening phrase, and* (3) *a qualifying clause;* (*e*) *when an ellipsis occurs.*

Frequently, in reading, the terminal sound of a word is prolonged, and the voice slightly suspended immediately thereafter. This is done to prevent the recurrence of too many pauses; to produce a slighter disjunction than would be made by a pause; and to give the effect of slowness of utterance, and, at the same time, secure attention to the thoughts expressed by the words whose sounds are prolonged. When properly effected it greatly enhances the beauty of reading.

Harmonic Pauses are pauses made to preserve the rhythm and melody of verse in poetry,—the **Cæsura**, near the middle of each line, and the **Final Pause**, at the end. Short lines may want the Cæsura. An Harmonic Pause, when not identical with a grammatical or rhetorical pause, is very short, and is usually accompanied by a slight prolongation of the sound of the word immediately preceding it. Harmonic Pauses give much musical effect to the reading of poetry.

FOURTH READER.

I.—TOM BROWN.

HUGHES.

THOMAS HUGHES was born in Berkshire, England, in 1823, and was educated at Rugby under Dr. Arnold, and at Oxford. For several years he was a member of Parliament, and was an earnest advocate of the interests of the working classes, to whom he has always been a warm friend. He has written much upon social subjects, but is best known by his *Tom Brown's School Days*, and its sequel, *Tom Brown at Oxford*. The former gives an excellent account of school-boy life at Rugby in the time of Dr. Arnold, and the latter describes the college life of the hero of the *School Days*. His writings have a hearty, pure, and vigorous tone, and his style is clear and simple.

The following extract is from *Tom Brown's School Days*, and describes the reception at Rugby of Arthur, a "new boy," whose simple piety, and quiet, gentle manner had a great influence in moulding Brown's character.

THE schoolhouse prayers were the same on the first night as on the other nights, save for the gaps caused by the absence of those boys who came late, and the line of new boys, who stood all together at the farther table,—of all sorts and sizes, like young bears, with all their troubles to come, as Tom's father had said to him, when he was in the same position. Tom Brown thought of it as he looked at the line and poor slight little Arthur standing with them, and as he was leading him up stairs to No. 4, directly after prayers, and showing him his bed.

It was a huge, high, airy room, with two large windows looking on the school close. There were twelve beds in the room. The one in the farthest corner by the fire-place was occupied by the sixth-form boy, who was

responsible for the discipline of the room, and the rest by boys in the lower-fifth, and other junior forms,—all fags, for the fifth-form boys slept in rooms by themselves. Being fags, the oldest of them was not more than about sixteen years old, and they were all bound to be up and in bed by ten; the sixth-form boys came to bed from ten to a quarter past (at which time the old verger came round to put the candles out), except when they sat up to read.

Within a few minutes, therefore, of their entrance, all the other boys who slept in No. 4 had come up. The little fellows went quietly to their own beds, and began undressing and talking to each other in whispers; while the elder, amongst whom was Tom, sat chatting about on one another's beds, with their jackets and waistcoats off.

Poor little Arthur was overwhelmed with the novelty of his position. The idea of sleeping in the room with strange boys had clearly never crossed his mind before, and was as painful as it was strange to him. He could hardly bear to take his jacket off; presently, however, with an effort, off it came, and then he paused, and looked at Tom, who was sitting at the bottom of his bed talking and laughing.

"Please, Brown," he whispered, "may I wash my face and hands?"

"Of course, if you like," said Tom, staring. "That's your washstand, under the window, second from your bed. You'll have to go down for more water in the morning, if you use it all." And on he went with his talk, while Arthur stole timidly from between the beds out to his washstand, and began his ablutions, thereby drawing for a moment on himself the attention of the room.

On went the talk and laughter. Arthur finished his washing and undressing, and put on his night-gown. He then looked round more nervously than ever. Two or three of the little boys were already in bed, sitting up, with their chins on their knees. The light burned clear; the noise went on. It was a trying moment for the poor little lonely boy; however, this time he didn't ask Tom what he might or might not do, but dropped on his knees by his bedside, as he had done every day from his childhood, to open his heart to Him who heareth the cry, and beareth the sorrows, of the tender child and the strong man in agony.

Tom was sitting at the bottom of his bed, unlacing his boots, so that his back was towards Arthur, and he didn't see what had happened, and looked up in wonder at the sudden silence. Then two or three boys laughed and sneered, and a big, brutal fellow, who was standing in the middle of the room, picked up a slipper, and shied it at the kneeling boy, calling him a snivelling young shaver. Then all at once Tom understood what was going on, and the next moment the boot he had just pulled off flew straight at the head of the bully, who had just time to throw up his arm and catch it on his elbow.

"Confound you, Brown! what's that for?" roared he, stamping with pain.

"Never mind what I mean," said Tom, stepping on to the floor, every drop of blood in his body tingling; "if any fellow wants the other boot, he knows how to get it."

What would have been the result is doubtful, for at this moment the sixth-form boy came in, and not another word could be said. Tom and the rest rushed into bed, and finished their unrobing there; and the old verger, as punctual as the clock, had put out the candle in another

minute, and toddled on to the next room, shutting their door with his "Good-night, genl'm'n."

There were many boys in the room by whom that little scene was taken to heart before they slept. But sleep seemed to have deserted the pillow of poor Tom. For some time his excitement and the flood of memories which chased one another through his brain, kept him from thinking or resolving. His head throbbed, his heart leaped, and he could hardly keep himself from springing out of bed and rushing about the room.

Then the thought of his own mother came across him, and the promise he had made at her knee, years ago, never to forget to kneel by his bedside, and give himself up to his Father, before he laid his head on the pillow, from which it might never rise; and he lay down gently, and cried as if his heart would break. He was only fourteen years old.

It was no light act of courage in those days, for a little fellow to say his prayers publicly, even at Rugby. A few years later, when Arnold's manly piety had begun to leaven the school, the tables turned; before he died—in the schoolhouse at least, and I believe in the other houses—the rule was the other way.

But poor Tom had come to school in other times. The first few nights after he came he did not kneel down, because of the noise, but sat up in bed till the candle was out, and then stole out and said his prayers, in fear lest some one should find him out. So did many another poor little fellow. Then he began to think that he might just as well say his prayers in bed; and then, that it didn't matter whether he was kneeling, or sitting, or lying down, and for the last year he had probably not said his prayers in earnest a dozen times.

Poor Tom! the first and bitterest feeling, which was like to break his heart, was the sense of his own cowardice. The vice of all others which he loathed was brought in, and burned in, on his own soul. He had lied to his mother, to his conscience, and to his God. How could he bear it? And then the poor little weak boy, Arthur, whom he had pitied and almost scorned for his weakness, had done that which he, braggart as he was, dared not do.

The first dawn of comfort came to him in swearing to himself that he would stand by that boy through thick and thin, and cheer him, and help him, and bear his burdens, for the brave deed done that night. Then Tom resolved to write home next day, and tell his mother all, and what a coward her son had been. And then peace came to him as he resolved, lastly, to bear *his* testimony next morning. The morning would be harder than the night to begin with, but he felt that he could not afford to let one chance slip.

Next morning Tom was up, and washed, and dressed, all but his jacket and waistcoat, just as the ten minutes bell began to ring, and then in the face of the whole room he knelt down to pray. Not five words could he say,—the bell mocked him; he was listening for every whisper in the room,—what were they all thinking of him? He was ashamed to go on kneeling, ashamed to rise from his knees. At last, as it were from his inmost heart, a still small voice seemed to breathe forth the words of the publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" He repeated them over and over, clinging to them as for life, and rose from his knees comforted and humbled, and ready to face the whole world.

It was not needed: two other boys besides Arthur

had already followed his example, and he went down to the great school with the glimmer of another lesson in his heart,—the lesson that he who has conquered his own coward spirit, has conquered the whole outward world.

He found how greatly he had exaggerated the effect to be produced by his act. For a few nights there was a sneer or a laugh when he knelt down, but this passed off soon, and one by one all the other boys but three or four followed the lead.

II.—I'LL FIND A WAY OR MAKE IT.

SAXE.

JOHN GODFREY SAXE, born in Vermont in 1816, is a lawyer by profession. He has written a number of poems, chiefly humorous, which have made his name popular.

IT was a noble Roman,
In Rome's imperial day,
Who heard a coward croaker
Before the castle say,—
"They're safe in such a fortress;
There is no way to shake it!"
"On! on!" exclaimed the hero;
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

Is fame your aspiration?
Her path is steep and high;
In vain he seeks her temple,
Content to gaze and sigh.
The shining throne is waiting,
But he alone can take it
Who says, with Roman firmness,
"I'll find a way, or make it!"

Is learning your ambition?
  There is no royal road;
Alike the peer and peasant
  Must climb to her abode:
Who feels the thirst for knowledge,
  In Helicon may slake it,
If he has still the Roman will
  "To find a way, or make it!"

Are riches worth the getting?
  They must be bravely sought;
With wishing and with fretting
  The boon can not be bought;
To all the prize is open,
  But only he can take it,
Who says, with Roman courage,
  "I'll find a way, or make it!"

III.—LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD.

DOYLE.

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE, born in 1810, was for sometime Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. He has written lectures on poetry, and a number of vigorous poems, generally of a martial strain

The *Birkenhead* was an English transport steamer wrecked near the Cape of Good Hope, in 1852. As all could not be saved, the women and children were put into the boats, while the soldiers and sailors went down with the ship. The poem is supposed to be written by one of the soldiers on board.

RIGHT on our flank the crimson sun went down;
The deep sea rolled around in dark repose;
When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
  A cry of women rose.

The stout ship *Birkenhead* lay hard and fast,
Caught without hope upon a hidden rock;
Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when through them passed
  The spirit of that shock.

And ever like base cowards, who leave their ranks
In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
Drifted away, disorderly, the planks
From underneath her keel.

Confusion spread, for, though the coast seemed near,
Sharks hovered thick along that white sea-brink.
The boats could hold—not all—and it was clear
She was about to sink.

"Out with those boats and let us haste away,"
Cried one, "ere yet yon sea the bark devours."
The man thus clamoring was, I scarce need say,
No officer of ours.

Our English hearts beat true; we would not stir;
The base appeal we heard, but heeded not;
On land, on sea, we had our colors, sir,
To keep without a spot!

We knew our duty better than to care
For such loose babblers, and made no reply,
Till our good Colonel gave the word, and there
Formed us in line to die.

There rose no murmur from the ranks, no thought,
By shameful strength, unhonored life to seek;
Our post to quit we were not trained, nor taught
To trample down the weak.

So we made the women with their children go;
The oars ply back again, and yet again;
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
Still under steadfast men.

What follows, why recall?—The brave who died,
Died without flinching in the bloody surf;
They sleep as well beneath that purple tide,
As others under turf.

They sleep as well! and, roused from their wild grave,
Wearing their wounds like stars, shall rise again,
Joint-heirs with Christ, because they bled to save
His weak ones, not in vain.

IV.—THE LITTLE MIDSHIPMAN.

JEAN INGELOW.

JEAN INGELOW was born in 1830, at Ipswich, England. A volume of her poems, the *Round of Days*, published in 1862, made her name widely and favorably known, both in England and in America. She has since written many other poems, several novels, and stories for children, and has been a frequent contributor to periodicals. Her writings are full of beautiful descriptions, and are marked by a grace and a delicacy of touch which have made them attractive and popular.

WHO is this? A careless little midshipman, idling about in a great city, with his pockets full of money. He is waiting for the coach; it comes up presently, and he gets on the top of it and begins to look about him.

They soon leave the chimney-tops behind them; his eyes wander with delight over the harvest-fields, he smells the honeysuckle in the hedge-row, and he wishes he was down among the hazel-bushes, that he might strip them of their milky nuts.

Then he sees a great waggon piled up with barley, and he wishes he was seated on the top of it; then they go through a little wood, and he likes to see the checkered shadows of the trees lying across the white road; and then a squirrel runs up a bough, and he cannot forbear to whoop and halloo, though he cannot chase it to its nest.

The passengers go on talking,—the little midshipman has told them who he is and where he is going. But there is one man who has never joined in the conversation; he is dark-looking and restless; he sits apart; he has heard the rattling of coin in the boy's pocket, and now he watches him more narrowly than before.

The lad has told the other passengers that his father's house is the parsonage at Y——; the coach goes within five miles of it, and he means to get down at the nearest point, and walk, or rather run, over to his home, through the great wood.

The man decides to get down, too, and go through the wood. He will rob the little midshipman; perhaps, if he cries out or struggles, he will do worse. The boy, he thinks, will have no chance against him; it is quite impossible that he can escape; the way is lonely, and the sun will be down.

It is too light at present for his deed of darkness, and too near the entrance of the wood; but he knows that shortly the path will branch off into two, and the right one for the boy to take will be dark and lonely.

But what prompts the little midshipman, when not fifty yards from the branching of the path, to break into a sudden run? It is not fear,—he never dreams of danger. Some sudden impulse, or some wild wish for home, makes him dash off suddenly with a whoop and a bound. On he goes, as if running a race; the path bends, and the man loses sight of him. "But I shall have him yet," he thinks; "he cannot keep this pace up long."

The boy has nearly reached the place where the path divides, when he starts up a young white owl that can scarcely fly, and it goes whirring along, close to the

ground, before him. He gains upon it; another moment, and it will be his. Now he gets the start again; they come to the branching of the paths, and the bird goes down the wrong one. The temptation to follow is too strong to be resisted. He knows that somewhere, deep in the wood, there is a cross track by which he can get into the path he has left. It is only to run a little faster, and he will be at home nearly as soon.

On he rushes; the path takes a bend, and he is just out of sight, when his pursuer comes where the paths divide. The boy has turned to the right; the man takes the left; and the faster they both run, the farther they are asunder.

The boy does not know this part of the wood, but he runs on. O little midshipman! why did you chase that owl? If you had kept in the path with the dark man behind you, there was a chance that you might have outrun him; or, if he had overtaken you, some passing wayfarer might have heard your cries, and come to save you. Now you are running on straight to your death; for the forest water is deep and black at the bottom of this hill. Oh that the moon might come out and show it to you!

The moon is under a thick canopy of heavy black clouds; and there is not a star to glitter on the water and make it visible. The fern is soft under his feet, as he runs and slips down the sloping hill. At last he strikes his foot against a stone, stumbles and falls. A second more and he will roll into the black water!

"Heyday!" cries the boy, "what's this? Oh, how it tears my hands! Oh, this thorn-bush! Oh, my arms! I can't get free!" He struggles and pants. "All this comes of leaving the path," he says; "I shouldn't have cared for rolling down, if it hadn't been for this bush.

The fern was soft enough. I'll never stray in a wood at night again. There, free at last! And my jacket nearly torn off my back!"

With a great deal of patience, and a great many scratches, he gets free of the thorn which arrested his progress, when his feet were within a yard of the water, manages to scramble up the bank, and makes the best of his way through the wood.

And now, as the clouds move slowly onward, the moon shows her face on the black surface of the water; and the little white owl comes and hoots, and flutters over it like a wandering snow-drift. But the boy is deep in the wood again, and knows nothing of the danger from which he has escaped.

All this time the dark passenger follows the main track, and believes that his prey is before him. At last he hears a crashing of dead boughs, and presently, the little midshipman's voice not fifty yards before him. Yes; it is too true; the boy is in the cross track. He will soon pass the cottage in the wood, and after that his pursuer will come upon him.

The boy bounds into the path; but, as he passes the cottage, he is so thirsty and so hot that he thinks he must ask the occupants if they can give him a glass of water. He enters without ceremony. "Water?" says the woodman, who is sitting at his supper, "yes; we can give thee a glass of water, or perhaps my wife will give thee a drink of milk. Come in." So he goes in, and shuts the door; and while he sits waiting for the milk, footsteps pass. They are the footsteps of his pursuer, who goes on angry and impatient that he has not yet come up with him.

The woman goes to her little dairy for the milk, and

the boy thinks she is gone a long time. He drinks it, thanks her, and takes his leave.

Fast and faster the man runs, and, as fast as he can the boy runs after him. It is very dark, but there is a yellow streak in the sky, where the moon is ploughing up a furrowed mass of gray cloud, and one or two stars are blinking through the branches of the trees.

Fast the boy follows, and fast the man runs on, with a stake in his hand for a weapon. Suddenly he hears the joyous whoop—not before, but behind him. He stops, and listens breathlessly. Yes; it is so. He pushes himself into the thicket, and raises his stake to strike, when the boy shall pass.

On he comes, running lightly, with his hands in his pockets. A sound strikes at the same instant on the ears of both; and the boy turns back from the very jaws of death to listen. It is the sound of wheels, and it draws rapidly nearer. A man comes up driving a little gig.

"Holloa!" he says, in a loud, cheerful voice. "What! benighted, youngster?"

"O! is it you, Mr. D——?" says the boy; "no, I am not benighted; or, at any rate, I know my way out of the wood."

The man draws farther back among the shrubs. "Why, bless the boy," he hears the farmer say, "to think of our meeting in this way! The parson told me he was in hopes of seeing thee some day this week. I'll give thee a lift. This is a lone place to be in at this time o' night."

"Lone!" says the boy, laughing. "I don't mind that; and, if you know the way, it's as safe as the quarter-deck."

So he gets into the farmer's gig, and is once more out of reach of the pursuer.

But the man knows that the farmer's house is a quarter of a mile nearer than the parsonage, and, in that quarter of a mile, there is still a chance of committing the robbery. He determines still to make the attempt, and cuts across the wood with such rapid strides that he reaches the farmer's gate just as the gig drives up to it.

"Well, thank you, farmer," says the midshipman, as he prepares to get down.

"I wish you good night, gentlemen," says the man, when he passes.

"Good night, friend," the farmer replies. "I say, my boy, it's a dark night enough; but I have a mind to drive you on to the parsonage, and hear the rest of this long tale of yours about the sea-serpent."

The little wheels go on again. They pass the man; and he stands still in the road to listen till the sound dies away. Then he flings his stake into the hedge, and goes back again. His evil purposes have all been frustrated,—the thoughtless boy has baffled him at every turn.

Now the little midshipman is at home,—the joyful meeting has taken place; and, when they have all admired his growth, and measured his height on the window-frame, and seen him eat his supper, they begin to question him about his adventures, more for the pleasure of hearing him talk, than from any curiosity.

"Adventures!" says the boy, seated between his father and mother on a sofa; "why, mother, I did write you an account of the voyage, and there's nothing else to tell. Nothing happened to-day,—at least nothing particular."

"Nothing particular!" If they could have known, they would have thought lightly, in comparison, of the dangers of "the jib-boom end, and the main-top-mast

cross-trees." But they did not know, any more than we know, the dangers that hourly beset us.

We are aware of some few dangers, and we do what we can to provide against them; but, for the greater portion, "our eyes are held that we cannot see." We walk securely under His guidance, without whom "not a sparrow falleth to the ground"; and, when we have had escapes, at which the angels have wondered, we come home and say, perhaps, that "nothing has happened,—at least, nothing particular."

V.—PICTURES OF MEMORY.

ALICE CARY.

ALICE CARY, born 1820, and her sister, PHŒBE, born 1824, near Cincinnati, were the authors of many beautiful gems of poetry. In 1851 they moved to New York, where they supported themselves by writing poems and prose sketches for newspapers and magazines. They died in 1871, within three months of each other.

AMONG the beautiful pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
Is one of a dim old forest,
That seemeth best of all:
Not for its gnarled oaks olden,
Dark with the mistletoe;
Not for the violets golden,
That sprinkle the vale below;
Not for the milk-white lilies,
That lean from the fragrant hedge,
Coquetting all day with the sunbeams,
And stealing their golden edge;
Not for the vines on the upland,
Where the bright red berries rest,
Nor the pinks, nor the pale, sweet cowslips,
It seemeth to me the best.

I once had a little brother,
With eyes that were dark and deep;
In the lap of that dim old forest,
He lieth in peace asleep.
Light as the down of the thistle,
Free as the winds that blow,
We roved there the beautiful summers,
The summers of long ago.
But his feet on the hills grew weary,
And one of the Autumn eves,
I made for my little brother,
A bed of the yellow leaves.

Sweetly his pale arms folded
My neck in a meek embrace,
As the light of immortal beauty
Silently covered his face;
And when the arrows of sunset
Lodged in the tree-tops bright,
He fell in his saint-like beauty,
Asleep by the gates of light.
Therefore of all the pictures
That hang on Memory's wall,
The one of the dim old forest
Seemeth the best of all.

LIVE for something. Do good and leave behind you a monument of virtue that the storms of time can never destroy. Write your name in kindness, love, and mercy, on the hearts of those you come in contact with year by year: you will never be forgotten. Your name, your deeds, will be as legible on the hearts you leave behind, as the stars on the brow of evening. Good deeds will shine as the stars of heaven.

—*Chalmers.*

VI.—ALEXANDER AND THE AFRICAN CHIEF.

COLERIDGE.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE (b. 1772, d. 1834) was one of the most remarkable literary men of modern times. He was possessed of rare and varied talents, and had a mind well-stored with all sorts of knowledge, but as he says of himself in lines addressed to Wordsworth, it was "genius given and knowledge won in vain"; for his unsettled character and irregular habits of life prevented him from completing many things which he undertook. He planned poems and other works which he never began, and began many poems of great beauty which he left unfinished. His two chief poems are the weird *Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, and the "wild and wondrous" tale of *Christabel*, an incomplete poem from which the extract, *Broken Friendship*, has been selected.

The following selection is from *The Friend*, a periodical written and published by Coleridge in 1809–10, at Grasmere, in Cumberland.

DURING his march to conquer the world, Alexander, the Macedonian, came to a people in Africa, who dwelt in a remote and secluded corner, in peaceful huts, and knew neither war nor conqueror. They led him to the hut of their Chief, who received him hospitably, and placed before him golden dates, golden figs, and bread of gold. "Do you eat gold in this country?" said Alexander. "I take it for granted," replied the Chief, "that thou wert able to find eatable food in thine own country. For what reason, then, art thou come amongst us?" "Your gold has not tempted me hither," said Alexander, "but I would willingly become acquainted with your manners and customs." "So be it," rejoined the other; "sojourn among us as long as it pleases thee."

At the close of this conversation, two citizens entered, as into their Court of Justice. The plaintiff said, "I bought of this man a piece of land, and, as I was making a deep drain through it, I found a treasure. This is not mine, for I bargained only for the land, and not for any treasure that might be concealed beneath it; and yet the former owner of the land will not receive it." The defendant answered, "I hope I have a conscience as well

as my fellow-citizen. I sold him the land with all its contingent, as well as existing advantages, and consequently the treasure inclusively."

The Chief, who was at the same time their Supreme Judge, recapitulated their words, in order that the parties might see whether or no he understood them aright. Then, after some reflection, he said, "Thou hast a son, friend, I believe?" "Yes!" "And thou," addressing the other, "a daughter?" "Yes!" "Well then, let thy son marry thy daughter, and bestow the treasure on the young couple for their marriage-portion."

Alexander seemed surprised and perplexed. "Think you my sentence unjust?" the Chief asked him. "O, no," replied Alexander, "but it astonishes me." "And how, then," rejoined the Chief, "would the case have been decided in your country?" "To confess the truth," said Alexander, "we should have taken both parties into custody, and have seized the treasure for the King's use."

"For the King's use!" exclaimed the Chief, now in his turn astonished. "Does the sun shine on that country?" "O, yes!" "Does it rain there?" "Assuredly." "Wonderful! but are there tame animals in the country that live on the grass and green herbs?" "Very many, and of many kinds." "Ay, that must be the cause," said the Chief; "for the sake of those innocent animals, the All-gracious Being continues to let the sun shine and the rain drop down on your country."

Sow truth, if thou the true would'st reap;
Who sows the false shall reap in vain;
Erect and sound thy conscience keep;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

—*Bonar.*

VII.—BOADICEA.

COWPER.

WILLIAM COWPER (b. 1731, d. 1800) was the poet of the religious revival of the eighteenth century. His most important poem is *The Task*, in which praise of the quiet country life which he loved is mingled with reflections upon religious and social topics, and satirical touches upon the fashionable vices and follies of his time. He was of a highly sensitive nature, and was subject to fits of melancholy, which cast a gloom over his whole life. The chief characteristics of his poetry are clearness, simplicity, and fidelity to nature.

Boadicea is an ode written upon the British Queen of that name, who, to avenge the wrongs committed against herself and family by the Romans, raised a general insurrection of the Britons, A.D. 61. She defeated the Romans in several encounters, but was finally defeated by them, and, in despair, committed suicide.

In this poem the Druid priest, or bard, whom Boadicea consults, is represented as foretelling the destruction of the Roman Empire, and the naval supremacy of Britain.

WHEN the British warrior-queen,
Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath the spreading oak
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,—
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief:

"Princess! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

"Rome shall perish!—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorr'd,
Deep in ruin as in guilt!

"Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

"Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony, the path to fame.

"Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

"Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they."

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow;
Rushed to battle, fought, and died;
Dying, hurled them at the foe:

"Ruffians, pitiless as proud!
Heaven awards the vengeance due;
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you."

Knowledge is proud that he has learnt so much;
Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.

—*The Task—Winter Walk at Noon.*

VIII.—THE BATTLE OF HASTINGS.

DICKENS.

CHARLES DICKENS (b. 1812, d. 1870), the most popular novelist of his time, was as original in his choice of subjects as in his mode of treatment. He studied men rather than books, and his characters are mostly odd people in humble life, whom he represents in such a vivid and striking manner that they appear to us like persons whom we have met and known. Some of his novels are written with a view to the reformation of abuses, and in all his works he shows a noble sympathy with the obscure and suffering. Besides his numerous novels and stories, he has written a *Child's History of England*, from which the following lesson has been selected.

HAROLD was crowned king of England on the very day of the Confessor's funeral. He had good need to be quick about it. When the news reached Norman William, hunting in his park at Rouen, he dropped his bow, returned to his palace, called his nobles to council, and presently sent ambassadors to Harold, calling on him to keep his oath and resign the crown. Harold would do no such thing. The barons of France leagued together round Duke William for the invasion of England. Duke William promised freely to distribute English wealth and English lands among them.

King Harold had a rebel brother in Flanders, who was a vassal of Harold Hardrada, king of Norway. This brother and this Norwegian king, joining their forces against England, with Duke William's help, won a fight, in which the English were commanded by two nobles; and then besieged York. Harold, who was waiting for the Normans on the coast at Hastings, with his army, marched to Stamford Bridge, upon the river Derwent, to give them instant battle.

He found them drawn up in a hollow circle, marked out by their shining spears. Riding round this circle at a distance, to survey it, he saw a brave figure on horse-

back, in a blue mantle and a bright helmet, whose horse suddenly stumbled and threw him.

"Who is that man who has fallen?" Harold asked of one of his captains.

"The king of Norway," he replied.

"He is a tall and stately king," said Harold; "but his end is near."

He added, in a little while, "Go yonder to my brother, and tell him if he withdraw his troops he shall be Earl of Northumberland, and rich and powerful in England."

The captain rode away and gave the message.

"What will he give to my friend, the King of Norway?" asked the brother.

"Seven feet of earth for a grave," replied the captain.

"No more?" returned the brother, with a smile.

"The King of Norway being a tall man, perhaps a little more," replied the captain.

"Ride back!" said the brother, "and tell King Harold to make ready for the fight!"

He did so very soon. And such a fight King Harold led against that force, that his brother, the Norwegian king, and every chief of note in all their host, except the Norwegian king's son Olave, to whom he gave honorable dismissal, were left dead upon the field. The victorious army marched to York. As King Harold sat there at the feast, in the midst of all his company, a stir was heard at the doors, and messengers, all covered with mire from riding far and fast through broken ground, came hurrying in to report that the Normans had landed in England.

The intelligence was true. They had been tossed about by contrary winds, and some of their ships had

been wrecked. A part of their own shore, to which they had been driven back, was strewn with Norman bodies. But they had once more made sail, led by the Duke's own galley, a present from his wife, upon the prow whereof the figure of a golden boy stood pointing towards England. By day, the banner of the three Lions of Normandy, the divers-colored sails, the gilded vanes, the many decorations of this gorgeous ship, had glittered in the sun and sunny water; by night, a light had sparkled like a star at her masthead. And now, encamped near Hastings, with their leader lying in the old Roman castle of Pevensey, the English retiring in all directions, the land for miles around scorched and smoking, fired and pillaged, was the whole Norman power, hopeful and strong on English ground.

Harold broke up the feast and hurried to London. Within a week his army was ready. He sent out spies to ascertain the Norman strength.

William took them, caused them to be led through his whole camp, and then dismissed them.

"The Normans," said these spies to Harold, "are not bearded on the upper lip as we English are, but are shorn. They are priests."

"My men," replied Harold, with a laugh, "will find those priests good soldiers."

"The Saxons," reported Duke William's outposts of Norman soldiers, who were instructed to retire as King Harold's army advanced, "rush on us through their pillaged country with the fury of madmen."

"Let them come, and come soon," said Duke William.

Some proposals for reconciliation were made, but were soon abandoned. In the middle of the month of October, in the year one thousand and sixty-six, the

Normans and the English came front to front. All night the armies lay encamped before each other in a part of the country then called Senlac, now called (in remembrance of them) Battle. With the first dawn of day they arose.

There, in the faint light, were the English on a hill; a wood behind them; in their midst the royal banner, representing a fighting warrior woven in gold thread, adorned with precious stones; beneath the banner, as it rustled in the wind, stood King Harold on foot, with two of his remaining brothers by his side; around them, still and silent as the dead, clustered the whole English army—every soldier covered by his shield, and bearing in his hand his dreaded English battle-ax.

On an opposite hill, in three lines—archers, foot-soldiers, horsemen—was the Norman force. Of a sudden, a great battle-cry, "God help us!" burst from the Norman lines. The English answered with their own battle-cry, "God's Rood! Holy Rood!" The Normans then came sweeping down the hill to attack the English.

There was one tall Norman knight who rode before the Norman army on a prancing horse, throwing up his heavy sword and catching it, and singing of the bravery of his countrymen. An English knight, who rode out from the English force to meet him, fell by this knight's hand. Another English knight rode out, and he fell too. But then a third rode out, and killed the Norman. This was in the first beginning of the fight. It soon raged everywhere.

The English, keeping side by side in a great mass, cared no more for the showers of Norman arrows than if they had been showers of Norman rain. When the

Norman horsemen rode against them, with their battle-axes they cut men and horses down.

The Normans gave way. The English pressed forward. A cry went forth among the Norman troops that Duke William was killed. Duke William took off his helmet, in order that his face might be distinctly seen, and rode along the line before his men. This gave them courage. As they turned again to face the English, some of the Norman horse divided the pursuing body of the English from the rest, and thus all that foremost portion of the English army fell, fighting bravely.

The main body still remaining firm, heedless of the Norman arrows, and with their battle-axes cutting down the crowds of horsemen when they rode up, like forests of young trees, Duke William pretended to retreat. The eager English followed. The Norman army closed again, and fell upon them with great slaughter.

"Still," said Duke William, "there are thousands of the English, firm as rocks, around their king. Shoot upward, Norman archers, that your arrows may fall down upon their faces!"

The sun rose high, and sank, and the battle still raged. Through all the wild October day, the clash and din resounded in the air. In the red sunset, and in the white moonlight, heaps upon heaps of dead men lay strewn—a dreadful spectacle—all over the ground. King Harold, wounded with an arrow in the eye, was nearly blind. His brothers were already killed. Twenty Norman knights, whose battered armor had flashed fiery and golden in the sunshine all day long, and now looked silvery in the moonlight, dashed forward to seize the royal banner from the English knights and soldiers, still faithfully collected round their blinded king. The king

received a mortal wound, and dropped. The English broke and fled. The Normans rallied, and the day was lost.

O what a sight beneath the moon and stars, when lights were shining in the tent of the victorious Duke William, which was pitched near the spot where Harold fell—and he and his knights were carousing within—and soldiers with torches, going slowly to and fro without, sought for the corpse of Harold among the piles of dead—and the banner, with its warrior worked in golden thread and precious stones, lay low, all torn and soiled with blood—and the three Norman Lions kept watch over the field!

IX.—GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE.

JONSON.

BEN JONSON (b. 1574, d. 1637) was one of the great dramatists of the Elizabethan era. Like his contemporary and rival, Shakespeare, he was an actor as well as a writer of dramas. In 1616 he was made Poet Laureate and received a pension from the king; but he was extravagant, and died in poverty. Many of his lyrics show much delicacy of fancy, fine feeling, and true poetic sentiment.

IT is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make men better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night;
It was the plant and flower of light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

X.—THE BAREFOOT BOY.

WHITTIER.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER, the Quaker poet of America, was born near Haverhill, Massachusetts, in 1807. In all his writings he has shown himself in sympathy with civil and religious liberty. He expresses himself in clear, strong, idiomatic English, and his poetry is marked by simplicity, harmony, and a lively appreciation of nature.

In *The Barefoot Boy* he gives us a glimpse of his own boy-life on his father's farm.

BLESSINGS on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace;
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!

O; for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge, never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild flowers' time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;

Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,

Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin.
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

XI.—THE EVENING CLOUD.

WILSON.

JOHN WILSON (b. 1785, d. 1854), popularly known as *Christopher North*, was for many years Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh. His early writings were in poetry, but, although he wrote poems of much delicacy and sweetness of expression, his fame rests on his contributions to *Blackwood's Magazine*. The most important of these essays were afterwards published as *The Recreations of Christopher North*. His *Noctes Ambrosianæ*, a series of witty and brilliant dialogues, also appeared in *Blackwood*.

A CLOUD lay cradled near the setting sun;
A gleam of crimson tinged its braided snow;
Long had I watched the glory moving on,
O'er the still radiance of the lake below.
Tranquil its spirit seemed, and floated slow,—
Even in its very motion there was rest;
While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous West:—
Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given;
And, by the breath of Mercy made to roll
Right onward to the golden gates of Heaven;
Where, to the eye of faith, it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

XII.—THE TRUANT.

HAWTHORNE.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (b. 1804, d. 1864) takes rank among the leading American authors, and is the most original of American writers of fiction. His *Twice-Told Tales*, from which "The Truant" is taken, are so called because they appeared in the periodicals of the time before they were published in book form. Many of these tales are intended to teach moral lessons.

In the form of an allegory, the following selection teaches that labor is the lot of all, and that no one can escape toil by changing his place or his occupation in life.

DAFFYDOWNDILLY was so called because in his nature he resembled a flower, and loved to do only what was beautiful and agreeable, and took no delight in labor of any kind. But, while he was yet a little boy, his mother sent him away from his pleasant home, and put him under the care of a very strict schoolmaster, who went by the name of Mr. Toil.

Those who knew him best affirmed that this Mr. Toil was a very worthy character, and that he had done more good, both to children and grown people, than anybody else in the world. Certainly, he had lived long enough to do a great deal of good; for, if all stories be true, he had dwelt upon the earth ever since Adam was driven from the garden of Eden.

Nevertheless, Mr. Toil had a severe and ugly countenance, especially for such little boys or big men as were inclined to be idle; his voice, too, was harsh, and all his ways and customs seemed very disagreeable to our friend Daffy; for unless a lad chose to attend quietly and constantly to his book, he had no chance of enjoying a quiet moment in the school-room of Mr. Toil.

"I can't bear it any longer," said Daffy to himself, when he had been at school about a week. "I'll run away,

and try to find my dear mother; and, at any rate, I shall never find anybody half so disagreeable as this old Mr. Toil."

So, the very next morning, off started poor Daffy, and began his rambles about the world, with only some bread and cheese for his breakfast, and very little pocket-money to pay his expenses. But he had gone only a short distance, when he overtook a man of grave and sedate appearance, who was trudging at a moderate pace along the road.

"Good morning, my fine lad," said the stranger; and his voice seemed hard and severe, but yet had a sort of kindness in it; "whence do you come so early, and whither are you going?"

Little Daffy was a boy of very ingenuous disposition, and had never been known to tell a lie in all his life. Nor did he tell one now. He hesitated a moment or two, but finally confessed that he had run away from school, on account of his great dislike to Mr. Toil, and that he was resolved to find some place in the world where he should never see or hear of the old schoolmaster again.

"O very well, my little friend!" answered the stranger; "then we will go together, for I, too, have had a good deal to do with Mr. Toil, and should be glad to find some place where he was never heard of."

They had not gone far, when the road passed by a field, where some haymakers were at work. Daffy was delighted with the sweet smell of the new-mown grass, and thought how much pleasanter it must be to make hay in the sunshine, under the blue sky, and with the birds singing sweetly in the neighboring trees and bushes, than to be shut up in a dismal school-room, learning lessons all day long, and being continually scolded by old Mr. Toil.

But, in the midst of these thoughts, while he was stopping to peep over the stone wall, he started back, and caught hold of his companion's hand.

"Quick! quick!" cried he; "let us run away, or he will catch us!"

"Who will catch us?" asked the stranger.

"Mr. Toil, the old schoolmaster!" answered Daffy. "Don't you see him amongst the haymakers?"

And Daffy pointed to an elderly man, who seemed to be the owner of the field, and the employer of the men at work there. He had stripped off his coat and waistcoat, and was busily at work in his shirt-sleeves. The drops of sweat stood upon his brow; but he gave himself not a moment's rest, and kept crying out to the haymakers to make hay while the sun shone. Now, strange to say, the figure and features of this old farmer were precisely the same as those of old Mr. Toil, who at that very moment must have been just entering his school-room.

"Don't be afraid," said the stranger; "this is not Mr. Toil, the schoolmaster, but a brother of his, who was bred a farmer; and people say he is the more disagreeable man of the two. However, he won't trouble you, unless you become a laborer on the farm."

"I am very glad to hear it," quoth Daffydowndilly; "but, if you please, sir, I should like to get out of his way as soon as possible."

So the child and the stranger resumed their journey; and, by-and-by, they came to a house by the road ide, where a number of people were making merry. Young men and rosy-cheeked girls, with smiles on their faces, were dancing to the sound of a fiddle. It was the pleasantest sight that Daffy had ever met with.

"O let us stop here," cried he to his companion;

"for Mr. Toil will never dare to show his face in this place. We shall be quite safe here."

But the last words had hardly died away upon his tongue, when, happening to cast his eyes on the fiddler, whom should he behold again but the likeness of Mr. Toil, holding a fiddle-bow instead of a birch-rod.

"Oh, dear me!" whispered he, turning pale: "it seems as if there was nobody but Mr. Toil in the world. Who could have thought of his playing on a fiddle?"

"This is not your old schoolmaster," observed the stranger, "but another brother of his, who was bred in France, where he learned the profession of a fiddler."

"Pray let us go a little farther," said the boy; "I don't like the looks of this fiddler at all."

Well, thus the stranger and little Daffydowndilly went wandering along the highway, in shady lanes, and through pleasant villages; but, whithersoever they went, behold! there was the image of old Mr. Toil. If they entered a house, he sat in the parlor; if they peeped into the kitchen, he was there. He made himself at home in every cottage, and stole, under one disguise or another, into the most splendid mansions. Everywhere there was sure to be somebody wearing the likeness of Mr. Toil, and who, as the stranger affirmed, was one of the old schoolmaster's innumerable brethren.

Little Daffy was almost tired to death, when he perceived some people reclining lazily in a shady place, by the side of the road. The poor child entreated his companion that they might sit down there, and take some repose. "Old Mr. Toil will never come here," said he; "for he hates to see people taking their ease."

But even while he spoke, Daffydowndilly's eyes fell upon a person who seemed the laziest, and heaviest, and

most torpid, of all those lazy, and heavy, and torpid people, who had lain down to sleep in the shade. Who should it be again but the very image of Mr. Toil!

"There is a large family of these Toils," remarked the stranger. "This is another of the old schoolmaster's brothers, who was bred in Italy, where he acquired very idle habits. He pretends to lead an easy life, but is really the most miserable fellow in the family."

"Oh, take me back!—take me back!" at last cried the poor little fellow, bursting into tears. "If there is nothing but Toil all the world over, I may just as well go back to the school-house."

"Yonder it is, then," said the stranger. "Come, we will go back to school together."

There was something in his companion's voice that little Daffy now remembered; and it is strange that he had not noticed it sooner. Looking up into his face, behold! there again was the likeness of old Mr. Toil; so that the poor child had been in company with Toil all day, even while he was doing his best to run away from him.

Little Daffy had learned a good lesson, and from that time forward was diligent at his task, because he knew that diligence was not a whit more toilsome than sport or idleness. And, when he became better acquainted with Mr. Toil, he began to think that his ways were not so very disagreeable, and that the old schoolmaster's smile of approbation made his face almost as pleasant as even that of Daffydowndilly's mother.

If little labor, little are our gains;
Man's fortunes are according to his pains.

— *Herrick.*

XIII.—THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

MAHONY.

FRANCIS MAHONY (b. 1805, d. 1866) was a genial Irish clergyman, whose contributions to *Fraser's Magazine* and other periodicals, sparkle with quaint, witty sayings, and apt classical allusions. He is better known as *Father Prout*, the name over which he wrote his contributions to the various periodicals.

The peculiar adaptation of sound to sense, and the melodious flow of this poem, make us fancy that we hear the bells chiming the hours from the "dark red tower of St. Anne's."

WITH deep affection and recollection
I often think of those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would, in the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle their magic spells.

On this I ponder where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon that sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine;
While at a glib rate brass tongues would vibrate;—
But all their music spoke naught like thine.

For memory dwelling on each proud swelling
Of thy belfry knelling its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

I've heard bells tolling old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican;
And cymbals glorious swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame.

But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly;
O, the bells of Shandon sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow; while on tower and kiosk O
In Saint Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air calls men to prayer
From the tapering summits of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom I freely grant them;
But there's an anthem more dear to me:
'Tis the bells of Shandon that sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the River Lee.

XIV.—LAMENT OF THE IRISH EMIGRANT.

LADY DUFFERIN.

LADY DUFFERIN (b. 1807, d. 1867) belonged to a literary family. She was the granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the orator and dramatist. Her sister, Mrs. Norton, wrote *Bingen on the Rhine*—found in the *Third Reader*—and other poems. Her son, Lord Dufferin, late Governor-General of Canada, has inherited his mother's literary talents.

The *Lament of the Irish Emigrant* "is one of the most tenderly beautiful idyls in the language."

I'M sitting on the stile, Mary,
Where we sat side by side,
On a bright May morning, long ago,
When first you were my bride.
The corn was springing fresh and green,
And the lark sang loud and high;
And the red was on your lip, Mary,
And the love-light in your eye.

The place is little changed, Mary,
The day is as bright as then;
The lark's loud song is in my ear,
And the corn is green again;
But I miss the soft clasp of your hand,
And your breath warm on my cheek,
And I still keep listening for the words
You never more will speak.

'Tis but a step down yonder lane,
And the little church stands near,—
The church where we were wed, Mary,—
I see the spire from here.
But the grave-yard lies between, Mary,
And my step might break your rest,—
For I've laid you, darling, down to sleep,
With your baby on your breast.

I'm very lonely now, Mary
For the poor make no new friends;
But, oh! they love the better still
The few our Father sends!
And you were all I had, Mary,
My blessing and my pride;
There's nothing left to care for now,
Since my poor Mary died.

Yours was the good, brave heart, Mary,
That still kept hoping on,
When the trust in God had left my soul,
And my arm's young strength was gone;
There was comfort ever on your lip,
And the kind look on your brow,—
I bless you, Mary, for that same,
Though you cannot hear me now.

I thank you for the patient smile
When your heart was fit to break,—
When the hunger pain was gnawing there,
And you hid it for my sake;
I bless you for the pleasant word,
When your heart was sad and sore,—
Oh, I'm thankful you are gone, Mary,
Where grief can't reach you more!

I'm bidding you a long farewell,
My Mary, kind and true !
But I'll not forget you, darling,
In the land I'm going to ;
They say there's bread and work for all,
And the sun shines always there,—
But I'll not forget old Ireland,
Were it fifty times as fair !

And often, in those grand old woods,
I'll sit, and shut my eyes,
And my heart will travel back again
To the place where Mary lies ;
And I'll think I see the little stile
Where we sat side by side,
And the springing corn and the bright May morn,
When first you were my bride.

XV.—CLOUDS, RAINS, AND RIVERS.

PROF. TYNDALL.

JOHN TYNDALL, LL.D., F.R.S., was born near Carlow, Ireland, in 1820. He is a distinguished scientist, and a voluminous writer on scientific subjects. In 1853 he succeeded Faraday as Professor of Natural Philosophy in the Royal Institution of Great Britain. By his writings and lectures Professor Tyndall has done much to make the study of science more popular. He has visited Switzerland several times to study the motions of the glaciers, and other phenomena of the Alps, and has published the results of his observations in *The Glaciers of the Alps*, and other works. His writings cover a wide field of scientific research.

The lesson that follows is adapted from one of his best-known works, *The Forms of Water*.

EVERY occurrence in Nature is preceded by other occurrences which are its causes, and succeeded by others which are its effects. The human mind is not satisfied with observing and studying any natural occurrence alone, but takes pleasure in connecting every natural fact with

what has gone before it, and with what is to come after it. Thus, when we enter upon the study of rivers, our interest will be greatly increased by taking into account not only their actual appearances, but also their causes and effects.

Let us trace a river to its source. Beginning where it empties itself into the sea, and following it backwards, we find it from time to time joined by tributaries which swell its waters. The river, of course, becomes smaller as these tributaries are passed. It shrinks first to a brook, then to a stream; this again divides itself into a number of smaller streamlets, ending in mere threads of water. These constitute the source of the river, and are usually found among hills. Thus, the Severn has its source in the Welsh Mountains; the Thames in the Cotswold Hills; the Rhine and the Rhone in the Alps; the Missouri in the Rocky Mountains; and the Amazon in the Andes of Peru.

But it is quite plain, that we have not yet reached the real beginning of the rivers. Whence do the earliest streams derive their water? A brief residence among the mountains would prove to you that they are fed by rains. In dry weather you would find the streams feeble, sometimes indeed quite dried up. In wet weather you would see them foaming torrents. In general these streams lose themselves as little threads of water upon the hill-sides; but sometimes you may trace a river to a definite spring. You may, however, very soon assure yourself that such springs are also fed by rain, which has percolated through the rocks or soil, and which, through some orifice that it has found or formed, comes to the light of day.

But we cannot end here. Whence comes the rain which forms the mountain streams? Observation enables

you to answer the question. Rain does not come from a clear sky. It comes from clouds. But what are clouds? Is there nothing you are acquainted with, which they resemble? You discover at once a likeness between them and the condensed steam of a locomotive. At every puff of the engine, a cloud is projected into the air. Watch the cloud sharply: you notice that it first forms at a little distance from the top of the funnel. Give close attention, and you will sometimes see a perfectly clear space between the funnel and the cloud. Through that clear space the thing which makes the cloud must pass. What, then, is this thing which at one moment is transparent and invisible, and at the next moment visible as a dense opaque cloud?

It is the *steam* or *vapor of water* from the boiler. Within the boiler this steam is transparent and invisible; but to keep it in this invisible state a heat would be required as great as that within the boiler. When the vapor mingles with the cold air above the hot funnel, it ceases to be vapor. Every bit of steam shrinks, when chilled, to a much more minute particle of water. The liquid particles thus produced form a kind of *water-dust* of exceeding fineness, which floats in the air, and is called a *cloud*.

Watch the cloud-banner from the funnel of a running locomotive; you see it growing gradually less dense. It finally melts away altogether; and if you continue your observations, you will not fail to notice that the speed of its disappearance depends upon the character of the day. In humid weather the cloud hangs long and lazily in the air; in dry weather it is rapidly licked up. What has become of it? It has been reconverted into true invisible vapor.

The *drier* the air, and the *hotter* the air, the greater is the amount of cloud which can be thus dissolved in it. When the cloud first forms, its quantity is far greater than the air is able to maintain in an invisible state. But as the cloud mixes gradually with a larger mass of air, it is more and more dissolved, and finally passes altogether from the condition of a finely-divided liquid into that of transparent vapor or gas.

Make the lid of a kettle air-tight, and permit the steam to issue from the spout; a cloud is formed in all respects similar to that issuing from the funnel of the locomotive. To produce the cloud, in the case of the locomotive and the kettle, *heat* is necessary. By heating the water we first convert it into steam, and then by chilling the steam we convert it into cloud. Is there any fire in Nature which produces the clouds of our atmosphere? There is: the fire of the sun.

When the sunbeams fall upon the earth, they heat it, and also the water which lies on its surface, whether it be in large bodies, such as seas or rivers, or in the form of moisture. The water being thus warmed, a part of it is given off in the form of aqueous vapor, just as invisible vapor passes off from a boiler, when the water in it is heated by fire. This vapor mingles with the air in contact with the earth. The vapor-charged air, being heated by the warm earth, expands, becomes lighter, and rises. It expands also, as it rises, because the pressure of the air above it becomes less and less with the height it attains. But an expanding body always becomes colder as a result of its expansion. Thus the vapor-laden air is chilled by its expansion. It is also chilled by coming in contact with the colder higher air. The consequence is that the invisible vapor which it contains is chilled, and

forms into tiny water-drops, like the steam from the kettle or the funnel of the locomotive. And so, as the air rises and becomes colder, the vapor gathers into visible masses, which we call clouds.

This ascending moist air might become chilled, too, by meeting with a current of cold dry air, and then clouds would be formed; and should this chilling process continue in either case until the water-drops become heavier than the surrounding air they would fall to the earth as rain-drops. Rain is, therefore, but a further stage in the condensation of aqueous vapor caused by the chilling of the air.

Mountains also assist in the formation of clouds. When a wind laden with moisture strikes against a mountain, it is tilted and flows up its side. The air expands as it rises, the vapor is chilled and becomes visible in the form of clouds, and if sufficiently chilled, it comes down to the earth in the form of rain, hail, or snow.

Thus, by tracing a river backwards, from its end to its real beginning, we come at length to the sun; for it is the sun that produces aqueous vapor, from which, as we have seen, clouds are formed, and it is from clouds that water falls to the earth to become the sources of rivers.

There are, however, rivers which have sources somewhat different from those just mentioned. They do not begin by driblets on a hill-side, nor can they be traced to a spring. Go, for example, to the mouth of the river Rhone, and trace it backwards. You come at length to the Lake of Geneva, from which the river rushes, and which you might be disposed to regard as the source of the Rhone. But go to the head of the lake, and you find that the Rhone there enters it; that the lake is, in fact, an expansion of the river. Follow this upwards;

you find it joined by smaller rivers from the mountains right and left. Pass these, and push your journey higher still. You come at length to a huge mass of ice—the end of a glacier—which fills the Rhone valley, and from the bottom of the glacier the river rushes. In the glacier of the Rhone you thus find the source of the river Rhone.

But whence come the glaciers? Wherever lofty mountains, like the Alps, rise into the high parts of the atmosphere where the temperature is below the freezing point, the vapor condensed from the air falls upon them, not as rain, but as snow. In such high mountainous regions, the heat of the summer melts the snow from the lower hills, but the higher parts remain covered, for the heat cannot melt all the snow which falls there in a year. When a considerable depth of snow has accumulated, the pressure upon the lower layers squeezes them into a firm mass, and after a time the snow begins to slide down the slope of the mountain. It passes downward from one slope to another, joined continually by other sliding masses from neighboring slopes, until they all unite into one long tongue, which creeps slowly down some valley to a point where it melts. This tongue from the snow-fields is called a glacier.

Without solar fire, therefore, we could have no atmospheric vapor, without vapor no clouds, without clouds no snow, and without snow no glaciers. Curious then as the conclusion may be, the cold ice of the Alps has its origin in this heat of the sun.

Happy is the man whose good intentions have borne fruit in deeds, and whose evil thoughts have perished in the blossom.

—*Scott.*

XVI.—THE HUMBLE BEE.

EMERSON.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (b. 1803, d. 1882) was in early life a Unitarian minister, but he soon withdrew from the ministry and retired to Concord, near Boston, where he devoted himself to the study of philosophy. His philosophical writings have gained for him the reputation of being the most original of American thinkers. His poetry is natural, and in simplicity of language has been compared to that of Wordsworth.

FINE humble-bee! fine humble-bee!
Where thou art is clime for me;
Let them sail for Porto Rique,
Far-off heats through seas to seek,—
I will follow thee alone,
Thou animated torrid zone!
Zigzag steerer, desert cheerer,
Let me chase thy waving lines;
Keep me nearer, me thy hearer;
Singing over shrubs and vines.

Flower-bells,
Honeyed cells,—
These the tents
Which he frequents.

Insect lover of the sun,
Joy of thy dominion!
Sailor of the atmosphere,
Swimmer through the waves of air,
Voyager of light and noon,
Epicurean of June,
Wait, I prithee, till I come
Within earshot of thy hum,—
All without is martyrdom.

When the south wind in May days,
With a net of shining haze,

Silvers the horizon wall,
And with softness touching all,
Tints the human countenance
With a color of romance,
And, infusing subtle heats,
Turns the sod to violets,—
Thou in sunny solitudes,
Rover of the underwoods,
The green silence dost displace
With thy mellow breezy bass.

Hot midsummer's petted crone,
Sweet to me thy drowsy tone,
Telling of countless sunny hours,
Long days, and solid banks of flowers,
Of gulfs of sweetness without bound
In Indian wildernesses found,
Of Syrian peace, immortal leisure,
Firmest cheer, and bird-like pleasure.

Aught unsavory or unclean
Hath my insect never seen,
But violets and bilberry-bells,
Maple sap, and daffodils,
Clover, catchfly, adder's-tongue,
And brier-roses dwelt among.
All beside was unknown waste,
All was picture as he passed.

Wiser far than human seer,
Yellow-breeched philosopher!
Seeing only what is fair,
Sipping only what is sweet,
Thou dost mock at fate and care,
Leave the chaff and take the wheat.

When the fierce north-western blast
Cools sea and land so far and fast,
Thou already slumberest deep;
Woe and want thou canst out-sleep;
Want and woe, which torture us,
Thy sleep makes ridiculous.

XVII.—THE SOWER'S SONG.

CARLYLE.

THOMAS CARLYLE (b. 1795, d. 1881) holds a most distinguished place in English literature as an essayist, critic, and historian. He was born at Ecclefechan, in Dumfrieshire. He studied with a view to entering the ministry, but soon abandoning this idea, he devoted himself to literature. His writings are marked by originality of thought, intense earnestness, a hearty love of truth, and a strong aversion to all forms of cant and sham. Original, and even eccentric in style, he violates grammatical constructions, and often coins new words to give expression to his fervid thoughts. In the delineation of character he displays great power; his biographical essays are master-pieces of literature. Of this class is his essay on Burns—contributed to the *Edinburgh Review*—a selection from which forms a subsequent lesson. His chief works are *Sartor Resartus*, a philosophical satire, *The French Revolution*, and a *History of Frederick the Great*.

Now hands to seed-sheet, boys,
We step and we cast; old Time's on wing;
And would ye partake of Harvest's joys,
The corn must be sown in Spring.
Fall gently and still, good corn,
Lie warm in thy earthy bed;
And stand so yellow some morn,
For beast and man must be fed.

Old Earth is a pleasure to see
In sunshiny cloak of red and green;
The furrow lies fresh; this Year will be
As Years that are past have been.
Fall gently and still, good corn,
Lie warm in thy earthy bed;
And stand so yellow some morn,
For beast and man must be fed.

Old Mother, receive this corn,
The son of Six Thousand golden sires;
All these on thy kindly breast were born;
One more thy poor child requires.
Fall gently and still, good corn,
Lie warm in thy earthy bed;
And stand so yellow some morn,
For beast and man must be fed.

Now steady and sure again,
And measure of stroke and step we keep;
Thus up and down we cast our grain;
Sow well and you gladly reap.
Fall gently and still, good corn,
Lie warm in thy earthy bed;
And stand so yellow some morn,
For beast and man must be fed.

XVIII.—THE VISION OF MIRZA.

FIRST READING.

ADDISON.

JOSEPH ADDISON (b. 1672, d. 1719) was an essayist and poet of the brilliant age of Queen Anne. His poetry, which first brought him into notice, is now but little read, with the exception of his minor pieces. His essays, published in a periodical called *The Spectator*, have endeared him to all English-speaking people, as a graceful writer of pure English prose. Dr. Johnson gives him the credit of "having purified intellectual pleasure, separated mirth from indecency, and wit from licentiousness."

The Vision of Mirza, an allegory which appeared in No. 159 of *The Spectator*, gives us a picture of human life, with its cares, uncertainties, and disappointments. The poet Burns speaks of it as the earliest composition in which he took any pleasure.

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others, I met with one entitled "The Visions of Mirza," which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend

to give it to the public, when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first division, which I have translated word for word as follows:—

"On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and, passing from one thought to another, 'Surely,' said I, 'man is but a shadow, and life a dream.'

"Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius, and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it; but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned me to approach the place where he sat. I

drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and, as my heart was subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me up from the ground, and taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.'

"'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.'

"'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the Vale of Misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great Tide of Eternity.'

"'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?'

"'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation.'

"'Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.'

"'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.'

"'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is Human Life; consider it attentively.'

"Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with

several broken arches, which, added to those which were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it.

"'But tell me further,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.'

"'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.'

"As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon than they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pitfalls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through, one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk."

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

—*Psalm XC.*

XIX.—THE DEATH OF THE FLOWERS.

BRYANT.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT (b. 1794, d. 1878) gave proof of poetic genius at a very early age. He wrote *Thanatopsis*, his finest poem, in his nineteenth year. For more than half a century he was editor of the *New York Evening Post*, in which capacity he exerted his influence to improve the style of newspaper literature. In purity of sentiment and beauty of expression, and in natural descriptions of American scenery, he ranks as one of the most eminent of American poets.

THE melancholy days are come, the saddest of the year,
Of wailing winds, and naked woods, and meadows brown and sere.
Heaped in the hollows of the grove, the autumn leaves lie dead;
They rustle to the eddying gust, and to the rabbit's tread.
The robin and the wren are flown, and from the shrub the jay,
And from the wood-top calls the crow, through all the gloomy day.

Where are the flowers, the fair young flowers, that lately sprang and stood
In brighter light and softer airs, a beauteous sisterhood?
Alas! they all are in their graves: the gentle race of flowers
Are lying in their lowly beds, with the fair and good of ours.
The rain is falling where they lie; but the cold November rain
Calls not, from out the gloomy earth, the lovely ones again.

The wind-flower and the violet, they perished long ago,
And the wild-rose and the orchis died amid the summer glow;
But on the hill the golden-rod, and the aster in the wood,
And the yellow sun-flower by the brook, in autumn glory stood,
Till fell the frost from the clear cold heaven, as falls the plague on men,
And the brightness of their smile was gone, from upland, glade and glen.

And now, when comes the calm mild day, as still such days
will come,
To call the squirrel and the bee from out their winter home,
When the sound of dropping nuts is heard, though all the
trees are still,
And twinkle in the smoky light the waters of the rill,
The south wind searches for the flowers, whose fragrance late
he bore,
And sighs to find them in the wood and by the stream no more.

And then I think of one, who in her youthful beauty died,
The fair meek blossom, that grew up and faded by my side:
In the cold moist earth we laid her, when the forest cast the
leaf,
And we wept that one so lovely should have a life so brief;
Yet not unmeet it was that one, like that young friend of ours,
So gentle and so beautiful, should perish with the flowers.

XX.— THE VISION OF MIRZA.

SECOND READING.

ADDISON.

"I PASSED some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within

the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sank. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors, which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.

"The Genius, seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend.'

"Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.'

"'These,' said the Genius, 'are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality!—tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!'

"The Genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more, said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.'

"I directed my sight as I was ordered, and, whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate, I saw the valley

opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands on their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments.

"Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the Genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them: every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for! Does life appear miserable, that gives the opportunities of

earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.'

"I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, 'Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds that cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The Genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdad, with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the sides of it."

XXI.—OFT, IN THE STILLY NIGHT.

MOORE.

THOMAS MOORE (b. 1779, d. 1852), the great Irish lyric poet, was a native of Dublin, but spent most of his life in London, where he was a general favorite. His most elaborate poem is *Lalla Rookh*, an oriental romance. His most popular poems are his *Irish Melodies*—short, musical lyrics of love and patriotism, some of which contain moral reflections.

He visited Canada in 1804, and has left us a memento of his visit in the well-known *Canadian Boat Song*, found in the THIRD READER–

OFT, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me;
The smiles, the tears,
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimmed and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!

Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
The friends, so linked together,
I've seen around me fall,
Like leaves in wintry weather,
I feel like one
Who treads alone
Some banquet-hall deserted,
Whose lights are fled,
Whose garlands dead,
And all but he departed!
Thus, in the stilly night,
Ere Slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

XXII.—'TIS THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.

MOORE.

'TIS the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rose-bud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes
Or give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go, sleep thou with them.

Thus kindly I scatter
  Thy leaves o'er the bed
Where thy mates of the garden
  Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
  When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
  The gems drop away.
When true hearts lie withered,
  And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
  This bleak world alone?

XXIII.—ON HIS OWN BLINDNESS.

MILTON.

JOHN MILTON (b. 1608, d. 1674) ranks next to Shakespeare in English literature. He was a zealous champion of the Puritan cause, and became, in 1649, Latin or Foreign Secretary to Cromwell's Council of State. The last twenty years of his life were spent in total blindness, and it was during that period that he composed *Paradise Lost*, our greatest epic poem. Some of his sonnets are among the finest in the language.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
  Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
  And that one talent which is death to hide
  Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
  My true account, lest he, returning, chide;
  "Doth God exact day-labor, light denied?"
  I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: "God doth not need
  Either man's work, or His own gifts; who best
  Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best; His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
  And post o'er land and ocean without rest:
  They also serve who only stand and wait."

XXIV.—THE FACE AGAINST THE PANE.

ALDRICH.

THOMAS BAILEY ALDRICH (born 1836) is an American poet and journalist. In 1880 he became editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. His poems are sweet and imaginative. He has also written several entertaining stories.

MABEL, little Mabel,
With face against the pane,
Looks out across the night,
And sees the Beacon Light
A-trembling in the rain.
She hears the sea-bird screech,
And the breakers on the beach
Making moan, making moan.
And the wind about the eaves
Of the cottage sobs and grieves;
And the willow tree is blown
To and fro, to and fro,
Till it seems like some old crone
Standing out there all alone,
With her woe!
Wringing, as she stands,
Her gaunt and palsied hands;
While Mabel, timid Mabel,
With face against the pane,
Looks out across the night,
And sees the Beacon Light
A-trembling in the rain.

Set the table, maiden Mabel,
And make the cabin warm;
Your little fisher lover
Is out there in the storm;
And your father,—you are weeping!

O Mabel, timid Mabel,
Go spread the supper table,
And set the tea a-steeping.
Your lover's heart is brave,
His boat is staunch and tight;
And your father knows the perilous reef
That makes the water white.
But Mabel, Mabel darling,
With her face against the pane,
Looks out across the night
At the Beacon in the rain.

The heavens are veined with fire!
And the thunder, how it rolls!
In the lullings of the storm
The solemn church-bell tolls
For lost souls!
But no sexton sounds the knell;
In that belfry, old and high,
Unseen fingers sway the bell,
As the wind goes tearing by!
How it tolls, for the souls,
Of the sailors on the sea!
God pity them, God pity them,
Wherever they may be!
God pity wives and sweethearts
Who wait and wait, in vain!
And pity little Mabel,
With her face against the pane.

A boom! the lighthouse gun!
How its echo rolls and rolls!
'Tis to warn home-bound ships
Off the shoals.
See, a rocket cleaves the sky—
From the fort, a shaft of light!

See! it fades, and, fading, leaves
Golden furrows on the night!
What makes Mabel's cheek so pale?
What makes Mabel's lips so white?
Did she see the helpless sail
That, tossing here and there
Like a feather in the air,
Went down and out of sight—
Down, down, and out of sight?
Oh, watch no more, no more,
With face against the pane;
You cannot see the men that drown
By the Beacon in the rain!
From a shoal of richest rubies
Breaks the morning clear and cold;
And the angel of the village spire,
Frost-touched, is bright as gold.
Four ancient fishermen
In the pleasant autumn air,
Come toiling up the sands
With something in their hands,—
Two bodies stark and white,
Ah! so ghastly in the light,
With sea-weed in their hair.
Oh, ancient fishermen,
Go up to yonder cot!
You'll find a little child
With face against the pane,
Who looks towards the beach,
And, looking, sees it not.
She will never watch again!
Never watch and weep at night!
For those pretty, saintly eyes
Look beyond the stormy skies,
And they see the Beacon Light.

XXV.—DISCOVERY OF THE ALBERT NYANZA.

BAKER.

SIR SAMUEL WHITE BAKER (born 1821) is a celebrated English traveller and explorer. He discovered the Albert Nyanza in 1864. This lake and the Victoria Nyanza, which was discovered by Captains Speke and Grant, form the source of the White Nile. For his discovery, Baker was knighted by the Queen. He has written interesting accounts of his travels and discoveries.

THE day broke beautifully clear, and having crossed a deep valley between the hills, we toiled up the opposite slope. I hurried to the summit. The glory of our prize burst suddenly upon me! There, far beneath, like a sea of quicksilver, lay the great expanse of water—a boundless sea-horizon on the south and south-west, glittering in the noonday sun; and on the west, at fifty or sixty miles' distance, blue mountains rose from the bosom of the lake to a height of about 7,000 feet.

It is impossible to describe the triumph of that moment; here was the reward for all our labor,—for the years of tenacity with which we had toiled through Africa. England had won the sources of the Nile! Long before I reached this spot, I had arranged to give three cheers with all our men in English style in honor of the discovery, but now that I looked down upon the great inland sea lying nestled in the very heart of Africa, and thought how vainly mankind had sought these sources throughout so many ages, and reflected that I had been the humble instrument permitted to unravel this portion of the great mystery, when so many greater than I had failed, I felt too serious to vent my feelings in vain cheers for victory, and I sincerely thanked God for having guided and supported us through all dangers to the good end.

I was about 1,500 feet above the lake, and I looked down from the steep granite cliff upon those welcome waters—upon that vast reservoir which nourished Egypt and brought fertility where all was wilderness—upon that great source so long hidden from mankind; that source of bounty and of blessings to millions of human beings; and, as one of the greatest objects of nature, I determined to honor it with a great name. As an imperishable memorial of one loved and mourned by our gracious Queen and deplored by every Englishman, I called this great lake the "Albert Nyanza." The Victoria and Albert lakes are the two sources of the Nile.

The zigzag path to the lake was so steep and dangerous that we were forced to leave our oxen with a guide, who was to take them to Magimgo and wait for our arrival. We commenced the descent of the steep pass on foot. I led the way, grasping a stout bamboo. After a toilsome descent of about two hours, weak with years of fever, but for the moment strengthened by success, we gained the level plain below the cliff. A walk of about a mile through flat, sandy meadows of fine turf, interspersed with trees and bush, brought us to the water's edge. The waves were rolling upon a white pebbly beach. I rushed into the lake, and thirsty with heat and fatigue, and with a heart full of gratitude, I drank deeply from the source of the Nile.

My men were perfectly astounded at the appearance of the lake. The journey had been so long, and "hope deferred" had so completely sickened their hearts, that they had long since disbelieved in the existence of the lake, and they were persuaded that I was leading them to the sea. They now looked at the lake with amazement,—two of them had already seen the sea at

Alexandria, and they unhesitatingly said that this was the sea, but that it was not salt.

It was a grand sight to look upon this vast reservoir of the mighty Nile, and to watch the heavy swell tumbling upon the beach, while far to the south-west the eye searched as vainly for a bound as though upon the Atlantic. No European foot had ever trod upon its sand, nor had the eyes of a white man ever scanned its vast expanse of water. We were the first; and this was the key to the great secret that even Julius Cæsar yearned to unravel, but in vain. There was the great basin of the Nile that received *every drop of water*, even from the passing shower to the roaring mountain torrent, that drained from Central Africa toward the north. This was the great reservoir of the Nile!

BREATHES there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
  This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home his footsteps he hath turn'd
  From wand'ring on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;—
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonor'd, and unsung.

—*Scott.*

XXVI.—FROM "THE DESERTED VILLAGE."

GOLDSMITH.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH (b. 1728, d. 1774) was a gentle, kind-hearted Irishman, whose graceful writings both in prose and in verse have endeared him to us as one of our most popular authors. After graduating in Dublin, and studying medicine in Edinburgh, he made a tour of the continent; and having spent all the money supplied him by his friends, he settled in London in 1756. There he lived an irregular life, earning large sums of money by his writings, but spending much more than he earned, and consequently always in trouble on account of his improvidence. "He wrote one of the finest poems, one of the most charming novels, and one of the most delightful comedies of his time." These are *The Deserted Village*, a descriptive poem, which sets forth the evils of luxury, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, a novel of domestic life, and *She Stoops to Conquer*, "an incomparable farce" based on an amusing incident in his own experience.

SWEET Auburn! loveliest village of the plain,
Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,—
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topped the neighboring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made!

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose;
There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milkmaid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school,

The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind:
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden-flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train—
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all;

And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;

Full well they laughed, with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew—
'Twas certain he could write, and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran—that he could gauge;
In arguing too, the parson owned his skill,
For even though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.

'MID pleasures and palaces though we may roam,
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home!
A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.
Home! home! sweet home!
There's no place like home!

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain;
Oh, give me my lowly thatched cottage again!
The birds singing gaily, that came at my call,—
Give me them, and the peace of mind dearer than all.
Home! home! sweet home!
There's no place like home!

—*John Howard Payne.*

XXVII.—THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

SCOTT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT (b. 1771, d. 1832) was a distinguished poet and novelist. On account of his delicate health, he was sent in early childhood from his home in Edinburgh, to live with his grandfather, a farmer near Kelso. Here, his mind, naturally imaginative, became deeply impressed with the romantic scenery of the district, and with the border ballads and legends. In later years, both when a student, and when practising law in Edinburgh, he often made excursions into the border country for the purpose of collecting the ballads, which, together with some spirited ballads of his own, he afterwards published in the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. This was his first literary work of importance. It was followed in 1805 by the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, the first of a series of metrical romances, the greatest of which is *Marmion*, a tale of Flodden field, from which the selection *Marmion and Douglas* has been taken. These poems have given Scott a high place in literature as a gifted writer of narrative and descriptive poetry, but he has won a more brilliant reputation by his splendid series of prose romances, called the *Waverley Novels*. They are chiefly historical. *Waverley*, the first of the series, appeared in 1814. The literary world had been delighted with his poems; it was now enchanted with his fascinating tales. Scott's success was great. He became a universal favorite. He was already laird of Abbotsford, and in 1820 he was made a baronet by George IV. But disaster came. In 1826 an Edinburgh publishing firm, in which he was a partner, failed, and his liabilities were nearly £150,000. He would not compound with his creditors, but resolved to pay the whole debt. Scott has represented in his writings many interesting and heroic characters, but none of his creations are so full of interest or of true heroism as the picture which he himself presents in resolutely setting to work at the age of fifty-five to write off this debt of honor. He would have succeeded, too, had his strength remained. But the strain was too great, his mental faculties began to fail; paralysis ensued, and after a vain attempt to regain his health by a visit to Italy, he returned to die at his beloved Abbotsford, "leaving us a double treasure—the memory of himself, and the possession of his works."

The *Battle of Bannockburn* is from Scott's *Tales of a Grandfather*, a series of historical narratives, written in a pleasing and picturesque style for young people.

KING EDWARD the Second assembled one of the greatest armies which a king of England ever commanded. There were troops brought from all his dominions. Many brave soldiers from the French provinces, many Irish, many Welsh, and all the great English nobles and barons, with their followers, were assembled in one great army. The number was not less than one hundred thousand men. King Robert the Bruce summoned all his nobles and barons to join him, when he heard of the

great preparation which the King of England was making. The Scots were not so numerous as the English by many thousand men. In fact, their whole army did not exceed thirty thousand men, and they were much worse armed than the wealthy Englishmen. But then, Bruce, who was at their head, was one of the most expert generals of his time; and the officers he had under him, were his brother Edward, his nephew Randolph, his faithful follower the Douglas, and other brave and experienced leaders, who commanded the same men that had been accustomed to fight and gain victories under every disadvantage of situation and numbers.

The king, on his part, studied how he might supply, by address and stratagem, what he wanted in numbers and strength. With this purpose, Bruce led his army down into a plain near Stirling, called the Park, near which, and beneath it, the English army had to pass through a boggy country, broken with water-courses, while the Scots occupied hard, dry ground. He then caused all the ground upon the front of his line of battle, where cavalry were likely to act, to be dug full of deep pits, in which he fixed pointed stakes. These were filled with light brushwood, and the turf was carefully replaced, so that it appeared a plain field, while in reality it was as full of these pits as a honeycomb is of holes. He also caused steel spikes to be scattered up and down the plain, where the English cavalry were most likely to advance, trusting to lame and destroy their horses. When his army was drawn up, the line stretched north and south. On the south, it was terminated by the banks of the brook called Bannockburn, which are so rocky that no troops could attack him on that side. On the left, the Scottish line extended near to the town of

Stirling. When the main body of his army was thus placed in order, the king posted Randolph, with a body of horse, near to the church of St. Ninians, commanding him to use the utmost diligence to prevent any succors from being thrown into Stirling Castle. He then dismissed James Douglas and Sir Robert Keith, the Mareschal of the Scottish army, in order that they might survey, as nearly as they could, the English force, which was now approaching from Falkirk. They returned with information, that the approach of that vast host was one of the most beautiful and terrible sights which could be seen; that the whole country seemed covered with men-at-arms, on horse and foot; that the number of standards, banners, and pennons made so gallant a show, that the bravest and most numerous host in Christendom might be alarmed to see King Edward moving against them.

It was upon the 23rd of June, 1314, the King of Scotland heard the news that the English army was approaching Stirling. He drew out his army, therefore, in the order which he had before resolved upon. After a short time, Bruce, who was looking out anxiously for the enemy, saw a body of English cavalry marching rapidly towards Stirling from the eastward. This was Lord Clifford, who, with a chosen body of eight hundred horse, had been despatched to relieve the castle. "See, Randolph," said the king to his nephew, "there is a rose fallen from your chaplet." Randolph made no reply, but rushed against Clifford with little more than half his number. The Scots were on foot. The English turned to charge them with their lances, and Randolph drew up his men in close order to receive them. He seemed to be in so much danger that Douglas asked leave of the king to go and assist him. The king refused him permission.

"Let Randolph," he said, "redeem his own fault; I cannot break the order of battle for his sake." Still the danger appeared greater, and the English horse seemed entirely to encompass the small handful of Scottish infantry. "So please you," said Douglas to the king, "my heart will not suffer me to stand idle and see Randolph perish—I must go to his assistance." He rode off accordingly; but long before he and his men had reached the place of combat they saw the English horses galloping off, many with empty saddles.

"Halt!" said Douglas to his men, "Randolph has gained the day; since we were not soon enough to help him in the battle, do not let us lessen his glory by approaching the field."

The van of the English army now came in sight, and a number of their bravest knights drew near to see what the Scots were doing. They saw King Robert dressed in his armor, and distinguished by a gold crown, which he wore over his helmet. He rode on a small pony up and down the ranks of his army putting his men in order, and carried in his hand a short battle-ax, made of steel. When the king saw the English horsemen draw near, he advanced a little before his own men, that he might examine them more closely.

There was a knight among the English, called Sir Henry de Bohun, who thought this would be a good opportunity to gain great fame to himself, and put an end to the war, by killing King Robert. He accordingly spurred his powerful war-horse up to the Scottish king, who permitted him to come very near, then suddenly turned his pony a little to one side, so that Sir Henry missed him with the lance-point, and was in the act of being carried past him by the career of his

horse. But, as he passed, King Robert rose up in his stirrups, and struck Sir Henry on the head with his battle-ax so terrible a blow, that it broke to pieces his iron helmet as if it had been a nut-shell, and laid him at his feet a dead man. This gallant action was blamed by the Scottish leaders, who thought Bruce ought not to have exposed himself to so much danger, when the safety of the whole army depended on him. The king only kept looking at his weapon, which was injured by the force of the blow, and said, "I have broken my good battle-ax."

The next morning, being the 24th June, at break of day, the battle began in terrible earnest. The English, as they advanced, saw the Scots getting into line. The Abbot of Inchaffray walked through their ranks bare-footed, and exhorted them to fight for their freedom. They kneeled down as he passed, and prayed to heaven for victory. King Edward, who saw this, called out, "They kneel down—they are asking forgiveness." "Yes," said an English baron, "but they ask it from God, not from us—these men will conquer, or die upon the field."

The English king ordered his men to begin the battle. The archers then bent their bows, and began to shoot so closely together, that the arrows fell like flakes of snow on a Christmas Day. They killed many of the Scots, and might, as at Falkirk and other places, have decided the victory, but Bruce was prepared for them. He had in readiness a body of men-at-arms well mounted, who rode at full gallop among the archers; and as they had no weapons save their bows and arrows, which they could not use when they were attacked hand to hand, they were cut down in great numbers by the Scottish horse-men, and thrown into total confusion.

The fine English cavalry then advanced to support their archers, and to attack the Scottish line. But coming over the ground which was dug full of pits, the horses fell into these holes, and the riders lay tumbling about, without any means of defence, and unable to rise from the weight of their heavy armor. The English began to fall into general disorder; and the Scottish king, bringing up his reserve, attacked and pressed them still more closely. On a sudden, an event happened which decided the victory. The servants and attendants on the Scottish camp had been sent behind the army to a place afterwards called the Gillies' Hill—that is, the servants' hill. But now when they saw the English host wavering, they rushed from their place of concealment with blankets displayed from poles, and such weapons as they could get, that they might have their share in the victory and in the spoil. The English, seeing them come suddenly over the hill, mistook this disorderly rabble for a new army coming up to sustain the Scots, and losing all heart, began to shift every man for himself. Edward himself left the field as fast as he could ride, and was closely pursued by Douglas with a party of horse, who followed him as far as Dunbar, where the English had still a friend in the governor, Patrick, Earl of March. The earl received Edward in his forlorn condition, and furnished him with a small ship, in which he escaped to England, having entirely lost his fine army, and a great number of his bravest nobles.

The English never before or afterwards lost so dreadful a battle as that of Bannockburn, nor did the Scots ever gain one of so much importance. Many of the best and bravest of the English nobility and gentry lay dead on the field; a great many more were made prisoners; and

the whole of King Edward's immense army was dispersed or destroyed.

The English, after this great defeat, were no longer in a condition to support their pretensions to be masters of Scotland, or to continue, as they had done for nearly twenty years, to send armies into that country to subdue it. On the contrary, they became scarcely able to defend their own frontiers against Robert Bruce and his victorious soldiers.

Thus did Robert Bruce rise from the condition of an exile, hunted with blood-hounds like a stag or beast of prey, to the rank of an independent sovereign, universally acknowledged to be one of the wisest and bravest kings who then lived.

The nation of Scotland was also raised once more from the condition of a distressed and conquered province to that of a free and independent state, governed by its own laws, and subject to its own princes; and although the country was, after Bruce's death, often subjected to great loss and distress, both by the hostility of the English and by the unhappy civil wars among the Scots themselves, yet they never afterwards lost the freedom for which Wallace had laid down his life, and which King Robert had recovered not less by his wisdom than by his military talents. And therefore most just it is, that while the country of Scotland retains any recollection of its history, the memory of those brave warriors and faithful patriots ought to be remembered with gratitude and honor.

Let your truth stand sure, and the world is true;
Let your heart keep pure, and the world will, too.

—*George Houghton.*

XXVIII.—BRUCE TO HIS TROOPS, BEFORE THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN.

BURNS.

ROBERT BURNS (b. 1759, d. 1796) is Scotland's greatest poet, and the most popular writer of lyrics in the English language. Most of his poems are written in his native Ayrshire dialect, which, however, he frequently exchanges for English, especially in his more serious strains. "He is the poet of freedom as well as of beauty; his song of *The Bruce*, his *Man's a Man for A' That*, and others of the same mark, will endure while the language lasts. He owes nothing to the poetry of other lands—he is the offspring of the soil; he is as natural to Scotland as the heath is to her hills. His variety is equal to his originality; his humor, his gayety, his tenderness, and his pathos, come all in a breath; the comic slides easily into the serious, the serious into the tender, and the tender into the pathetic."

Of the following spirited poem, Carlyle thus writes:—"So long as there is warm blood in the heart of Scotchman or man, it will move in fierce thrills under this war-ode, the best, we believe, that was ever written by any pen."

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led;
Welcome to your gory bed,
  Or to victory!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
  Chains and slavery!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
  Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
  Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
  But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!

XXIX.—FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT.

BURNS.

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that:
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin-grey, and a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that:
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might,
Gude faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that,

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,—
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

XXX.—THE FIXED STARS.

PROCTOR.

RICHARD ANTHONY PROCTOR, born 1837, is the author of several scientific works, chiefly astronomical. By his writings and lectures he has helped to popularize the study of science.

THE fixed stars,—that is, the stars which keep always the same place on the turning vault of heaven,—are much larger bodies than the planets. Each one of the fixed stars is a sun, shining with its own light. But they lie so far away that even when we look at a star with a very large telescope, it always looks like a point of light. We know the distances at which a few of the nearest stars lie, and that if our sun were set as far off, he too would look a mere point of light. In fact he would not look nearly so bright as some of the stars, if he were set no farther away than the nearest star. If he were set as far away as some of those we see, he would be quite lost to view; for he is not by any means the largest of the suns.

Yet we can tell what some of the stars are made of by using the same instrument which has told us what our sun is made of. We find that each star is like him, a glowing mass of fiery hot matter, shining through the

vapors of iron, copper, zinc, and other known substances. But they are not all alike; some are larger, hotter, and brighter than others. Some contain the vapors of substances which are either not present in others, or show no signs of being so.

Without a telescope we can see at once about three thousand stars, so that as we see only half the star-sphere at one time, about six thousand stars can be seen in all. But with a telescope, even a small one, hundreds of stars are seen for each one which can be seen without a telescope. When we take a large telescope thousands more come into view. There seems to be no end to them. For, no matter how large the telescope we use, faint stars are always seen, which with a larger telescope would appear bright, while more still would come into view as faint stars. The largest telescope yet made shows so many stars in every part of the heavens to which it has been turned, that if all could be counted there would be at least a hundred millions. And no doubt for every one of these stars there are millions, even millions of millions, which lie beyond the range of the largest telescope man can ever make. When we think that each star is a sun, and that probably each one has, like our sun, a family of worlds travelling round it, the mind is lost amid these wonders. They are real, and we can speak of them, but we cannot in the least conceive them.

Some stars which look single are found with the telescope to be double. In many of these cases we see two stars which happen to lie in the same direction, though one may be very much farther away than the other. But in some cases the two stars form a real pair, circling round each other as the earth and moon do. Sometimes the two stars are nearly equal in brightness; in

other cases one is much smaller than the other. Many of these double stars show very pretty colors, especially when the stars are unequal in size. Thus in some cases the larger is red, the smaller green; in some the larger is orange and the smaller blue; or the larger yellow and the smaller purple; and many other pairs of colors are seen.

Sometimes three, four, or more stars are grouped together, where without a telescope we see only one. Among such groups the colors are often very fine.

There are also many clusters of stars in the skies. Thus there is a group called the Pleiades, and another called Præsepe, or the Beehive. These can be seen without a telescope. But with a large telescope hundreds of clusters can be seen.

Besides these clusters of stars there are great numbers of faint cloud-like objects, called *nebulæ*. Some of these when seen with large telescopes are found to consist of thousands of small stars; but others are formed of a kind of bright gas, or rather of two or three gases mixed together. Among these gases are nitrogen and hydrogen.

On a clear night a faint streak of cloudy light can be seen, forming an arch round the heavens, and always in the same position among the stars. This is the Milky Way. In a telescope it is seen to consist entirely of small stars, too small to be seen alone, so that they seem to form a cloud of faint light.

Some among the stars change in brightness. One, called *Mira*, or the *Wonderful Star*, shines brightly for a few weeks, then fades until after a few months it cannot be seen; but after a while it comes again into view and gradually shines out with its full brightness, going through all these changes in about eleven months. Others change in a few days, some change less regularly. One star,

which was bright a hundred years ago, grew much brighter about thirty years ago, then faded, and can now be scarcely seen. Others blaze out suddenly, and after shining very brightly for a few days, grow fainter and vanish from view. It is well for us that our sun burns with a steady light, and does not, like these, shine sometimes with too much light, and sometimes with too little. Most of the suns, however, shine as steadily as our sun.

The stars are so far from us that the sun's great distance is as nothing compared with theirs. Light, which travels 185,000 miles in every second, takes more than three years in reaching us from the nearest fixed star, and hundreds of years in reaching us from some of the fainter stars. So that if every star were destroyed, more than three years would pass before we should miss a single star, and hundreds of years before all the stars would have vanished.

When we consider these wonders, the immense number of the stars, their infinite variety, the work they are all doing as suns, the vastness of the space through which they are scattered, our own world seems a mere atom in space, and we who creep on it seem as nothing. As the Psalmist of old said (Psalm viii. 3, 4), so may the student of the stars in our time say, "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained; what is man that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that Thou visitest him?"

Small service is true service while it lasts;
Of friends, however humble, scorn not one;
The daisy, by the shadow that it casts,
Protects the lingering dewdrop from the sun.

—*Wordsworth.*

XXXI.—TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

Burns.

Thou lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usherest in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace—
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar
Twined amorous round the raptured scene;
The flowers sprang wanton to be pressed,
The birds sang love on every spray,—
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of wingèd day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression stronger makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

XXXII.—FLOW GENTLY, SWEET AFTON.

BURNS.

FLOW gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stockdove whose echo resounds through the glen,
Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,
Thou green-crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,—
I charge you disturb not my slumbering fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighboring hills,
Far marked with the courses of clear, winding rills,—
There daily I wander as noon rises high,
My flocks and my Mary's sweet cot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,
Where wild in the woodlands the primroses blow,—
There, oft as mild evening weeps over the lea,
The sweet-scented birk shades my Mary and me.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,
And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;
How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,
As gathering sweet flow'rets she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,
Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;
My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,
Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

XXXIII.—THE SKYLARK.

HOGG.

JAMES HOGG (b. 1770, d. 1835), familiarly known as *The Ettrick Shepherd*, was a Scotch peasant poet of considerable genius. In early life he followed the occupation of a shepherd. In 1801 he made the acquaintance of Scott, and assisted him in collecting ballads for the *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. His finest poem is *The Queen's Wake*, a collection of ballads and tales. He was a contributor to *Blackwood* and other periodicals. He also wrote songs of much beauty.

BIRD of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!

Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

XXXIV.—DEATH OF LITTLE NELL.

DICKENS.

Little Nell is one of the purest and most beautiful of Dickens' creations. She is the heroine of *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and is represented as the constant attendant of her grandfather, an affectionate, but weak old man, with a passion for gambling. The story of her troubled life and early death is one of the most touching in English literature.

SHE was dead. No sleep so beautiful and calm, so free from trace of pain, so fair to look upon. She seemed a creature fresh from the hand of God, and waiting for the breath of life; not one who had lived and suffered death. Her couch was dressed with here and there some winter berries and green leaves, gathered in a spot she had been used to favor. "When I die, put near me something that has loved the light, and had the sky above it always." These were her words.

She was dead. Dear, gentle, patient, noble Nell, was dead. Her little bird—a poor, slight thing the pressure of a finger would have crushed—was stirring nimbly in its cage; and the strong heart of its child-mistress was mute and motionless forever. Where were the traces of her early cares, her sufferings, and fatigues? All gone. Sorrow was dead indeed in her, but peace and perfect happiness were born; imaged in her tranquil beauty and profound repose.

And still her former self lay there, unaltered in this change. Yes. The old fireside had smiled upon that same sweet face; it had passed, like a dream, through haunts of misery and care; at the door of the poor schoolmaster on the summer evening, before the furnace-fire upon the cold, wet night, at the still bedside of the dying boy, there had been the same mild and lovely look. So shall we know the angels in their majesty, after death.

The old man held one languid arm in his, and had the small hand tight folded to his breast, for warmth. It was the hand she had stretched out to him with her last smile—the hand that had led him on, through all their wanderings. Ever and anon he pressed it to his lips; then hugged it to his breast again, murmuring that it was warmer now; and, as he said it, he looked in agony to those who stood around, as if imploring them to help her.

She was dead, and past all help, or need of help. The ancient rooms she had seemed to fill with life, even while her own was waning fast—the garden she had tended—the eyes she had gladdened—the noiseless haunts of many a thoughtful hour—the paths she had trodden, as it were but yesterday—could know her never more.

"It is not," said the schoolmaster, as he bent down to kiss her on the cheek, and gave his tears free vent, "it is not on earth that Heaven's justice ends. Think what earth is, compared with the world to which her young spirit has winged its early flight; and say, if one deliberate wish expressed in solemn tones above this bed could call her back to life, which of us would utter it!"

When morning came, and they could speak more calmly on the subject of their grief, they heard how her life had closed.

She had been dead two days. They were all about her at the time, knowing that the end was drawing on. She died soon after daybreak. They had read and talked to her in the earlier portion of the night, but as the hours crept on she sank to sleep. They could tell, by what she faintly uttered in her dreams, that they were of her journeyings with the old man; they were of no painful scenes, but of people who had helped and used them kindly, for she often said "God bless you!" with great

fervor. Waking, she never wandered in her mind but once, and that was of beautiful music, which she said, was in the air. God knows. It may have been.

Opening her eyes at last, from a very quiet sleep, she begged that they would kiss her once again. That done, she turned to the old man with a lovely smile upon her face—such, they said, as they had never seen, and never could forget—and clung with both her arms about his neck. They did not know that she was dead, at first.

She had never murmured or complained; but, with a quiet mind, and manner quite unaltered—save that she every day became more earnest and more grateful to them—faded like the light upon a summer's evening. The child who had been her little friend came there, almost as soon as it was day, with an offering of dried flowers which he asked them to lay upon her breast. He begged hard to see her, saying that he would be very quiet, and that they need not fear his being alarmed, for he had sat alone by his young brother all day long when *he* was dead, and had felt glad to be so near him. They let him have his wish; and indeed he kept his word, and was, in his childish way, a lesson to them all.

Up to that time, the old man had not spoken once—except to her—or stirred from the bedside. But when he saw her little favorite, he was moved as they had not seen him yet, and made as though he would have him come nearer. Then, pointing to the bed, he burst into tears for the first time, and they who stood by, knowing that the sight of this child had done him good, left them alone together.

Soothing him with his artless talk of her, the child persuaded him to take some rest, to walk abroad, to do

almost as he desired him. And when the day came on, which must remove her in her earthly shape from earthly eyes forever, he led him away, that he might not know when she was taken from him. They were to gather fresh leaves and berries for her bed.

And now the bell—the bell she had so often heard, by night and day, and listened to with solemn pleasure almost as a living voice—rung its remorseless toll for her, so young, so beautiful, so good. Decrepit age, and vigorous life, and blooming youth, and helpless infancy, poured forth—on crutches, in the pride of health and strength, in the full blush of promise, in the mere dawn of life—to gather round her tomb. Old men were there, whose eyes were dim and senses failing; grandmothers, who might have died ten years ago, and still been old; the deaf, the blind, the lame, the palsied—the living dead in many shapes and forms—to see the closing of that early grave.

Along the crowded path they bore her now, pure as the newly-fallen snow that covered it—whose day on earth had been as fleeting. Under the porch, where she had sat when Heaven in its mercy brought her to that peaceful spot, she passed again; and the old church received her in its quiet shade.

They carried her to one old nook, where she had many and many a time sat musing, and laid their burden softly on the pavement. The light streamed on it through the colored window—a window, where the boughs of trees were ever rustling in the summer, and where the birds sang sweetly all day long. With every breath of air that stirred among those branches in the sunshine, some trembling, changing light would fall upon her grave.

Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust! Many

a young hand dropped in its little wreath, many a stifled sob was heard. Some—and they were not a few—knelt down. All were sincere and truthful in their sorrow.

The service done, the mourners stood apart, and the villagers closed round to look into the grave before the pavement-stone should be replaced. One called to mind how he had seen her sitting on that very spot, and how her book had fallen on her lap, and she was gazing, with a pensive face, upon the sky. Another told how he had wondered much that one so delicate as she should be so bold; how she had never feared to enter the church alone at night, but had loved to linger there when all was quiet, and even to climb the tower stair, with no more light than that of the moonrays stealing through the loop-holes in the thick old wall. A whisper went about among the oldest, that she had seen and talked with angels; and when they called to mind how she had looked, and spoken, and her early death, some thought it might be so, indeed. Thus coming to the grave in little knots, and glancing down, and giving place to others, and falling off in whispering groups of three or four, the church was cleared in time, of all but the sexton and the mourning friends.

They saw the vault covered, and the stone fixed down. Then, when the dusk of evening had come on, and not a sound disturbed the sacred stillness of the place, when the bright moon poured in her light on tomb and monument, on pillar, wall, and arch, and most of all, it seemed to them, upon her quiet grave—in that calm time, when outward things and inward thoughts teem with assurances of immortality, and worldly hopes and fears are humbled in the dust before them—then, with tranquil and submissive hearts they turned away, and left the child with God.

XXXV.—RESIGNATION.

LONGFELLOW.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW (b. 1807, d. 1882) is the greatest of American poets. From 1835 to 1854 he was Professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Harvard University. He made several visits to Europe, and resided there some years studying the language and literature of each of the countries he visited. His many translations furnish proof of his wide acquaintance with foreign languages. His poetry is marked by refined taste, beauty and elegance of expression, and purity of sentiment. "Longfellow has studied the principles of verbal melody; his tact in the use of language is probably the chief cause of his success." Many of his minor poems, such as *Resignation*, and the *Psalm of Life*, form part of the household poetry of English-speaking people.

THERE is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there!
There is no fireside, howsoe'er defended,
But has one vacant chair!

The air is full of farewells to the dying,
And mournings for the dead;
The heart of Rachel, for her children crying,
Will not be comforted.

Let us be patient. These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise.

We see but dimly through the mists and vapors;
Amid these earthly damps,
What seem to us but sad funereal tapers,
May be heaven's distant lamps.

There is no death! What seems so is transition;
This life of mortal breath
Is but a suburb of the life Elysian,
Whose portal we call death.

She is not dead,—the child of our affection,—
But gone unto that school
Where she no longer needs our poor protection,
And Christ himself doth rule.

In that great cloister's stillness and seclusion,
By guardian angels led,
Safe from temptation, safe from sin's pollution,
She lives, whom we call dead.

Day after day we think what she is doing
In those bright realms of air;
Year after year, her tender steps pursuing,
Behold her grown more fair.

Thus do we walk with her, and keep unbroken
The bond which nature gives,
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,
May reach her where she lives.

Not as a child shall we again behold her;
For when with raptures wild,
In our embraces we again enfold her,
She will not be a child;

But a fair maiden in her Father's mansion,
Clothed with celestial grace;
And beautiful with all the soul's expansion
Shall we behold her face.

And though at times impetuous with emotion,
And anguish long suppress'd,
The swelling heart heaves, moaning like the ocean,
That cannot be at rest,

We will be patient, and assuage the feeling
We may not wholly stay,—
By silence sanctifying, not concealing,
The grief that must have way.

XXXVI.—THE BLACK PRINCE AT CRESSY.

DEAN STANLEY.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY (b. 1815,d. 1881) was a distinguished clergyman of the Church of England. Besides his numerous contributions to reviews and magazines, he wrote theological works, memoirs, and ecclesiastical histories, all liberal in their teachings, and showing great fulness of knowledge. He became Dean of Westminster in 1864. In 1855, while Canon of Canterbury, he published his *Historical Memorials of Canterbury*, from which the following lesson has been selected.

I SHALL not undertake to describe the whole fight at Cressy, but will call your attention briefly to the questions which every one ought to ask himself, if he wishes to understand anything about any battle whatever. First, where was it fought? secondly, why was it fought? thirdly, how was it won? and fourthly, what was the result of it? And to this I must add, in the present instance, what part was taken in it by the Prince, now following his father as a young knight, in his first great campaign?

The first of these questions involves the second also. If we make out where a battle was fought, this usually tells us why it was fought. And this is one of the many proofs of the use of learning geography together with history. Each helps us to understand the other. Edward had ravaged Normandy, and reached the very gates of Paris, and was retreating towards Flanders, when he was overtaken by the French King, Philip, who, with an immense army, had determined to cut him off entirely, and so put an end to the war.

With difficulty, and by the happy accident of a low tide, he crossed the mouth of the Somme, and found himself within his own maternal inheritance; and for that special reason he encamped near the forest of Cressy, fifteen miles north-east of Abbeville. "I am," he said,

"on the right heritage of Madam, my mother, which was given her in dowry; I will defend it against my adversary, Philip of Valois."

It was on Saturday the 28th of August, 1346, and it was at four in the afternoon, that the battle commenced. It always helps us better to imagine any remarkable event, when we know at what time of the day or night it took place; and on this occasion it is of great importance, because it helps us at once to answer the question we asked—how was the battle won?

The French army had advanced from Abbeville, after a hard day's march to overtake the retiring enemy. All along the road, and flooding the hedgeless plains which bordered the road, the army, swelled by the surrounding peasantry, rolled along, crying, "Kill! kill!" drawing their swords, and thinking they were sure of their prey. What the French King chiefly relied upon (besides his great numbers) was the troop of fifteen thousand cross-bowmen from Genoa. These were made to stand in front; when, just as the engagement was about to take place, one of those extraordinary incidents occurred, which often turn the fate of battles, as they do of human life in general.

A tremendous storm gathered from the west, and broke in thunder, and rain, and hail, on the field of battle; the sky was darkened, and the horror was increased by the hoarse cries of crows and ravens, which fluttered before the storm, and struck terror into the hearts of the Italian bowmen, who were unaccustomed to these northern tempests. And when at last the sky had cleared, and they prepared their crossbows to shoot, the strings had been so wet by the rain that they could not draw them.

By this time, the evening sun streamed out in full

splendor over the black clouds of the western sky—right in their faces; and at the same moment the English archers, who had kept their bows in cases during the storm, and so had their strings dry, let fly their arrows so fast and thick, that those who were present could only compare it to snow or sleet. Through and through the heads, and necks, and hands of the Genoese bowmen, the arrows pierced. Unable to stand it, they turned and fled; and from that moment the panic and confusion were so great that the day was lost.

But though the storm, and the sun, and the archers had their part, we must not forget the Prince. He was, we must remember, only sixteen, and yet he commanded the whole English army! It is said that the reason of this was, that the King of France had been so bent on destroying the English forces, that he had hoisted the sacred banner of France—the great scarlet flag, embroidered with golden lilies, called the Oriflamme—as a sign that no quarter would be given; and that when King Edward saw this, and saw the hazard to which he should expose, not only the army, but the whole kingdom, if he were to fall in battle, he determined to leave it to his son.

On the top of a windmill, of which the solid tower is still to be seen on the ridge overhanging the field, the King, for whatever reason, remained bareheaded, whilst the young Prince, who had been knighted a month before, went forward with his companions in arms into the very thickest of the fray; and when his father saw that the victory was virtually gained, he forbore to interfere. "Let the child *win his spurs*," he said, in words which have since become a proverb, "and *let the day be his*." The Prince was in very great danger at one

moment: he was wounded and thrown to the ground, and was only saved by Richard de Beaumont, who carried the great banner of Wales, throwing the banner over the boy as he lay on the ground, and standing upon it till he had driven back the assailants.

The assailants were driven back; and far through the long summer evening, and deep into the summer night, the battle raged. It was not till all was dark that the Prince and his companions halted from their pursuit; and then huge fires and torches were lit up, that the King might see where they were. And then took place that touching interview between the father and the son; the King embracing the boy in front of the whole army, by the red light of the blazing fires, and saying, "*Sweet son, God give you good perseverance; you are my true son: right royally have you acquitted yourself this day, and worthy are you of a crown.*" And the young Prince, after the reverential manner of those times, bowed to the ground, and gave all the honor to the King, his father. The next day the King walked over the field of carnage with the Prince, and said, "*What think you of a battle, is it an agreeable game?*"

The general result of the battle was the deliverance of the English army from a most imminent danger, and subsequently the conquest of Calais, which the King immediately besieged and won, and which remained in the possession of the English from that day to the reign of Queen Mary. From that time the Prince became the darling of the English, and the terror of the French; and, whether from this terror, or from the black armor which he wore on that day, and which contrasted with the fairness of his complexion, he was called by them "Le Prince Noir"—The Black Prince—and from them the

name has passed to us; so that all his other sounding titles, by which the old poems call him—"Prince of Wales, Duke of Aquitaine,"—are lost in the one memorable name which he won for himself in his first fight at Cressy.

XXXVII.—THE BELL OF ATRI.

LONGFELLOW.

AT Atri in Abruzzo, a small town
Of ancient Roman date, but scant renown,—
One of those little places that have run
Half up the hill, beneath the blazing sun,
And then sat down to rest, as if to say,
"I climb no farther upward, come what may,"—
The Re Giovanni, now unknown to fame,
So many monarchs since have borne the name,
Had a great bell hung in the market-place
Beneath a roof, projecting some small space,
By way of shelter from the sun and rain.
Then rode he through the streets with all his train,
And, with the blast of trumpets loud and long,
Made proclamation, that whenever wrong
Was done to any man, he should but ring
The great bell in the square, and he, the king,
Would cause the syndic to decide thereon.
Such was the proclamation of King John.

How swift the happy days of Atri sped,
What wrongs were righted, need not here be said.
Suffice it that, as all things must decay,
The hempen rope at length was worn away,
Unravelled at the end, and strand by strand

Loosened and wasted in the ringer's hand,
Till one, who noted this in passing by,
Mended the rope with braids of briony,
So that the leaves and tendrils of the vine
Hung like a votive garland at a shrine.

By chance it happened that in Atri dwelt
A knight, with spur on heel and sword in belt,
Who loved to hunt the wild-boar in the woods,
Who loved his falcons with their crimson hoods,
Who loved his hounds and horses, and all sports
And prodigalities of camps and courts,—
Loved, or had loved them ; for at last grown old,
His only passion was the love of gold.

He sold his horses, sold his hawks and hounds,
Rented his vineyards and his garden-grounds,
Kept but one steed, his favorite steed of all,
To starve and shiver in a naked stall,
And day by day sat brooding in his chair,
Devising plans how best to hoard and spare.

At length he said, "What is the use or need
To keep at my own cost this lazy steed,
Eating his head off in my stables here,
When rents are low and provender is dear ?
Let him go feed upon the public ways ;
I want him only for the holidays."
So the old steed was turned into the heat
Of the long, lonely, silent, shadeless street ;
And wandered in suburban lanes forlorn,
Barked at by dogs, and torn by brier and thorn.

One afternoon, as in that sultry clime
It is the custom in the summer-time,
With bolted doors and window-shutters closed,
The inhabitants of Atri slept or dozed ;

When suddenly upon their senses fell
The loud alarum of the accusing bell!
The syndic started from his deep repose,
Turned on his couch, and listened, and then rose
And donned his robes, and with reluctant pace
Went panting forth into the market-place,
Where the great bell upon its cross-beam swung
Reiterating with persistent tongue,
In half-articulate jargon, the old song:
"Some one hath done a wrong, hath done a wrong!"
But ere he reached the belfry's light arcade
He saw, or thought he saw, beneath its shade,
No shape of human form of woman born,
But a poor steed dejected and forlorn,
Who with uplifted head and eager eye
Was tugging at the vines of briony.
"*Domeneddio!*" cried the syndic straight,
"This is the Knight of Atri's steed of state!
He calls for justice, being sore distressed,
And pleads his cause as loudly as the best."

Meanwhile from street and lane a noisy crowd
Had rolled together like a summer cloud,
And told the story of the wretched beast
In five-and-twenty different ways at least,
With much gesticulation and appeal
To heathen gods, in their excessive zeal.
The knight was called and questioned; in reply
Did not confess the fact, did not deny;
Treated the matter as a pleasant jest,
And set at naught the syndic and the rest,
Maintaining in an angry undertone,
That he should do what pleased him with his own.

And thereupon the syndic gravely read
The proclamation of the king; then said:

"Pride goeth forth on horseback grand and gay,
But cometh back on foot, and begs its way;
Fame is the fragrance of heroic deeds,
Of flowers of chivalry, and not of weeds!
These are familiar proverbs; but I fear
They never yet have reached your knightly ear.
What fair renown, what honor, what repute,
Can come to you for starving this poor brute?
He who serves well, and speaks not, merits more
Than they who clamor loudest at the door.
Therefore the law decrees that as this steed
Served you in youth, henceforth you shall take heed
To comfort his old age, and to provide
Shelter in stall, and food, and field beside."

The knight withdrew abashed; the people all
Led home the steed in triumph to his stall.
The king heard and approved, and laughed in glee,
And cried aloud: "Right well it pleaseth me!
Church-bells at best but ring us to the door;
But go not into mass; my bell doth more;
It cometh into court and pleads the cause
Of creatures dumb and unknown to the laws;
And this shall make, in every Christian clime,
The Bell of Atri famous for all time."

To gild refinèd gold, to paint the lily,
To throw a perfume on the violet,
To smooth the ice, or add another hue
Unto the rainbow, or with taper-light
To seek the beauteous eye of heaven to garnish,
Is wasteful and ridiculous excess.

—*Shakespeare.*

XXXVIII.—THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

IRVING.

WASHINGTON IRVING (b. 1783, d. 1859) was a distinguished American author, whose writings are widely known and admired for their graceful style, delicate humor, and lively sketches of scenery and character. He has been classed with Addison and Goldsmith as a writer of pure and simple English prose, and as "a painter of domestic life and the quiet scenes of nature." Besides his lighter works he has written several biographical and historical sketches. He travelled much in Europe, living chiefly in England and in Spain. He held the post of Minister to Spain, 1842-1846.

The following lesson is from the *Life and Voyages of Columbus.*

EARLY in the morning of the 6th of September, 1492, Columbus set sail from the Canary Islands with his fleet of three small vessels, but for three days a profound calm kept the vessels loitering, with flagging sails, within a short distance of the land. On the following Sunday, the 9th September, a breeze sprang up, and in the course of the day the heights of Ferro gradually faded from the horizon.

On losing sight of this last trace of land, the hearts of the crews failed them. They seemed literally to have taken leave of the world. Behind them was everything dear to the heart of man,—country, family, friends, life itself; before them everything was chaos, mystery, and peril. Many of the rugged seamen shed tears, and some broke into loud lamentations. The admiral tried to soothe their distress, and to inspire them with his own glorious anticipations.

In the course of a few days they arrived within the influence of the trade wind which blows steadily from east to west between the tropics. With this favorable breeze they were wafted gently but speedily over a tranquil sea, so that for many days they did not shift a sail.

As the days passed away one after another, his crew began to grow extremely uneasy at the length of

the voyage. They had advanced much farther west than ever man had sailed before, and still they continued daily leaving vast tracts of ocean behind them, and pressing onward into that apparently boundless waste of waters. Even the gentle breeze uniformly aft, was conjured by their fears into a cause of alarm, for they began to imagine that the wind in these seas might always prevail from the east, and if so, would never permit their return to Spain. They were full of vague terrors, and harassed their commander by incessant murmurs. They fed each other's discontent, gathering together in little knots, and stirring up a spirit of mutiny. There was great danger of their breaking forth into open rebellion, and compelling Columbus to turn back. In their secret conferences they exclaimed against him as a mad desperado, and even talked of throwing him into the sea.

The situation of Columbus was daily becoming more and more critical. In proportion as he approached the regions where he expected to find land, the impatience of his crew increased. Columbus was not ignorant of their mutinous disposition, but he still maintained a serene and steady countenance, soothing some with gentle words, endeavoring to work upon the pride or avarice of others, and openly threatening the rebellious with punishment, should they do anything to hinder the voyage.

On the 7th of October, having observed great flocks of small field-birds going towards the southwest, and knowing that the Portuguese navigators had discovered most of their islands by following the flights of birds, Columbus determined to alter his course to the direction in which he saw the birds fly. For three days they stood in this direction, and the farther they went the more encouraging were the signs of land.

When, however, on the evening of the third day the crew beheld the sun go down on the shoreless horizon, they broke forth into turbulent clamor. They insisted upon turning homeward and giving up the voyage as hopeless. Columbus tried to pacify them with gentle words and promises of large rewards; but finding that they only increased in clamor, he assumed a decided tone. He told them it was useless to murmur; the expedition had been sent by the sovereign to seek the Indies, and, happen what might, he was determined to persevere, until, by the blessing of God, he should accomplish the enterprise.

Columbus was now at open defiance with his crew, and his situation became desperate. Fortunately the proofs of land being near were such on the following day as no longer to admit of doubt. Besides a quantity of river-weeds, they saw a thorn branch with berries on it; then they picked up a reed, a small board, and, above all, a staff artificially carved. Gloom and mutiny now gave way to sanguine expectation. In the evening Columbus made an impressive address to his crew, and told them he thought it probable they would make land that very night.

At sunset they had stood again to the west, and were ploughing the waves at a rapid rate, the *Pinta* keeping the lead from her superior sailing. Not an eye was closed that night. As the evening darkened, Columbus took his station on the top of the cabin of his vessel, ranging his eye along the dusky horizon, and maintaining an intense and unremitting watch. About ten o'clock he thought he beheld a light glimmering at a great distance. Fearing his eager hopes might deceive him he called to a gentleman near him, and inquired whether he saw such a light; the latter replied that he did. They saw it once

or twice afterwards in sudden and passing gleams, as if it were a torch of some fisherman, rising and sinking with the waves, or in the hand of some person on shore, borne up and down as he walked from house to house.

They continued their course until two in the morning, when a gun from the *Pinta* gave the joyful signal of land. It was now clearly seen about two leagues distant; whereupon they took in sail, and lay to, waiting impatiently for the dawn. It was on Friday morning, the 12th of October, that Columbus first beheld the New World. As the day dawned, he saw before him a level island, several leagues in extent, and covered with trees like a continual orchard. Though apparently uncultivated, it was populous, for the inhabitants were seen issuing from all parts of the woods, and running to the shore. They were perfectly naked, and, as they stood gazing at the ships, appeared by their attitudes and gestures to be lost in astonishment.

Columbus made signal for the ships to cast anchor, and the boats to be manned and armed. He entered his own boat, richly dressed in scarlet, and holding the royal standard. As he approached the shore, he was delighted with the purity of the atmosphere, the crystal transparency of the sea, and the extraordinary beauty of the vegetation. On landing he threw himself on his knees, kissed the earth, and returned thanks to God with tears of joy. His example was followed by the rest, whose hearts indeed overflowed with the same feelings of gratitude. Columbus, then rising, drew his sword, displayed the royal standard, and took solemn possession of the island in the name of the Spanish sovereigns, giving it the name of San Salvador.

The feelings of the crew now burst forth in the

wildest transports. They thronged around the admiral, some embracing him, others kissing his hands. Those who had been the most mutinous and turbulent were now the most devoted and enthusiastic. Many of those who had outraged him by their insolence, now crouched at his feet, begging pardon for all the trouble they had caused him, and promising the blindest obedience for the future.

The natives of the island supposed that the ships had sailed out of the crystal firmament, beyond the horizon, or had descended from above on their ample wings, accompanied with lightning and thunder; and that these marvellous beings, clad in glittering steel, or raiment of various colors, were inhabitants of the skies.

Columbus supposed himself to have landed on an island at the western extremity of India, hence it and the adjoining islands were called the West Indies, and the natives, Indians, an appellation which has since been extended to all the aborigines of the New World.

XXXIX.—A PSALM OF LIFE.

What the heart of the young man said to the psalmist

Longfellow.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er Life's solemn main,
A forlorn and ship-wrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

XL.—RING OUT, WILD BELLS.

TENNYSON.

ALFRED TENNYSON (born 1810) is by common consent the leading poet of the Victorian age. He has shown entire devotion to the poetic art, and, at the same time, has been a close observer of the life and pursuits of his fellowmen. From his secluded home in the Isle of Wight, he has sent forth numerous highly-finished poems, distinguished for their grace, melody, beauty and strength of thought, and for their pure and noble sentiments. In them he gives expression to the current thought and tendencies of his time. "Hundreds of Tennyson's lines and phrases have become fixed in the popular memory," and his works must exercise a mighty influence upon the leading nations of the world. Many of his beautiful lyrics have been set to music. He is a complete master of versification, and has written in a great variety of metres. On the death of Wordsworth in 1850, he was made Poet Laureate. In 1883 he was raised to the peerage as Baron Tennyson D'Eyncourt.

Ring Out, Wild Bells is from *In Memoriam*, a series of elegiac lays written by Tennyson, in memory of his friend, Arthur Hallam.

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease,
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

XLI.—MAKING MAPLE SUGAR.

WARNER.

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER (born 1829) is an American humorous writer. In the delicacy and sparkling quality of his humor he has been compared to Irving. His *Summer in a Garden* and *Back-Log Studies* are among his most popular books.

I THINK there is no part of farming which the boy enjoys more, than the making of maple-sugar. It is better than blackberrying, and nearly as good as fishing; and one reason why he likes this work is, that somebody else does the most of it. It is a sort of work in which he can appear to be very active, and yet not do much.

In my day, maple-sugar making used to be something between picnicking and being shipwrecked on a fertile

island, where one should save from the wreck, tubs, and augers, and great kettles, and pork, and hens' eggs, and rye-and-Indian bread, and begin at once to lead the sweetest life in the world.

I am told that it is something different now-a-days, and that there is more desire to save the sap, and make good, pure sugar, and sell it for a large price, than there used to be; and that the old fun and picturesqueness of the business are pretty much gone. I am told that it is the custom to carefully collect the sap and bring it to the house, where are built brick arches, over which the sap is evaporated in shallow pans; and that care is taken to keep the leaves, sticks, ashes, and coals out of it, and that the sugar is clarified; that, in short, it is a money-making business, in which there is very little fun; and that the boy is not allowed to dip his paddle into the kettle of boiling sugar and lick off the delicious syrup. The prohibition may improve the sugar, but not the sport of the boy.

As I remember the farmer boy (and I am very intimate with one) he used to be on the *qui vive* in the spring for the sap to begin running. I think he discovered it as soon as anybody. Perhaps he knew it by a feeling of something starting in his own veins,—a sort of spring stir in his legs and arms, which tempted him to stand on his head, or throw a hand-spring, if he could find a spot of ground from which the snow had melted.

The sap stirs early in the legs of a country boy, and shows itself in uneasiness in the toes, which get tired of boots, and want to come out and touch the soil just as soon as the sun has warmed it a little. The country boy goes bare-foot just as naturally as the trees burst their buds in spring. Perhaps the boy has been out digging

into the maple trees with his jack-knife; at any rate, he comes running into the house in a state of great excitement—as if he had heard a hen cackle in the barn—with, "Sap's runnin'!"

Then, indeed, the stir and excitement begin. The sap-buckets, which have been stored in the garret over the wood-house, are brought down and set out on the south side of the house and scalded. The snow is still a foot or two feet deep in the woods, and the ox-sled is taken out to make a road to the sugar-camp, and the campaign begins. The boy is everywhere present, superintending everything, asking questions, and filled with a desire to help on the excitement.

It is a great day when the sled is loaded with the buckets, and the procession starts for the woods. The sun shines almost unobstructedly into the forest, for there are only naked branches to bar it; the snow is beginning to sink down, leaving the young bushes spindling up everywhere; the snow-birds are twittering about, and the noise of shouting, and the blows of the ax, echo far and wide.

This is spring, and the boy can hardly contain his delight that his out-door life is about to begin again. In the first place, the men go about and tap the trees, drive in the spouts and put the buckets under. The boy watches all these operations with the greatest interest. He wishes that, sometimes, when a hole is bored in a tree, the sap would spout out in a stream, as it does when a cider barrel is tapped; but it never does; it only drops; sometimes almost in a stream, but, on the whole, slowly; and the boy learns that the sweet things of the world do not usually come otherwise than drop by drop.

Then the camp is to be cleared of snow. The shanty

is re-covered with boughs. In front of it two enormous logs are rolled nearly together, and a fire is built between them. Upright posts with crotches at the top are set, one at each end, and a long pole is laid on them; and on this are hung the great cauldron kettles. The huge hogsheads are turned right side up and cleaned out, to receive the sap that is gathered. And now, if there is a good "sap run," the establishment is under full headway.

The great fire that is kindled in the sugar-camp is not allowed to go out, night or day, so long as the sugar season lasts. Somebody is always cutting wood to feed it; somebody is busy most of the time gathering in the sap; somebody is required to fill the kettles and see that the sap does not boil over. It is not the boy, however; he is too busy with things in general to be of any use in details. He has his own little sap-yoke and small pails, with which he gathers the sweet liquid. He has a little boiling-place of his own, with small logs and a tiny kettle.

In the great kettles, the boiling goes on slowly, and the liquid, as it thickens, is dipped from one to another, until in the end-kettle it is reduced to syrup, and is taken out to cool and settle, until enough is made to "sugar off." To "sugar off" is to boil the syrup till it is thick enough to crystallize into sugar. This is the grand event, and is only done once in two or three days.

But the boy's desire is to "sugar off" perpetually. He boils his syrup down as rapidly as possible; he is not particular about chips, scum, or ashes; he is apt to burn his sugar; but if he can get enough to make a little wax on the snow, or to scrape from the bottom of the kettle with his wooden paddle, he is happy. A great deal is wasted on his hands and the outside of his face and on his clothes; but he does not care; he is not stingy.

To watch the operations of the big fire gives him constant pleasure. Sometimes he is left to watch the boiling kettles. He has a piece of pork tied on the end of a stick, which he dips into the boiling mass, when it threatens to go over. He is constantly tasting the sap to see if it is not almost syrup. He has a long, round stick, whittled smooth at one end, which he uses for this purpose, at the constant risk of burning his tongue. The smoke blows in his face; he is grimy with ashes; he is altogether such a mass of dirt, stickiness, and sweetness, that his own mother wouldn't know him. He likes, with the hired man, to boil eggs in the hot sap; he likes to roast potatoes in the ashes; and he would live in the camp day and night if he were permitted.

Some of the hired men sleep in the shanty and keep the fire blazing all night. To sleep there with them, and awake in the night and hear the wind in the trees, and see the sparks fly up to the sky, is a perfect realization of all the adventures he has ever read. He tells the other boys, afterwards, that he heard something in the night that sounded very much like a bear. The hired man says that he was very much scared by the hooting of an owl.

The great occasions for the boy, though, are the times of "sugaring off." Sometimes this used to be done in the evening, and it was made the excuse for a frolic in the camp. The neighbors were invited, and, sometimes, even the pretty girls from the village, who filled all the woods with their sweet voices and merry laughter, and little affectations of fright. The white snow still lies on all the ground except the warm spot about the camp. The tree branches all show distinctly in the light of the fire, which sends its ruddy glare far into the darkness, and

lights up the shanty, the hogsheads, the buckets under the trees, and the group about the boiling kettles, until the scene is like something taken out of a fairy play.

At these sugar parties, every one was expected to eat as much sugar as possible; and those who are practised in it can eat a great deal. It is a peculiarity about eating warm maple-sugar, that, though you may eat so much of it one day as to be sick and loathe the thought of it, you will want it the next day more than ever.

At the "sugaring off" they used to pour the hot sugar upon the snow, where it congealed into a sort of wax, without crystallizing; which, I do suppose, is the most delicious substance that was ever invented; but it takes a great while to eat it. If one should close his teeth firmly on a ball of it, he would be unable to open his mouth, until it dissolved. The sensation, while it is melting, is very pleasant, but one cannot talk.

The boy used to make a big lump of wax and give it to the dog, who seized it with great avidity and closed his jaws on it, as dogs will on anything. It was funny, the next moment, to see the expression of perfect surprise on the dog's face, when he found that he could not open his jaws. He shook his head;—he sat down in despair;—he ran round in a circle;—he dashed into the woods and back again. He did everything except climb a tree, and howl. It would have been such a relief to him if he could have howled, but that was the one thing he could not do.

Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

—*H. Bonar.*

XLII.—LADY CLARE.

TENNYSON.

It was the time when lilies blow,
And clouds are highest up in air,
Lord Ronald brought a lily-white doe
To give his cousin, Lady Clare.

I trow they did not part in scorn:
Lovers long-betrothed were they:
They two will wed the morrow morn:
God's blessing on the day!

"He does not love me for my birth,
Nor for my lands so broad and fair;
He loves me for my own true worth,
And that is well," said Lady Clare.

In there came old Alice the nurse,
Said, "Who was this that went from thee?"
"It was my cousin," said Lady Clare,
"To-morrow he weds with me."

"O God be thanked!" said Alice the nurse,
"That all comes round so just and fair;
Lord Ronald is heir of all your lands,
And you are not the Lady Clare."

"Are ye out of your mind, my nurse, my nurse?"
Said Lady Clare, "that ye speak so wild?"
"As God's above," said Alice the nurse,
"I speak the truth: you are my child.

"The old Earl's daughter died at my breast;
I speak the truth as I live by bread!
I buried her like my own sweet child,
And put my child in her stead."

"Falsely, falsely have ye done,
O mother," she said, "if this be true,
To keep the best man under the sun
So many years from his due."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret for your life,
And all you have will be Lord Ronald's,
When you are man and wife."

"If I'm a beggar born," she said,
"I will speak out, for I dare not lie.
Pull off, pull off the brooch of gold,
And fling the diamond necklace by."

"Nay now, my child," said Alice the nurse,
"But keep the secret all ye can."
She said, "Not so: but I will know
If there be any faith in man."

"Nay now, what faith?" said Alice the nurse;
"The man will cleave unto his right."
"And he shall have it," the lady replied,
"Though I should die to-night."

"Yet give one kiss to your mother dear!
Alas! my child, I sinned for thee."
"O mother, mother, mother," she said,
"So strange it seems to me.

"Yet here's a kiss for my mother dear,
My mother dear, if this be so,
And lay your hand upon my head,
And bless me, mother, ere I go."

She clad herself in a russet gown,
She was no longer Lady Clare:

She went by dale, and she went by down,
With a single rose in her hair.

The lily-white doe Lord Ronald had brought
Leapt up from where she lay,
Dropt her head in the maiden's hand,
And followed her all the way.

Down stept Lord Ronald from his tower:
"O Lady Clare, you shame your worth!
Why come you drest like a village maid,
That are the flower of the earth?"

"If I come drest like a village maid,
I am but as my fortunes are:
I am a beggar born," she said,
"And not the Lady Clare."

"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"For I am yours in word and in deed.
"Play me no tricks," said Lord Ronald,
"Your riddle is hard to read."

O, and proudly stood she up!
Her heart within her did not fail:
She looked into Lord Ronald's eyes,
And told him all her nurse's tale.

He laughed a laugh of merry scorn:
He turned and kissed her where she stood:
"If you are not the heiress born,
"And I," said he, "the next in blood—

"If you are not the heiress born,
And I," said he, "the lawful heir,
We two will wed to-morrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."

XLIII.—THE GULF STREAM.

MAURY.

MATTHEW FONTAINE MAURY (b. 1806, d. 1873), an American naval officer, was for some years Director of the National Observatory, near Washington. His scientific labors were directed towards the improvement of practical navigation. During the civil war of 1861-1864, he held a command in the Confederate navy, and afterwards became a professor in the Virginia Military Institute.

The lesson on the Gulf Stream has been selected from his *Physical Geography of the Sea*, which has been translated into several foreign languages.

THERE is a river in the ocean. In the severest droughts it never fails, and in the mightiest floods it never overflows. Its banks and its bottom are of cold water, while its current is of warm. The Gulf of Mexico is its fountain, and its mouth is in the Arctic Seas. It is the Gulf Stream. There is in the world no other such majestic flow of waters. Its current is more rapid than the Mississippi or the Amazon, and its volume more than a thousand times greater.

The currents of the ocean are among the most important of its movements. They carry on a constant interchange between the waters of the poles and those of the equator, and thus diminish the extremes of heat and cold in every zone.

The sea has its climates as well as the land. They both change with the latitude; but one varies with the elevation above, the other with the depression below, the sea level. The climates in each are regulated by circulation; but the regulators are, on the one hand, winds; on the other, currents.

The inhabitants of the ocean are as much the creatures of climate as are those of the dry land; for the same Almighty Hand which decked the lily, and cares for the sparrow, fashioned also the pearl, and feeds the great whale, and adapted each to the physical conditions by

which His providence has surrounded it. Whether of the land or the sea, the inhabitants are all His creatures, subjects of His laws, and agents in His economy. The sea, therefore, we may safely infer, has its offices and duties to perform; so, we may infer, have its currents; and so, too, its inhabitants: consequently, he who undertakes to study its phenomena must cease to regard it as a waste of waters. He must look upon it as a part of that exquisite machinery by which the harmonies of nature are preserved, and then he will begin to perceive the developments of order, and the evidences of design.

From the Arctic Seas a cold current flows along the coasts of America, to replace the warm water sent through the Gulf Stream to moderate the cold of western and northern Europe. Perhaps the best indication as to these cold currents may be derived from the fishes of the sea. The whales first pointed out the existence of the Gulf Stream by avoiding its warm waters. Along the coasts of the United States all those delicate animals and marine productions which delight in warmer waters are wanting; thus indicating, by their absence, the cold current from the north now known to exist there. In the genial warmth of the sea about the Bermudas on the one hand, and Africa on the other, we find in great abundance those delicate shell-fish and coral formations which are altogether wanting in the same latitudes along the shores of South Carolina.

No part of the world affords a more difficult or dangerous navigation than the approaches of the northern coasts of the United States in winter. Before the warmth of the Gulf Stream was known, a voyage at this season from Europe to New England, New York, and even to the Capes of the Delaware or Chesapeake, was many times

more trying, difficult, and dangerous than it now is. In making this part of the coast, vessels are frequently met by snow-storms and gales, which mock the seaman's strength, and set at naught his skill. In a little while his bark becomes a mass of ice; with her crew frosted and helpless, she remains obedient only to her helm, and is kept away for the Gulf Stream. After a few hours' run she reaches its edge, and almost at the next bound passes from the midst of winter into a sea at summer heat. Now the ice disappears from her apparel, and the sailor bathes his stiffened limbs in tepid waters. Feeling himself invigorated and refreshed by the genial warmth about him, he realizes out there at sea the fable of Antæus and his mother Earth. He rises up, and attempts to make his port again, and is again, perhaps, as rudely met and beat back from the north-west; but each time that he is driven off from the contest, he comes forth from this stream, like the ancient son of Neptune, stronger and stronger, until, after many days, his freshened strength prevails, and he at last triumphs, and enters his haven in safety, though in this contest he sometimes falls to rise no more.

The ocean currents are partly the result of the immense evaporation which takes place in the tropical regions, where the sea greatly exceeds the land in extent. The enormous quantity of water there carried off by evaporation disturbs the equilibrium of the seas; but this is restored by a perpetual flow of water from the poles. When these streams of cold water leave the poles they flow directly towards the equator; but, before proceeding far, their motion is deflected by the diurnal motion of the earth. At the poles they have no rotatory motion; and although they gain it more and more in their progress to the equator, which revolves at the rate of a thousand

miles an hour, they arrive at the tropics before they have gained the same velocity of rotation with the intertropical ocean. On that account they are left behind, and, consequently, flow in a direction contrary to the diurnal rotation of the earth. Hence the whole surface of the ocean for thirty degrees on each side of the equator flows in a stream or current three thousand miles broad from east to west. The trade winds, which constantly blow in one direction, combine to give this great Equatorial Current a mean velocity of ten or eleven miles in twenty-four hours.

Were it not for the land, such would be the uniform and constant flow of the waters of the ocean. The presence of the land interrupts the regularity of this great westerly movement of the waters, sending them to the north or south, according to its conformation.

The principal branch of the Equatorial Current of the Atlantic takes a north-westerly direction from off Cape St. Roque, in South America. It rushes along the coast of Brazil; and after passing through the Caribbean Sea and sweeping round the Gulf of Mexico, it flows between Florida and Cuba, and enters the North Atlantic under the name of the Gulf Stream, the most beautiful of all the oceanic currents.

In the Straits of Florida the Gulf Stream is thirty-two miles wide, two thousand two hundred feet deep, and flows at the rate of four miles an hour. Its waters are of the purest ultramarine blue as far as the coasts of Carolina; and so completely are they separated from the sea through which they flow, that a ship may be seen at times half in the one and half in the other.

As a rule, the hottest water of the Gulf Stream is at or near the surface; and as the deep-sea thermometer

is sent down, it shows that these waters, though still much warmer than the water on either side at corresponding depths, gradually become less and less warm until the bottom of the current is reached. There is reason to believe that the warm waters of the Gulf Stream are nowhere permitted, in the oceanic economy, to touch the bottom of the sea. There is everywhere a cushion of cold water between them and the solid parts of the earth's crust. This arrangement is suggestive, and strikingly beautiful. One of the benign offices of the Gulf Stream is to convey heat from the Gulf of Mexico,—where otherwise it would become excessive,—and to dispense it in regions beyond the Atlantic, for the amelioration of the climates of the British Islands and of all Western Europe. Now, cold water is one of the best non-conductors of heat; but if the warm water of the Gulf Stream were sent across the Atlantic in contact with the solid crust of the earth, comparatively a good conductor of heat, instead of being sent across, as it is, in contact with a non-conducting cushion of cold water to fend it from the bottom, all its heat would be lost in the first part of the way, and the soft climates of both France and England would be as that of Labrador, severe in the extreme, and ice-bound.

It has been estimated that the quantity of heat discharged over the Atlantic from the waters of the Gulf Stream in a winter's day would be sufficient to raise the whole column of atmosphere that rests upon France and the British Islands from the freezing point to summer heat.

Every west wind that blows crosses the stream on its way to Europe, and carries with it a portion of this heat to temper there the northern winds of Europe. It is the influence of this stream that makes Erin the "Emerald Isle of the Sea," and that clothes the shores of Albion in

evergreen robes; while, in the same latitude, the coasts of Labrador are fast bound in fetters of ice.

As the Gulf Stream proceeds on its course, it gradually increases in width. It flows along the coast of North America to Newfoundland, where it turns to the east, one branch setting towards the British Islands, and away to the coasts of Norway and the Arctic Ocean. Another branch reaches the Azores, from which it bends round to the south, and, after running along the African coast, it rejoins the great equatorial flow, leaving a vast space of nearly motionless water between the Azores, the Canaries, and Cape de Verd Islands. This great area is the Grassy or Sargasso Sea, covering a space many times larger than the British Islands. It is so thickly matted over with gulf weeds that the speed of vessels passing through it is often much retarded. When the companions of Columbus saw it, they thought it marked the limits of navigation, and became alarmed. To the eye, at a little distance, it seemed substantial enough to walk upon. Patches of the weed are always to be seen floating along the outer edge of the Gulf Stream. Now, if bits of cork or chaff, or any floating substance, be put into a basin, and a circular motion be given to the water, all the light substances will be found crowding together near the centre of the pool, where there is the least motion. Just such a basin is the Atlantic Ocean to the Gulf Stream; and the Sargasso Sea is the centre of the whirl. Columbus first found this weedy sea in his voyage of discovery; there it has remained to this day, moving up and down, and changing its position according to the seasons, the storms, and the winds. Exact observations as to its limits and their range, extending back for fifty years, assure us that its mean position has not been altered since that time.

XLIV.—DORA.

TENNYSON.

WITH farmer Allan at the farm abode
William and Dora. William was his son.
And she his niece. He often looked at them,
And often thought, "I'll make them man and wife."
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,
And yearned towards William; but the youth, because
He had been always with her in the house,
Thought not of Dora.
Then there came a day
When Allan called his son, and said: "My son,
I married late, but I would wish to see
My grandchild on my knees before I die;
And I have set my heart upon a match.
Now therefore look to Dora; she is well
To look to; thrifty too beyond her age.
She is my brother's daughter: he and I
Had once hard words, and parted, and he died
In foreign lands; but for his sake I bred
His daughter Dora: take her for your wife;
For I have wished this marriage, night and day,
For many years." But William answered short:
"I cannot marry Dora; by my life,
I will not marry Dora." Then the old man
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said:
"You will not, boy! you dare to answer thus!
But in my time a father's word was law,
And so it shall be now for me. Look to it;
Consider, William: take a month to think,
And let me have an answer to my wish;
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,
And never more darken my doors again."

But William answered madly; bit his lips,
And broke away. The more he looked at her
The less he liked her; and his ways were harsh;
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before
The month was out he left his father's house,
And hired himself to work within the fields;
And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed
A laborer's daughter, Mary Morrison.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan called
His niece and said: "My girl, I love you well;
But if you speak with him that was my son,
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,
My home is none of yours. My will is law."
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought,
"It cannot be: my uncle's mind will change!"

And days went on, and there was born a boy
To William; then distresses came on him;
And day by day he passed his father's gate,
Heart-broken, and his father helped him not.
But Dora stored what little she could save,
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know
Who sent it; till at last a fever seized
On William, and in harvest-time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat
And looked with tears upon her boy, and thought
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said:

"I have obeyed my uncle until now,
And I have sinned, for it was all through me
This evil came on William at the first.
But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,
And for this orphan, I am come to you:
You know there has not been for these five years
So full a harvest: let me take the boy,
And I will set him in my uncle's eye

Among the wheat; that when his heart is glad
Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."
And Dora took the child, and went her way
Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound
That was unsown, where many poppies grew.
Far off the farmer came into the field
And spied her not; for none of all his men
Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;
And Dora would have risen and gone to him,
But her heart failed her; and the reapers reaped,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.
But when the morrow came, she rose and took
The child once more, and sat upon the mound;
And made a little wreath of all the flowers
That grew about, and tied it round his hat
To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.
Then when the farmer passed into the field
He spied her, and left his men at work,
And came and said: "Where were you yesterday?
Whose child is that? What are you doing here?"
So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,
And answered softly, "This is William's child!"
"And did I not," said Allan, "did I not
Forbid you, Dora?" Dora said again:
"Do with me as you will, but take the child,
And bless him for the sake of him that's gone!"
And Allan said: "I see it is a trick
Got up betwixt you and the woman there.
I must be taught my duty, and by you!
You knew my word was law, and yet you dared
To slight it. Well—for I will take the boy;
But go you hence, and never see me more."
So saying, he took the boy, that cried aloud
And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell

At Dora's feet. She bowed upon her hands,
And the boy's cry came to her from the field,
More and more distant. She bowed down her head,
Remembering the day when first she came,
And all the things that had been. She bowed down
And wept in secret; and the reapers reaped,
And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood
Upon the threshold. Mary saw the boy
Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise
To God, that helped her in her widowhood.
And Dora said: "My uncle took the boy;
But, Mary, let me live and work with you:
He says that he will never see me more."
Then answered Mary: "This shall never be,
That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself:
And, now I think, he shall not have the boy,
For he will teach him hardness, and to slight
His mother; therefore thou and I will go,
And I will have my boy, and bring him home;
And I will beg of him to take thee back:
But if he will not take thee back again,
Then thou and I will live within one house,
And work for William's child, until he grows
Of age to help us."

So the women kissed
Each other, and set out, and reached the farm.
The door was off the latch: they peeped and saw
The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,
Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,
And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,
Like one that loved him: and the lad stretched out
And babbled for the golden seal, that hung
From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.
Then they came in: but when the boy beheld

His mother, he cried out to come to her:
And Allan set him down, and Mary said:
"O Father!—if you let me call you so—
I never came a-begging for myself,
Or William, or this child; but now I come
For Dora: take her back; she loves you well.
O Sir, when William died, he died at peace
With all men; for I asked him, and he said,
He could not ever rue his marrying me—
I had been a patient wife: but, Sir, he said
That he was wrong to cross his father thus:
'God bless him!' he said, 'and may he never know
The troubles I have gone through!' Then he turned
His face and passed—unhappy that I am!
But now, Sir, let me have my boy, for you
Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight
His father's memory; and take Dora back,
And let all this be as it was before."
So Mary said, and Dora hid her face
By Mary. There was silence in the room;
And all at once the old man burst in sobs:—
"I have been to blame—to blame! I have killed my son!
I have killed him—but I loved him—my dear son!
May God forgive me!—I have been to blame.
Kiss me, my children."
Then they clung about
The old man's neck, and kissed him many times.
And all the man was broken with remorse;
And all his love came back a hundred-fold;
And for three hours he sobbed o'er William's child,
Thinking of William.
So those four abode
Within one house together; and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

XLV.—FROM "THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT."

AND there followed him great multitudes of people from Galilee, and from Decapolis, and from Jerusalem, and from Judæa, and from beyond Jordan.

And seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain; and when he was set, his disciples came unto him: and he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying,

Blessed are the poor in spirit: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Blessed are the meek: for they shall inherit the earth. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness: for they shall be filled. Blessed are the merciful: for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God. Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God. Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. Blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

Ye are the salt of the earth: but if the salt have lost his savor, wherewith shall it be salted? it is thenceforth good for nothing, but to be cast out, and to be trodden under foot of men. Ye are the light of the world. A city that is set on an hill can not be hid. Neither do men light a candle, and put it under a bushel, but on a candlestick; and it giveth light unto all that are in the house. Let your light so shine before men, that they may

see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven. . . . . .

Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou shalt not kill; and whosoever shall kill shall be in danger of the judgment: but I say unto you, That whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause, shall be in danger of the judgment: . . . . . Therefore if thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee; leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift. . . . . .

Again, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths: but I say unto you, Swear not at all; neither by heaven; for it is God's throne: nor by the earth; for it is his footstool: neither by Jerusalem; for it is the city of the Great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea; Nay, nay: for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do

good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven: for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye? do not even the publicans the same? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others? do not even the publicans so? Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them: otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth; that thine alms may be in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly.

And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are: for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret: and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly.

But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions, as the heathen do: for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye therefore like unto them: for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him.

After this manner therefore pray ye: Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil: For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

XLVI.—LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

NEWMAN.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN (born 1801) was a celebrated scholar and University preacher at Oxford. From 1828 to 1843 he was vicar of St. Mary's, in that city, but subsequently joined the Roman Catholic Church. He was made a Cardinal in 1878. His writings are chiefly sermons, and controversial works on religious subjects. He has also written a number of poems, mostly of a devotional character.

LEAD, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
Lead Thou me on!
The night is dark, and I am far from home,—
Lead Thou me on!
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene,—one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
Shouldst lead me on:
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
Lead Thou me on!
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will: remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

XLVII.—ROCK OF AGES.

TOPLADY.

AUGUSTUS MONTAGUE TOPLADY (b. 1740, d. 1778) was a clergyman of the Church of England. He has written hymns and sacred poems, and a number of controversial works, but is remembered chiefly as the author of *Rock of Ages*, one of the best known hymns in the language.

ROCK of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure;
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labors of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone;
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring;
Simply to Thy cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the Fountain fly;
Wash me, Saviour, or I die.

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death,
When I soar through tracts unknown,
See thee on Thy judgment-throne,—
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

XLVIII.—EPIPHANY HYMN.

BISHOP HEBER.

REGINALD HEBER (b. 1783, d. 1826), the pious and accomplished Bishop of Calcutta, was the author of a number of hymns, "pleasingly versified, and illuminated by graceful fancy." While on a mission tour in India, he died at Trichinopoly, beloved and honored by all classes.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining;
Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all!

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would His favor secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning!
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

XLIX.—THE MOUND-BUILDERS.

HIGGINSON.

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON was born in 1823, and graduated at Harvard in 1841. He was for a time pastor of a church at Newburyport, and afterwards at Worcester, but retired from the ministry in 1858 in order to devote himself to literature. He served in the civil war of 1861-64 as colonel of a negro regiment. He has since been occupied with literary pursuits and public lecturing. Most of his works first appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly*. His reputation depends mainly upon his graceful and highly-finished essays.

IT is probable that the Mound-Builders did not occupy this continent till long after the last mammoth was slain. They never saw the mammoth, we may be sure, or else they would have carved or painted its likeness, as they did those of the birds and beasts they knew.

They did not make, unfortunately, distinct pictures of themselves, so that we do not know what they looked like. And as they wrote no books, we do not know what language they spoke. The most we know of them is what we learn from certain great mounds of earth they built. From these great works they derive their name.

One of the most remarkable of these mounds is to be seen in Adams County, Ohio. It represents a snake, one thousand feet long and five feet thick, lying along a bluff that rises above a stream. You can trace all the curves and outlines of the snake, ending in a tail with a triple coil. In the open mouth something in the shape of an egg seems to be held; and this egg-shaped mound is one hundred and sixty feet long.

Other mounds have other shapes. Some are like animals and some like men. Some are earth-works or fortifications, enclosing, in some cases, one or two acres, and, in others, four hundred acres. In some places there are many small mounds, arranged in a straight line, at distances nearly equal, and extending many miles. In others there

are single mounds sixty or ninety feet high, with steps cut in the earth upon one side, leading to the top, which is flat, and includes from one to five acres of ground.

These mounds are scattered all down the valley of the Mississippi, and along many of its tributary streams. There are thousands of them in the single State of Ohio. They are not built of earth alone, for some show brick-work and stone-work here and there; yet earth is always the chief material. Some have chambers within and the remains of wooden walls. Sometimes charred wood is found on the top, as if fires had been kindled there. This is an important fact, since it seems to show that the higher mounds were built for purposes of worship.

These Mound-Builders must have been in some ways well advanced in civilization. Their earth-works show more or less of engineering skill. In figure they show the square, the circle, the octagon, the ellipse; and sometimes all these are combined in one series of works. The circle is always a true circle, the square a true square; and there are many squares that measure exactly one thousand and eighty feet on a side, and this shows that the builders had some definite standard of measurement.

Besides, there have been found in these mounds many tools and ornaments, made of copper, silver, and valuable stones. There are axes, chisels, knives, bracelets, and beads; there are pieces of thread and of cloth, and gracefully ornamented vases of pottery. The Mound-Builders also knew how to model in clay a variety of objects, such as birds, quadrupeds, and human faces. They practised farming, though they had no domestic animals to help them. As they had no horses, nor oxen, nor carts, all the vast amount of earth required for the mounds must have been carried in baskets or in skins.

This shows that they must have been very numerous, or they never could have attempted so much.

They mined for copper near Lake Superior. In one of their mines, long since deserted, there was found, a few years ago, a mass of copper weighing nearly six tons, partly raised from the bottom, and supported on wooden logs, now nearly decayed. It was evidently to be raised to the surface, nearly thirty feet above. The stone and copper tools of the miners were found lying about, as if the men had just gone away.

When did these Mound-Builders live? There is one sure proof that they lived long ago. At the mouth of the mine mentioned above there are trees about four hundred years old growing on earth that was thrown out in digging the mine. Of course, the mine is older than the trees. On a mound in Ohio there are trees eight hundred years old. Nobody knows how much older the mounds are. This mysterious race may therefore have built these great works more than a thousand years ago.

Who were the Mound-Builders? It does not seem at all likely that they were the ancestors of our present American Indians. They differed greatly in habits, and most of our Indian tribes show nothing of the skill and industry required for constructing great works. Perhaps they came from Asia, or were descendants of Asiatics accidentally cast on the American shore. Japanese vessels are sometimes driven across the Pacific and wrecked upon our western coast. This might have happened a thousand years ago. But we know neither whence the Mound-Builders came, nor whither they went. We only know that they came, and built wonderful works, and made way for another race, of whose origin we know almost as little.

L.—THE PRAIRIES.

BRYANT

THESE are the gardens of the desert, these
The unshorn fields, boundless and beautiful,
For which the speech of England has no name—
The Prairies. I behold them for the first,
And my heart swells, while the dilated sight
Takes in the encircling vastness. Lo! they stretch
In airy undulations, far away,
As if the ocean, in his gentlest swell,
Stood still, with all his rounded billows fixed,
And motionless for ever. Motionless?—
No—they are all unchained again. The clouds
Sweep over with their shadows, and, beneath,
The surface rolls and fluctuates to the eye;
Dark hollows seem to glide along, and chase
The sunny ridges. Breezes of the South!
Who toss the golden and the flame-like flowers,
And pass the prairie-hawk that, poised on high,
Flaps his broad wings, yet moves not,—ye have played
Among the palms of Mexico and vines
Of Texas, and have crisped the limpid brooks
That from the fountains of Sonora glide
Into the calm Pacific—have ye fanned
A nobler or a lovelier scene than this?
Man hath no part in all this glorious work:
The Hand that built the firmament hath heaved
And smoothed these verdant swells, and sown their slopes
With herbage, planted them with island groves,
And hedged them round with forests. Fitting floor
For this magnificent temple of the sky—
With flowers whose glory and whose multitude
Rival the constellations! The great heavens

Seem to stoop down upon the scene in love,—
A nearer vault, and of a tenderer blue,
Than that which bends above our Eastern hills.

As o'er the verdant waste I guide my steed,
Among the high, rank grass that sweeps his sides,
The hollow beating of his footstep seems
A sacrilegious sound. I think of those
Upon whose rest he tramples. Are they here—
The dead of other days?—and did the dust
Of these fair solitudes once stir with life,
And burn with passion? Let the mighty mounds
That overlook the rivers, or that rise
In the dim forest crowded with old oaks,—
Answer. A race, that long has passed away,
Built them;—a disciplined and populous race
Heaped with long toil, the earth, while yet the Greek
Was hewing the Pentelicus to forms
Of symmetry, and rearing on its rock
The glittering Parthenon. These ample fields
Nourished their harvests, here their herds were fed,
When haply by their stalls the bison lowed,
And bowed his maned shoulder to the yoke.
All day this desert murmured with their toils,
Till twilight blushed, and lovers walked, and wooed
In a forgotten language, and old tunes,
From instruments of unremembered form,
Gave to soft winds a voice. The red man came—
The roaming hunter tribes, warlike and fierce,
And the mound-builders vanished from the earth.
The solitude of centuries untold
Has settled where they dwelt. The prairie-wolf
Hunts in their meadows, and his fresh-dug den
Yawns by my path. The gopher mines the ground
Where stood their swarming cities. All is gone;

All,—save the piles of earth that hold their bones,
The platforms where they worshipped unknown gods,
The barriers which they builded from the soil
To keep the foe at bay, till o'er the walls
The wild beleaguerers broke, and, one by one,
The strongholds of the plain were forced, and heaped
With corpses. The brown vultures of the wood
Flocked to those vast uncovered sepulchres,
And sat, unscared and silent, at their feast.
Haply, some solitary fugitive,
Lurking in marsh and forest, till the sense
Of desolation and of fear became
Bitterer than death, yielded himself to die.
Man's better nature triumphed then; kind words
Welcomed and soothed him; the rude conquerors
Seated the captive with their chiefs; he chose
A bride among their maidens, and at length
Seemed to forget—yet ne'er forgot—the wife
Of his first love, and her sweet little ones,
Butchered, amid their shrieks, with all his race.

Thus change the forms of being. Thus arise
Races of living things, glorious in strength,
And perish, as the quickening breath of God
Fills them, or is withdrawn. The red man, too,
Has left the blooming wilds he ranged so long,
And, nearer to the Rocky Mountains, sought
A wider hunting-ground. The beaver builds
No longer by these streams, but far away
On waters whose blue surface ne'er gave back
The white man's face—among Missouri's springs,
And pools whose issues swell the Oregon,
He rears his little Venice. In the plains
The bison feeds no more. Twice twenty leagues
Beyond remotest smoke of hunter's camp,

Roams the majestic brute, in herds that shake
The earth with thundering steps;—yet here I meet
His ancient footprints stamped beside the pool.

Still this great solitude is quick with life.
Myriads of insects, gaudy as the flowers
They flutter over, gentle quadrupeds,
And birds, that scarce have learned the fear of man,
Are here, and sliding reptiles of the ground,
Startlingly beautiful. The graceful deer
Bounds to the woods at my approach. The bee,
A more adventurous colonist than man,
With whom he came across the Eastern deep,
Fills the savannas with his murmurings,
And hides his sweets, as in the golden age,
Within the hollow oak. I listen long
To his domestic hum, and think I hear
The sound of that advancing multitude
Which soon shall fill these deserts. From the ground
Comes up the laugh of children, the soft voice
Of maidens, and the sweet and solemn hymn
Of Sabbath worshippers. The low of herds
Blends with the rustling of the heavy grain
Over the dark-brown furrows. All at once
A fresher wind sweeps by, and breaks my dream,
And I am in the wilderness alone.

IF God send thee a cross, take it up willingly and follow Him. Use it wisely, lest it be unprofitable. Bear it patiently, lest it be intolerable. If it be light, slight it not. After the cross is the crown.

—*F. Quarles.*

LI.—THE HEROES OF THE LONG SAULT.

PARKMAN.

FRANCIS PARKMAN, born in Boston in 1823, is the author of "a series of historical narratives" which treat of French rule in America. This series, lately completed, forms an interesting and carefully-written history of the struggles of the French pioneers, and of the conflict between France and England for the possession of the American continent.

The Heroes of the Long Sault and *The Heroine of Verchères* are two thrilling episodes in the early history of Canada. The former is selected from *The Old Régime in Canada*, and the latter from *Frontenac and New France*. The pass of the Long Sault has been styled "The Thermopylae of Canada."

IN April, 1660, a young officer named Daulac, commandant of the garrison at Montreal, asked leave of Maisonneuve, the Governor, to lead a party of volunteers against the Iroquois. His plan was bold to desperation. It was known that Iroquois warriors, in great numbers, had wintered among the forests of the Ottawa. Daulac proposed to waylay them on their descent of the river, and fight them without regard to disparity of force; and Maisonneuve, judging that a display of enterprise and boldness might act as a check on the audacity of the enemy, at last gave his consent.

Adam Daulac was a young man of good family, who had come to the colony three years before, at the age of twenty-two. He had held some military command in France, though in what rank does not appear. He had been busy for some time among the young men of Montreal, inviting them to join him in the enterprise he meditated. Sixteen of them caught his spirit. They bound themselves by oath to accept no quarter; and, having gained Maisonneuve's consent, they made their wills, confessed, and received the sacraments.

After a solemn farewell they embarked in several canoes, well supplied with arms and ammunition. They

were very indifferent canoe-men, and it is said that they lost a week in vain attempts to pass the swift current of Ste. Anne, at the head of the Island of Montreal. At length they were successful, and entering the mouth of the Ottawa, crossed the Lake of Two Mountains, and slowly advanced against the current.

About the first of May they reached the foot of the formidable rapid called the Long Sault, where a tumult of waters, foaming among ledges and boulders, barred the onward way. It was needless to go farther. The Iroquois were sure to pass the Sault, and could be fought here as well as elsewhere. Just below the rapid, where the forests sloped gently to the shore, among the bushes and stumps of a rough clearing made in constructing it, stood a palisade fort, the work of an Algonquin war-party in the past autumn. It was a mere enclosure of trunks of small trees planted in a circle, and was already in ruin. Such as it was, the Frenchmen took possession of it. They made their fires, and slung their kettles, on the neighboring shore; and here they were soon joined by forty Hurons and four Algonquins. Daulac, it seems, made no objection to their company, and they all bivouacked together. Morning, noon, and night, they prayed in three different tongues; and when at sunset, the long reach of forest on the farther shore basked peacefully in the level rays, the rapids joined their hoarse music to the notes of their evening hymn.

In a day or two their scouts came in with tidings that two Iroquois canoes were coming down the Sault. Daulac had time to set his men in ambush among the bushes at a point where he thought the strangers likely to land. He judged aright. Canoes, bearing five Iroquois, approached, and were met by a volley fired with such

precipitation that one or more of them escaped, fled into the forest, and told their mischance to their main body, two hundred in number, on the river above. A fleet of canoes suddenly appeared, bounding down the rapids, filled with warriors eager for revenge. The allies had barely time to escape to their fort, leaving their kettles still slung over the fires. The Iroquois made a hasty and desultory attack, and were quickly repulsed. They next opened a parley, hoping, no doubt, to gain some advantage by surprise. Failing in this, they set themselves, after their custom on such occasions, to building a rude fort of their own in the neighboring forest.

This gave the French a breathing-time, and they used it for strengthening their defences. Being provided with tools, they planted a row of stakes within their palisade, to form a double fence, and filled the intervening space with earth and stones to the height of a man, leaving some twenty loop-holes, at each of which three marksmen were stationed. Their work was still unfinished when the Iroquois were upon them again. They had broken to pieces the birch canoes of the French and their allies, and, kindling the bark, rushed up to pile it blazing against the palisade; but so brisk and steady a fire met them that they recoiled and at last gave way. They came on again, and again were driven back, leaving many of their number on the ground, among them the principal chief of the Senecas.

This dashed the spirits of the Iroquois, and they sent a canoe to call to their aid five hundred of their warriors, who were mustered near the mouth of the Richelieu. These were the allies whom, but for this untoward check, they were on their way to join for a combined attack on Quebec, Three Rivers, and Montreal.

It was maddening to see their grand project thwarted by a few French and Indians ensconced in a paltry redoubt, scarcely better than a cattle-pen, but they were forced to digest the affront as best they might.

Meanwhile, crouched behind trees and logs, they beset the fort, harassing its defenders day and night with a spattering fire and a constant menace of attack. Thus five days passed. Hunger, thirst, and want of sleep wrought fatally on the strength of the French and their allies, who, pent up together in their narrow prison, fought and prayed by turns. Deprived as they were of water, they could not swallow the crushed Indian corn, or "hominy," which was their only food. Some of them, under cover of a brisk fire, ran down to the river and filled such small vessels as they had; but this pittance only tantalized their thirst. They dug a hole in the fort, and were rewarded at last by a little muddy water oozing through the clay.

Among the assailants were a number of Hurons, adopted by the Iroquois, and fighting on their side. These renegades now tried to seduce their countrymen in the fort. Half dead with thirst and famine, they took the bait, and one, two, or three at a time, climbed the palisade and ran over to the enemy, amid the hootings and execrations of those whom they deserted. Their chief stood firm; and when he saw his nephew join the other fugitives, he fired his pistol at him in a rage. The four Algonquins, who had no mercy to hope for, stood fast, with the courage of despair.

On the fifth day an uproar of unearthly yells from seven hundred savage throats, mingled with a clattering salute of musketry, told the Frenchmen that the expected reinforcement had come; and soon, in the forest and on

the clearing, a crowd of warriors mustered for the attack. Knowing from the Huron deserters the weakness of their enemy, they had no doubt of an easy victory. They advanced cautiously, as was usual with the Iroquois before their blood was up, screeching, leaping from side to side, and firing as they came on; but the French were at their posts, and every loop-hole darted its tongue of fire. The Iroquois, astonished at the persistent vigor of the defence, fell back discomfited. The fire of the French, who were themselves completely under cover, had told upon them with deadly effect. Three days more wore away in a series of futile attacks, made with little concert or vigor; and during all this time Daulac and his men, reeling with exhaustion, fought and prayed as before, sure of a martyr's reward.

The uncertain, vacillating temper common to all Indians now began to declare itself. Some of the Iroquois were for going home. Others revolted at the thought, and declared that it would be an eternal disgrace to lose so many men, at the hands of so paltry an enemy, and yet fail to take revenge. It was resolved to make a general assault, and volunteers were called for to lead the attack. No precaution was neglected. Large and heavy shields, four or five feet high, were made by lashing together with the aid of cross-bars three split logs. Covering themselves with these mantelets, the chosen band advanced, followed by the motley throng of warriors. In spite of a brisk fire, they reached the palisade, and, crouching below the range of shot, hewed furiously with their hatchets to cut their way through. The rest followed close, and swarmed like angry hornets around the little fort, hacking and tearing to get in.

Daulac had crammed a large musketoon with powder

and plugged up the muzzle. Lighting the fuse inserted in it, he tried to throw it over the barrier, to burst like a grenade among the crowd of savages without; but it struck the ragged top of one of the palisades, fell back among the Frenchmen, and exploded, killing or wounding several of them, and nearly blinding others. In the confusion that followed, the Iroquois got possession of the loop-holes, and, thrusting in their guns, fired on those within. In a moment more they had torn a breach in the palisade; but, nerved with the energy of desperation, Daulac and his followers sprang to defend it. Another breach was made and then another. Daulac was struck dead, but the survivors kept up the fight. With a sword or a hatchet in one hand and a knife in the other, they threw themselves against the throng of enemies, striking and stabbing with the fury of madmen; till the Iroquois, despairing of taking them alive, fired volley after volley, and shot them down. All was over, and a burst of triumphant yells proclaimed the dear-bought victory.

Searching the pile of corpses, the victors found four Frenchmen still breathing. Three had scarcely a spark of life, and, as no time was to be lost, they burned them on the spot. The fourth, less fortunate, seemed likely to survive, and they reserved him for future torments. As for the Huron deserters, their cowardice profited them little. The Iroquois, regardless of their promises, fell upon them, burned some at once, and carried the rest to their villages for a similar fate. Five of the number had the good fortune to escape, and it was from them, aided by admissions made long afterwards by the Iroquois themselves, that the French of Canada derived all their knowledge of this glorious disaster.

To the colony it proved a salvation. The Iroquois had had fighting enough. If seventeen Frenchmen, four Algonquins, and one Huron, behind a picket fence, could hold seven hundred warriors at bay so long, what might they expect from many such, fighting behind walls of stone? For that year they thought no more of capturing Quebec and Montreal, but went home dejected and amazed, to howl over their losses, and nurse their dashed courage for a day of vengeance.

LII.—JACQUES CARTIER.

McGEE.

THOMAS D'ARCY McGEE (b. 1825, d. 1868) was in early life a member of the "Young Ireland Party," which advocated a repeal of the Union of Great Britain and Ireland. He was obliged to flee from Ireland, and, after residing for some time in the United States, he settled in Montreal in 1857. Soon afterwards he was elected to Parliament, and became a Minister of the Crown. He denounced the visionary and wicked schemes of the Fenians, and in consequence was assassinated by a Fenian at Ottawa, while returning from the House of Commons, where he had just delivered a most eloquent speech. McGee was a man of versatile genius. He very early attracted attention as an orator and a journalist. O'Connell referred to his editorials as "inspired writings," and at the age of twenty he was editor of the *Dublin Freeman's Journal*. He was a popular lecturer, a careful historian, a graceful essayist, a statesman, and a poet. His poems are numerous, and "bear all the characteristics of genuine Irish minstrelsy."

I.

IN the seaport of St. Malo, 'twas a smiling morn in May,
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away;
In the crowded old cathedral all the town were on their knees
For the safe return of kinsmen from the undiscovered seas;
And every autumn blast that swept o'er pinnacle and pier,
Fill'd manly hearts with sorrow, and gentle hearts with fear.

II.

A year passed o'er St. Malo—again came round the day
When the Commodore Jacques Cartier to the westward sailed away;
But no tidings from the absent had come the way they went,
And tearful were the vigils that many a maiden spent;
And manly hearts were filled with gloom, and gentle hearts with fear,
When no tidings came from Cartier at the closing of the year.

III.

But the Earth is as the Future, it hath its hidden side;
And the captain of St. Malo was rejoicing, in his pride,
In the forests of the North;—while his townsmen mourned his loss,
He was rearing on Mount Royal the *fleur-de-lis* and cross;
And when two months were over, and added to the year,
St. Malo hailed him home again, cheer answering to cheer.

IV.

He told them of a region, hard, iron-bound, and cold,
Nor seas of pearl abounded, nor mines of shining gold;
Where the Wind from Thule freezes the word upon the lip,
And the ice in spring comes sailing athwart the early ship;
He told them of the frozen scene until they thrilled with fear,
And piled fresh fuel on the hearth to make him better cheer.

V.

But when he changed the strain—he told how soon are cast
In early spring the fetters that hold the waters fast;
How the winter causeway, broken, is drifted out to sea,
And the rills and rivers sing with pride the anthem of the free;
How the magic wand of summer clad the landscape to his eyes,
Like the dry bones of the just, when they wake in Paradise.

VI.

He told them of the Algonquin braves—the hunters of the wild,
Of how the Indian mother in the forest rocks her child;
Of how, poor souls! they fancy, in every living thing
A spirit good or evil, that claims their worshipping;
Of how they brought their sick and maimed for him to breathe upon,
And of the wonders wrought for them through the Gospel of St. John.

VII.

He told them of the river whose mighty current gave
Its freshness for a hundred leagues to Ocean's briny wave;
He told them of the glorious scene presented to his sight,
What time he reared the cross and crown on Hochelaga's height,
And of the fortress cliff that keeps of Canada the key,
And they welcomed back Jacques Cartier from his perils o'er the sea.

NEVER speak anything for a truth which you know or believe to be false. Lying is a great sin against God, who gave us a tongue to speak the truth and not falsehood. It is a great offence against humanity itself,—for where there is no regard to truth there can be no safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker; for besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind that he can scarcely tell truth or avoid lying, even when he has no color of necessity for it; and, in time, he comes to such a pass that, as other people cannot believe he speaks the truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood.

—*Sir Matthew Hale.*

LIII.—SCENE FROM IVANHOE.

SCOTT.

The following lesson is from Scott's novel *Ivanhoe*, the scene of which is laid in England, in the time of Richard I. A tournament is held at Ashby, in the County of Leicester, in the presence of Prince John. At the close of the tournament, on the second day, an archery contest takes place, as described in the lesson. Locksley, the victor in the contest, is no other than the famous Robin Hood in disguise.

"WHAT is thy name, yeoman?" asked Prince John.

"Locksley," answered the yeoman.

"Then, Locksley," said Prince John, "thou shalt shoot in thy turn, when these yeomen have displayed their skill. If thou carriest the prize, I will add to it twenty nobles; but if thou losest it, thou shalt be stript of thy Lincoln green, and scourged out of the lists with bow strings, for a wordy and insolent braggart."

"And how if I refuse to shoot on such a wager?" said the yeoman. "Your grace's power, supported, as it is, by so many men-at-arms, may indeed easily strip and scourge me; but cannot compel me to bend or to draw my bow."

"If thou refusest my fair proffer," said the prince, "the provost of the lists shall cut thy bow string, break thy bow and arrows, and expel thee from the presence as a faint-hearted craven."

"This is no fair chance you put on me, proud prince," said the yeoman, "to compel me to peril myself against the best archers of Leicester and Staffordshire, under the penalty of infamy if they should overshoot me. Nevertheless, I will obey your pleasure."

A target was placed at the upper end of the southern avenue which led to the lists. The contending archers took their station in turn, at the bottom of the southern access. The archers, having previously determined by lot

their order of precedence, were to shoot each three shafts in succession. One by one the archers, stepping forward, delivered their shafts yeomanlike and bravely. Of twenty-four arrows, shot in succession, ten were fixed in the target, and the others ranged so near it, that, considering the distance of the mark, it was accounted good archery. Of the ten shafts which hit the target, two within the inner ring were shot by Hubert, a forester in the service of Malvoisin, who was accordingly pronounced victorious.

"Now, Locksley," said Prince John to the bold yeoman, with a bitter smile, "wilt thou try conclusions with Hubert, or wilt thou yield up bow, baldric, and quiver, to the provost of the sports?"

"Sith it be no better," said Locksley, "I am content to try my fortune, on condition that when I have shot two shafts at yonder mark of Hubert's, he shall be bound to shoot one at that which I shall propose."

"That is but fair," answered Prince John, "and it shall not be refused thee. If thou dost beat this braggart, Hubert, I will fill the bugle with silver pennies for thee."

"A man can do but his best," answered Hubert; "but my grandsire drew a good long bow at Hastings, and I trust not to dishonor his memory."

The former target was now removed, and a fresh one of the same size placed in its room. Hubert, who, as victor in the first trial of skill, had the right to shoot first, took his aim with great deliberation. At length he made a step forward, and raising the bow at the full stretch of his left arm, he drew the bow string to his ear. The arrow whistled through the air, and lighted within the inner ring of the target, but not exactly in the centre.

"You have not allowed for the wind, Hubert," said his

antagonist, bending his bow, "or that had been a better shot."

So saying, and without showing the least anxiety to pause upon his aim, Locksley stept to the appointed station, and shot his arrow as carelessly in appearance, as if he had not even looked at the mark. He was speaking almost at the instant that the shaft left the bow string; yet it alighted in the target two inches nearer to the white spot which marked the centre than that of Hubert.

"By the light of Heaven!" said Prince John to Hubert, "an thou suffer that runagate knave to overcome thee, thou art worthy of the gallows."

Hubert had but one set speech for all occasions. "An your highness were to hang me," he said, "a man can but do his best. Nevertheless, my grandsire drew a good bow"——.

"The foul fiend on thy grandsire and all his generation!" interrupted John; "shoot, knave, and shoot thy best, or it shall be the worse for thee!"

Thus exhorted, Hubert resumed his place, and not neglecting the caution which he had received from his adversary, he made the necessary allowance for a very light air of wind, which had just arisen, and shot so successfully, that his arrow alighted in the very centre of the target.

"A Hubert! a Hubert!" shouted the populace, more interested in a known person than in a stranger.

"Thou canst not mend that shot, Locksley," said the prince, with an insulting smile.

"I will notch his shaft for him, however," replied Locksley.

And letting fly his arrow with a little more precaution than before, it alighted right upon that of his competitor,

which it split to shivers. The people who stood around were so astonished at his wonderful dexterity, that they could not even give vent to their surprise in their usual clamor.

"And now," said Locksley, "I will crave your grace's permission to plant such a mark as is used in the North Country."

He then left the lists, but returned almost immediately with a willow wand, about six feet in length, perfectly straight, and rather thicker than a man's thumb. He began to peel this with great composure, observing at the same time, that to ask a good woodsman to shoot at a target so broad as had hitherto been used, was to put shame upon his skill. "For his own part," he said, "and in the land where he was bred, men would as soon take for their mark King Arthur's round table, which held sixty knights around it. A child of seven years old," he said, "might hit yonder target with a headless shaft; but," added he, walking deliberately to the other end of the lists, and sticking the willow wand upright in the ground, "he that hits that rod at five score yards, I call him an archer fit to bear both bow and quiver before a king."

"My grandsire," said Hubert, "drew a good bow at the battle of Hastings, and never shot at such a mark in his life, and neither will I. If this yeoman can cleave that rod, I give him the buckler. A man can but do his best and I will not shoot where I am sure to miss. I might as well shoot at the edge of our parson's whittle, or at a wheat straw, or at a sunbeam, as at a twinkling white streak which I can hardly see."

"Cowardly dog!" said Prince John. "Sirrah, Locksley, do thou shoot; but if thou hittest such a mark, I will say thou art the first man that ever did so."

"I will do my best, as Hubert says," answered Locksley; "no man can do more."

He then took his aim with some deliberation, and the multitude awaited the event in breathless silence. The archer vindicated their opinion of his skill; his arrow split the willow rod against which it was aimed. A jubilee of acclamations followed; and even Prince John, in admiration of Locksley's skill, lost his dislike to his person. "These twenty nobles," he said, "which, with the bugle, thou hast fairly won, are thine own; we will make them fifty, if thou wilt take service with us as a yeoman of our body guard, and be near to our person. For never did so strong a hand bend a bow, or so true an eye direct a shaft."

"Pardon me, noble Prince," said Locksley; but I have vowed, that if ever I take service, it should be with your royal brother, King Richard. These twenty nobles I leave to Hubert, who has this day drawn as brave a bow as his grandsire did at Hastings. Had his modesty not refused the trial he would have hit the wand as well as I."

Hubert shook his head as he received with reluctance the bounty of the stranger; and Locksley, anxious to escape further observation, mixed with the crowd, and was seen no more.

I would not enter on my list of friends
(Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarned,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.

—*Cowper.*

LIV.—LOCHINVAR.

SCOTT.

Scott's power as a poet appears best in the songs and ballads he has scattered here and there throughout his works. The ballad of *Lochinvar*—found in *Marmion*—was sung by Lady Heron at the Court of James IV., in Edinburgh, on the occasion of Marmion's embassy to James, shortly before the battle of Flodden.

O, YOUNG Lochinvar is come out of the west!
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broad-sword he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none;
But, ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented,—the gallant came late:
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby Hall,
Among bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all:
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword,
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word)
"O come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter, my suit you denied;
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now am I come, with this lost love of mine,
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland, more lovely by far,
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet, the knight took it up;
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup;
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar,—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume,
And the bride-maidens whispered, "'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! We are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Græmes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee,
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have you e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

Truth, crushed to earth, shall rise again,—
The eternal years of God are hers;
But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies among his worshippers.

—*Bryant.*

LV.—THE HISTORY OF A PIECE OF COAL.

FIRST READING.

MISS BUCKLEY.

ARABELLA B. BUCKLEY was for some years secretary to Sir Charles Lyell. She has the faculty of writing about scientific subjects in a clear and simple manner. The *Fairy Land of Science*, from which the following lesson has been adapted, consists of a collection of lectures originally "delivered to a large audience of children," and is intended to interest young people in nature's wonders, and to "awaken in them a love of nature and of the study of science."

I HAVE here a piece of coal, which, though it has been cut with some care, so as to have a smooth face, is in no other way different from any ordinary lump which you can pick for yourself out of the coal-scuttle. Our work to-day is to relate the history of this black lump, to learn what it is, what it has been, and what it will be.

Look at the smooth face of this specimen, and see if you can explain those fine lines which run across so close together as to look like the edges of the leaves of a book. Try to break it, and you will find that it will split much more easily along those lines than across the other way, and if you wish to light a fire quickly, you should always put this lined face downwards, so that the heat can force its way up through these cracks, and gradually split up the block. Then again, if you break the coal carefully along one of these lines, you will find a fine film of charcoal lying in the crack, and you will begin to suspect that this black coal must have been built up in very thin layers, with a kind of black dust between them.

The next thing you will call to mind is, that this coal burns and gives out flame and heat, and that this means, that in some way sunbeams are imprisoned in it, and lastly, this will lead you to think of plants, and how

they work up the strength of the sunbeams into their leaves, and hide black carbon in even the purest and whitest substance they contain.

Is coal made of burnt plants, then? Not burnt ones, for if so it would not burn again; but you may have read how the makers of charcoal take wood and bake it without letting it burn, and then it turns black and will afterwards make a very good fire; and so you will see, that it is probable, that our piece of coal is made of plants which have been baked and altered, but which have still much sunbeam strength bottled up in them, which can be set free as they burn.

If you will take an imaginary journey with me to a coal-pit, you will see that we have very good evidence that coal is made of plants, for in all coal-mines we find remains of them at every step we take.

Let us imagine that we have put on old clothes which will not spoil, and have stepped into the iron basket, called by the miners a *cage*, and are being let down the shaft to the gallery, where the miners are at work. Taking lamps in our hands, we will first throw the light on the roof, which is made of shale or hardened clay. We shall not have gone many yards before we see impressions of plants in the shale. You will recognize at once the marks of *ferns*, and long striped branches not unlike reeds. You will find plenty of these impressions of plants as you go along the gallery and look up at the roof, and with them there will be others with spotted stems, or with stems having a curious diamond pattern upon them, and many ferns of various kinds.

Next look down at your feet and examine the floor. You will not have to search long before you will almost certainly find a piece of curiously pitted stone. It is

a piece of fossil root, or rather underground stem, and the little pits or dents in it are scars where the rootlets once were given off.

Whole masses of these root-stems, with ribbon-like roots lying scattered near them, are found buried in the layer of clay called the *underclay*, which makes the floor of the coal, and they prove to us, that this underclay must have been once the ground in which the roots of the coal-plants grew. You will feel still more sure of this, when you find that there is not only one straight gallery of coal, but that galleries branch out right and left, and that everywhere you find the coal lying like a sandwich between the floor and the roof, showing that quite a large piece of country must be covered by these remains of plants all rooted in the *underclay*.

But how about the coal itself? It seems likely, when we find roots below and leaves and stems above, that the middle is made of plants, but can we prove it? We shall see presently that it has been so crushed and altered by being buried deep in the ground that the traces of leaves have almost been destroyed, though people who are used to examining with the microscope, can see the crushed remains of plants in thin slices of coal.

But fortunately for us, perfect pieces of plants have been preserved even in the coal-bed itself. It is known that water with lime in it petrifies things, that is, leaves carbonate of lime to fill up grain by grain the fibres of an animal or plant as the living matter decays, and so keeps an exact representation of the object.

Now it so happens that in several coal-beds carbonate of lime trickled in before the plants were turned into coal, and made some round nodules in the plant-bed,

which look like cannon balls. Afterwards, when all the rest of the bed was turned into coal, these round balls remained crystallized, and by cutting thin transparent slices across the nodules we can distinctly see the leaves and stems and curious little round bodies which make up the coal. Several such sections may be seen at the British Museum, and when we compare these fragments of plants with those which we find above and below the coal-bed, we find that they agree, thus proving that coal is made of plants, and of those plants whose roots grew in the clay floor, while their heads reached up far above where the roof now is.

The next question is, what kind of plants were these? Have we anything like them living in the world now? You might, perhaps, think that it would be impossible to decide this question from mere petrified pieces of plants But many men have spent their whole lives in deciphering all the fragments that could be found, and can read their markings as we read a book. In this way, it has been found out very fairly what the plants of the coal were like, and you will be surprised when I tell you that the huge trees of the coal-forests, of which we sometimes find trunks in the coal-mines from ten to fifty feet long, are represented on the earth now only by small insignificant plants, scarcely ever more than two feet, and often not many inches high.

The little club-moss which grows on heaths and mountains, is one of these. At the end of each of its branches it bears a cone made of scaly leaves, and fixed to the inside of each of these leaves is a case full of little spores or moss-seeds, as we may call them, though they are not exactly like true seeds. In one of these club-mosses, the cases near the bottom of the cone contain

large spores, while those near the top contain a powdery dust. These spores are full of resin, and they are collected in countries where they grow, for making artificial lightning in theatres, because they flare when lighted. Now these little club-mosses are, of all living plants, the most like some of the gigantic trees of the coal-forests.

Other trees of the coal-forests are called by botanists *scaly trees*, from the scale-like marks on their trunks; there are numbers of such trees in all coal-mines, and one trunk has been found forty-nine feet long.

Another famous tree which grew in the coal-forests was the one whose roots we found in the floor or *underclay* of the coal. It has been called the *seal tree*, because it has marks like seals all up the trunk, due to the scars left by the leaves when they fell from the tree. The stems of the *seal trees* make up a great deal of the coal, and the bark of their trunks is often found in the clays above, squeezed flat in lengths of thirty, sixty, or seventy feet. Sometimes, instead of being flat, the bark is still in the shape of a trunk, and the interior is filled with sand; and then the trunk is very heavy, and if the miners do not prop the roof up well it falls down and kills those beneath it. The roots of the *seal trees* are found in the clays below the coal.

Another plant of the coal-forests was the *Calamite*, a sort of *reed*. This plant was a near relation of the *horsetail* which grows in marshes; only, just as in the case of the other trees, it was enormously larger, being often twenty feet high, whereas the *horsetail* is seldom more than a foot in height, except in tropical countries.

These great trees—the scaly trees, the seal trees, and the Calamites, together with large tree-ferns and smaller ferns—are the chief plants that we know of

in the coal-forests. It seems very strange at first that they should have been so large when their descendants are now so small; but if you look at our chief plants and trees now, you will find that nearly all of them bear flowers, and this is a great advantage to them, because it tempts the insects to bring them the pollen-dust, which is necessary to make their flowers produce seeds.

Now the scaly trees and their companions had no true flowers, but only these seed-cases which we have mentioned; but as there were no flowering plants in their time, and they had the ground all to themselves, they grew very large. By and by, however, when the flowering plants came in, these began to crowd out the old giants of the coal-forests, so that they dwindled from century to century, till their great-great-grandchildren, thousands of generations after, only lift up their tiny heads in marshes and on heaths, and tell us they were big once upon a time.

And indeed they must have been magnificent in those olden days, when they grew thick and tall in the lonely marshes where plants and trees were the chief inhabitants. We find no traces in the clay-beds of the coal to lead us to suppose that men lived in those days, or lions, or tigers, or even birds to fly among the trees; but these grand forests were almost silent, except when a huge animal something like a gigantic newt or frog went croaking through the marsh, or a kind of grasshopper chirruped on the land. But these forms of life were few and far between, compared to the huge trees and tangled masses of ferns and reeds, which covered the whole ground, or were reflected in the bosom of the large pools and lakes round about which they grew.

LVI.—THE HONEST MAN.

GEORGE HERBERT.

GEORGE HERBERT (b. 1593, d. 1633) was an English clergyman and poet. His purity of life and zeal in the discharge of duty gained for him the name of "Holy George Herbert." His poems are the expression of an earnest soul and breathe a spirit of love and gentleness.

WHO is the honest man?
He who doth still and strongly good pursue,
To God, his neighbor, and himself most true:
Whom neither force nor fawning can
Unpin, or wrench from giving all their due:

Whose honesty is not
So loose or easy, that a ruffling wind
Can blow't away, or glittering look it blind:
Who rides his sure and even trot,
While now the world rides by, now lags behind:

Who, when great trials come,
Nor seeks nor shuns them; but doth calmly stay
Till he the thing and the example weigh:
All being brought into a sum,
What place or person calls for, he doth pay:

Whom none can work or woo
To use in anything a trick or sleight;
Far above all things he abhors deceit;
His words and works and fashion too,
All of a piece, and all are clear and straight:

Who never melts or thaws
At close temptations: when the day is done,
His goodness sets not, but in dark doth run:
The sun to others writeth laws,
And is their virtue; virtue is his sun:

Who, when he is to treat
With sick folks, women, those whom passions sway,
Allows for that, and keeps his constant way:
Whom other's faults do not defeat,
But though men fail him, yet his part doth play:

Whom nothing can procure,
When the wide world runs bias, from his will
To writhe his limbs, and share, not mend the ill
This is the marksman, safe and sure,
Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

LVII.—BROKEN FRIENDSHIP.

COLERIDGE.

ALAS! they had been friends in youth;
But whispering tongues can poison truth;
And constancy lives in realms above;
And life is thorny; and youth is vain:
And to be wroth with one we love,
Doth work like madness in the brain.
And thus it chanced, as I divine,
With Roland and Sir Leoline.
Each spake words of high disdain
And insult to his heart's best brother;
They parted—ne'er to meet again!
But never either found another
To free the hollow heart from paining;
They stood aloof, the scars remaining,
Like cliffs that had been rent asunder;
A dreary sea now flows between.
But neither heat, nor frost, nor thunder,
Shall wholly do away, I ween,
The marks of that which once hath been.

LVIII.—THE HISTORY OF A PIECE OF COAL.

SECOND READING.

Now, if you have some idea of the plants and trees of the coal, it is time to ask how these plants became buried in the earth and made pure coal, instead of decaying away and leaving behind only a mixture of earth and leaves. To answer this question, I must ask you to go with me to Norfolk, in Virginia, because there we can see a state of things something like the marshes of the coal-forests. All round about Norfolk the land is low, flat, and marshy, and to the south of the town, stretching far away into North Carolina, is a large, desolate swamp, no less than forty miles long and twenty-five broad.

The whole place is one enormous quagmire, overgrown with water-plants and trees. The soil is as black as ink from the old, dead leaves, grasses, roots, and stems which lie in it, and so soft that everything would sink into it, if it were not for the matted roots of the mosses, ferns, and other plants which bind it together. You may dig down for ten or fifteen feet, and find nothing but peat made of the remains of plants which have lived and died there in succession for ages and ages, while the black trunks of the fallen trees lie here and there, gradually being covered up by the dead plants.

The whole place is so still, gloomy, and desolate, that it goes by the name of the "Great Dismal Swamp," and you see we have here what might well be the beginning of a bed of coal, for we know that peat when dried becomes firm and makes an excellent fire, and that if it were pressed till it was hard and solid it would not be unlike coal. If, then, we can explain how this peaty

bed has been kept pure from earth, we shall be able to understand how a coal-bed may have been formed, even though the plants and trees which grow in this swamp are different from those which grow in the coal-forests.

The explanation is not difficult; streams flow constantly, or rather ooze into the Great Dismal Swamp from the land that lies to the west, but instead of bringing mud in with them as rivers bring to the sea, they bring only clear, pure water, because as they filter for miles through the dense jungle of reeds, ferns, and shrubs, which grow round the marsh, all the earth is sifted out and left behind. In this way the spongy mass of dead plants remains free from earthy grains, while the water and the shade of the thick forest of trees prevent the leaves, stems, etc., from being decomposed by the air and sun. And so year after year as the plants die, they leave their remains for other plants to take root in, and the peaty mass grows thicker and thicker, while tall cedar trees and evergreens live and die in these vast, swampy forests, and, being in loose ground, are easily blown down by the wind, and leave their trunks to be covered up by the growing moss and weeds.

Now we know that there were plenty of ferns and of large Calamites growing thickly together in the coal-forests, for we find their remains everywhere in the clay, so we can easily picture to ourselves how the dense jungle formed by these plants would fringe the coal-swamp as the present plants do the Great Dismal Swamp, and would keep out all earthy matter, so that year after year the plants would die and form a thick bed of peat, afterwards to become coal.

The next thing we have to account for is the bed of shale or hardened clay covering over the coal. Now we

know that from time to time land has gone slowly up and down on our globe, so as in some places to carry the dry ground under the sea, and in others to raise the sea-bed above the water. Let us suppose, then, that the Great Dismal Swamp were gradually to sink down so that the sea should wash over it and kill the reeds and shrubs. Then the streams from the west would not be sifted any longer, but would bring down mud, and leave it, as in the delta of the Nile or Mississippi, to make a layer over the dead plants. You will easily understand that this mud would have in it many pieces of dead trees and plants, which had been stifled and had died as the mud covered them over; and thus the remains would be preserved like those which we now find in the roof of the coal-galleries.

But still there are the thick sandstones in the coal-mine to be explained. How did they come there? To explain them, we must suppose that the ground went on sinking till the sea covered the whole place where once the swamp had been, and then sea-sand would be thrown down over the clay and gradually pressed down by the weight of new sand above, till it formed solid sandstone, and our coal-bed became buried deeper and deeper in the earth.

At last, after long ages, when the thick mass of sandstones above the bed had been laid down, the sinking must have stopped, and the land have risen a little, so that the sea was driven back, and then the rivers would bring down earth again and make another clay-bed. Then a new forest would spring up; the ferns, Calamites, scaly trees, and seal trees would gradually form another jungle, and many hundreds of feet above the buried coal-bed, a second bed of peat and

vegetable matter would begin to accumulate to form another coal-bed.

Such is the history of how the coal which we now dig out of the depths of the earth once grew as beautiful plants on the surface. We cannot tell exactly all the ground over which these forests grew, because some of the coal they made has been carried away since by rivers and cut down by the waves of the sea, but we *can* say that wherever there is coal now, there they must have been.

But what is it that has changed these beds of dead plants which we have been studying, into hard stony coal? In the first place, you must remember they have been pressed down under an enormous weight of rocks above them. We can learn something about this even from our common lead pencils. At one time the *graphite*, or pure carbon, of which the black lead (as we wrongly call it) of our pencils is made, was dug solid out of the earth. But so much has now been used that pencil-makers are obliged to collect the graphite dust, and press it under a heavy weight, and this makes such solid pieces that they can cut them into leads for ordinary cedar pencils.

Now the pressure which we can exert by machinery is absolutely nothing compared to the weight of all those hundreds of feet of solid rock which lie over the coal-beds, and which has pressed them down for thousands and perhaps millions of years; and besides this, we know that parts of the inside of the earth are very hot, and many of the rocks in which coal is found are altered by heat. So we can picture to ourselves that the coal was not only squeezed into a solid mass, but often much of the oil and gas which were in the leaves of the plants

was driven out by heat and the whole baked, as it were, into one substance. The difference between coal which flames and coal which burns only with a red heat, is chiefly that one has been baked and crushed more than the other.

Coal which flames has still got in it the tar, and the gas, and the oils which the plant stored up in its leaves, and these, when they escape, again give back the sunbeams in a bright flame. The hard stone coal, on the contrary, has lost a great part of these oils, and only carbon remains, which seizes hold of the oxygen of the air and burns without flame. Coke is pure carbon which we make artificially by driving out the oils and gases from coal, and the gas we burn is part of what is driven out.

You will find it difficult at first to understand how coal can be so full of oil, and tar, and gases, until you have tried to think over how much of all of these there is in plants, and especially in seeds—think of the oils of almonds, of lavender, of cloves, and of caraways, and the oils of turpentine which we get from the pines, and out of which tar is made. When you remember these and many more, and also how the seeds of the club-moss now are largely charged with oil, you will easily imagine that the large masses of coal-plants which have been pressed together, and broken and crushed, would give out a great deal of oil which, when made very hot, rises up as gas. You may often yourself see tar oozing out of the lumps of coal in a fire, and making little black bubbles which burst and burn. From this tar is made the paraffine oil we burn in our lamps, and the spirit, benzoline, comes from the same source.

From benzoline, again, we get a liquid called aniline,

from which are made so many of our beautiful dyes—mauve, magenta, and violet; and, what is still more curious, the bitter almonds, pear-drops, and many other sweets which children like so well, are actually flavored by essences which come out of coal-tar. Thus, from coal we get not only nearly all our heat and our light, but beautiful colors and pleasant flavors. We spoke just now of the plants of the coal as being without beautiful flowers, and yet we see that long, long after their death they give us lovely colors and tints, as beautiful as any in the flower-world now.

Think, then, how much we owe to these plants which lived and died so long ago! If they had been able to reason, perhaps they might have said that they did not seem to be of much use in the world. They had no pretty flowers, and there was no one to admire their beautiful green foliage except a few croaking reptiles, and little crickets and grasshoppers, and they lived and died all on one spot, generation after generation, without seeming to do much good to anything or anybody. Then they were covered up and put out of sight, and down in the dark earth they were pressed all out of shape, and lost their beauty and became only black, hard coal. There they lay for centuries and centuries, and thousands and thousands of years, and still no one seemed to want them.

At last, one day, long, long after man had been living on the earth, and had been burning wood for fires, and so gradually using up the trees in the forests, it was discovered that this black stone would burn, and from that time, coal has been becoming every day more and more useful.

LIX.—YARROW UNVISITED.

WORDSWORTH.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (b. 1770, d. 1850) holds a high position as a poet, and is also distinguished for the great influence his writings have had upon English poetical literature. He wrote poetry upon humble subjects that had hitherto been considered too trivial for poetic treatment. His language is remarkably simple, and often commonplace: he thought that the language of poetry should be that "really used by men." He was an enthusiastic lover of nature. His poems are marked by simplicity, naturalness, and tender pathos.

The greater part of his life was spent in the Lake district, in Cumberland. On the death of Southey, in 1843, he was appointed poet-laureate.

Besides the following poem on the Yarrow, a stream famed in Scottish song and story, Wordsworth wrote two other poems on the same subject, *Yarrow Visited* and *Yarrow Revisited.*

FROM Stirling Castle we had seen
The mazy Forth unravelled;
Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travelled;
And when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my "winsome Marrow,"
"Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
And see the braes of Yarrow."

"Let Yarrow folk, frae Selkirk Town,
Who have been buying, selling,
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own;
Each maiden to her dwelling.
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow;
But we will downward with the Tweed,
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

"There's Gala Water, Leader Haughs,
Both lying right before us;
And Dryborough, where with chiming Tweed
The lintwhites sing in chorus;

There's pleasant Teviotdale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow;
Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow?

"What's Yarrow but a river bare,
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder."
Strange words they seemed of slight and scorn;
My true-love sighed for sorrow;
And looked me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow.

"Oh! green," said I, "are Yarrow's holms,
And sweet is Yarrow's flowing!
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path and open strath,
We'll wander Scotland thorough;
But, though so near, we will not turn
Into the dale of Yarrow.

"Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
The swan on still Saint Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow!
We will not see them, will not go,
To-day, nor yet to-morrow;
Enough if in our hearts we know
There's such a place as Yarrow.

"Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!
It must, or we shall rue it;
We have a vision of our own;
Ah, why should we undo it?

The treasured dreams of times long past,
We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow.

"If care with freezing years should come,
And wandering seem but folly;
Should we be loath to stir from home,
And yet be melancholy;
Should life be dull and spirits low,
'Twill soothe us in our sorrow,
That earth has something yet to show,—
The bonny holms of Yarrow."

LX.—TO A SKYLARK.

Wordsworth.

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest, which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler! that love-prompted strain
('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain:
Yet mightst thou seem, proud privilege! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood:
A privacy of glorious light is thine;
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine:
Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

LXI.—SHE WAS A PHANTOM OF DELIGHT.

WORDSWORTH.

SHE was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty:
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

LXII.—LUMBERING.

FIRST READING.

This lesson has been selected and adapted from the chapter on Lumbering, in *Picturesque Canada*. This is an illustrated work in two volumes, "representing the characteristic scenery of Canada, and the history and life of its people." It has been edited by GEORGE MUNRO GRANT, D.D., Principal of Queen's University, Kingston.

To Canada's lot has fallen, as her two staple industries, pursuits which most of all others tend to form in her young men a simple, manly, honest nature: agriculture in the first place, lumbering in the next.

The lumber trade has an organic place in the development of Canada's resources, in the growth of towns and cities, in the general increase of wealth, and in the evolution of literature and art which always occurs at periods of commercial prosperity. Everywhere northward and westward from the frontier, the lumber mill, the lumber depot, and hamlets connected with them, pierce the unbroken forest, and lead the steady advance of civilization. Villages arise, and become towns and cities, while the continual recession of the trade northward develops in its wake the growing resources of the country.

During the fall months the lumbermen are sent into the woods with horses, sleighs, lumber-boats, and everything necessary for the season's operations. All is bustle on the lines of railway and on the roads leading to the lumber district. Swart and sunburnt gangs of young Frenchmen, not a few of them with a slight tinge of Indian blood, derived from days when a grandfather or great-grandfather married an Algonquin or Huron bride, congregate at every well-known rendezvous. These fine

fellows have the strength and graceful bearing of the Indian, and the garrulous good-humor of the Frenchman; their rough dress is appropriate and quaint, and is generally lit up coquettishly with some bit of bright color in necktie, vest, or scarf. In the Ottawa district, the lumbermen that are not French are largely Scottish Highlanders. Long ago in the Old World, the two nationalities were allies. They fought then against men; they fight now against the giants of the forest.

Each gang is under the direction of a foreman, who follows the plan laid out by the explorers. The first duty is to build a shanty for the men, and stables for the horses. Logs are cut, notched at the ends and dovetailed together, so as to form a quadrangular enclosure. On the top of this, from end to end, two large timbers are laid, each several feet from the centre. On these and on the walls the roof rests. It has a slight pitch, and is formed of halves of trees hollowed out, and reaching from the roof-top downwards on each side, so as to project a little beyond the walls. These "scoops," as they are called, are placed concave and convex alternately, so as to overlap each other. Fitted logs are then placed between the gable walls and the apex of the roof; all chinks and openings are filled up with moss or hay, and the rude building is made quite warm and weather-tight. In the end wall is a large doorway with a door of roughly hewn lumber; the floor consists of logs hewn flat, and the huge girders of the roof are each supported mid-way by two large posts, some four or five yards apart. The space between these four posts, in the genuine old-fashioned shanty, is occupied by the "caboose," or fireplace, substantially built up with stones and earth. Within the shanty there is no chimney, but an opening in the

roof with a wooden frame-work does duty for chimney; so wide is the opening that the inmates, as they lie in their bunks at night, can look up at the sky and stars.

On three sides of the shanty are rows of bunks, or platforms, one above the other, along the entire length. On these the lumbermen sleep, side by side, in their clothing and blankets, their heads to the wall and their feet to the central fire, which is kept well supplied with fuel all night. A better class of shanties is now built, of oblong shape, with bunks along one length only, and a table at the opposite side; with such luxuries as windows, and even lamps at night; with box-stoves instead of the central caboose; and at the rear end a foreman's room.

When shanty and stables have been built, the next work is to construct the "landing," or roll-way, on the shore of river or lake. The roll-way is usually on the slope of a hill, and must be carefully cleared of all obstructions, so that the gathered piles of logs may roll down easily in the spring. From the roll-way, the "head-swamper," or road-maker, extends the road into the forest as the lumbermen advance. This road is often far from level; when the descent is dangerously steep, what is called a "gallery road," is constructed by driving piles into the hill-side and excavating earth, which is thrown on the artificial terrace thus carried around the face of the hill. Down this the merry sleigh-driver descends safely with incredible speed; above him, the steep—beneath, the precipice from which the wall of piles, logs, and earth, secures him. The logs unloaded at the landing are marked on the end with the trade-mark of the owner; also with another mark indicating their value.

LXIII.—THE EXILE OF ERIN.

CAMPBELL.

THOMAS CAMPBELL (b. 1777, d. 1844) was a native of Glasgow. His longest and most ambitious poems are *Pleasures of Hope*, published in 1799, and *Gertrude of Wyoming*, in 1809. His most popular poems are his war songs and other lyrics, which are full of fire and poetic feeling. *The Exile of Erin* and *Ye Mariners of England* were both written in Germany. The former owes its origin to Campbell's meeting with some Irish exiles on the continent, and the latter was occasioned by the prospect of a war with Russia in 1801.

THERE came to the beach a poor exile of Erin;
The dew on his thin robe was heavy and chill;
For his country he sighed, when at twilight repairing
To wander alone by the wind-beaten hill.
But the day-star attracted his eyes' sad devotion;
For it rose o'er his own native isle of the ocean,
Where once, in the fire of his youthful emotion,
He sang the bold anthem of Erin-go-bragh.

"Sad is my fate," said the heart-broken stranger:
"The wild deer and wolf to a covert can flee;
But I have no refuge from famine and danger,
A home and a country remain not to me.
Never again, in the green sunny bowers
Where my forefathers lived, shall I spend the sweet hours!
Or cover my harp with the wild-woven flowers,
And strike to the numbers of Erin-go-bragh.

"Erin, my country! though sad and forsaken,
In dreams I revisit thy sea-beaten shore;
But, alas! in a far foreign land I awaken,
And sigh for the friends who can meet me no more!
Oh, cruel fate! wilt thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace where no perils can chase me?
Never again shall my brothers embrace me!
They died to defend me, or live to deplore!

"Where is my cabin door, fast by the wild wood?
Sisters and sire, did ye weep for its fall?
Where is the mother that looked on my childhood?
And where is the bosom-friend dearer than all?
Oh! my sad heart, long abandoned by pleasure!
Why did it dote on a fast-fading treasure?
Tears like the rain-drops may fall without measure;
But rapture and beauty they cannot recall.

"Yet all its sad recollections suppressing,
One dying wish my lone bosom can draw;
Erin! an Exile bequeaths thee his blessing!
Land of my forefathers, Erin-go-bragh!
Buried and cold, when my heart stills her motion,
Green be thy fields, sweetest isle of the ocean!
And thy harp-striking bards sing aloud with devotion,
Erin, mavourneen, Erin-go-bragh!"

LXIV.—YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND.

CAMPBELL.

YE Mariners of England
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe,
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!

For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave ;
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell,
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwark,
No towers along the steep ;
Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak,
She quells the floods below,
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow ;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn ;
Till danger's troubled night depart,
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors !
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow ;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow !

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.

—*Pope.*

LXV.—LUMBERING.

SECOND READING.

As the lumber shanties are generally remote from settled districts, their supplies of provisions have to be transported long distances from the nearest point attainable by rail or steamboat. Such a point becomes, therefore, an important "depot" of supplies. From it there is a constant despatch of sleighs loaded with provender for the horses, and with pork, molasses, potatoes, peas, and beans for the men. These sleighs travel in trains, and, as far as possible, on the ice.

The great expense of transporting for long distances large quantities of provisions has led some operators to establish farms on arable lands close to their "limits." Thus they have a supply of farm produce ready at hand in the fall, when, as the snow-roads are not yet formed, transport is most expensive. The farm-hands and horses are employed during the winter in the woods, so that men may pass years in these regions without visiting a city. Blacksmith and carpenter shops for repairing sleighs, and other tradesmen's shanties, gather round these centres, and a village grows up. As other farms are cultivated near it, or a saw-mill is established to manufacture lumber for local uses, the village often becomes the nucleus of a town or city. It often happens, too, that the good prices and ready market of a lumber depot induce the hardy settler to build his log-house and clear his patch of ground in the woods near it, and here he lives his rough life—jobber, farmer, and pioneer. Thus our Canadian civilization has advanced in the wake of the lumber trade.

When the sunshine at the end of March melts the snow, or just before the roads break up, the teamsters return in long trains, with empty sleighs, to their far-off homes. Soon after, about the middle of April, when the warm rains have ruined the snow-roads, when the ice has gone down from the swollen streams and the lakes are clear with blue spring water, a new phase of the lumberman's life begins—the exciting, but dangerous work of getting the logs down the roll-ways into the river, and guiding them by stream or lake to mills or market. To facilitate this, the landings or roll-ways, when not on the river ice, have been constructed on a steep declivity. Consequently, when the lower logs are loosened and thrown into the river, those above them follow from their own weight. Should any obstacle have been allowed to remain on the roll-way, hundreds of logs may be arrested and so huddled together as to make their extrication most dangerous. In one instance, a hardy river-driver, who went beneath such a hanging mass of timber, or "jam," and cut away the stump which held it suspended, saved his life from the avalanche of logs only by jumping into the river and diving deep towards mid-stream. Such an exploit is merely one of many instances of cool courage displayed constantly by the "river-drivers," the name given to those lumbermen who follow the "drive" down the river.

The river-drivers are usually accompanied as far as possible by a scow with a covered structure, which serves all the purposes of a shanty. The greatest danger is when logs are caught mid-stream, especially above a rapid. Then it is necessary to disengage the "key-piece" —the log which, caught by rock or other obstacle, causes the jam. The precision with which experienced

river-drivers will ascertain the key-piece of a jam, is no less remarkable than the daring and skill with which they escape the rush of the suddenly liberated logs down the rapids. They leap from log to log, and maintain their balance with the dexterity of rope-dancers. Still, scarcely a season passes without loss of life from this cause during a drive. The men, therefore, do all in their power to prevent the occurrence of a jam. Pike-poles in hand, they shove onwards the logs that seem likely to cause obstruction.

On rivers down which square timber is brought, and where, as in parts of the Upper Ottawa, cataracts occur of such magnitude as to injure the pieces by dashing them with great violence against rocks, resort is had to contrivances called "slides." These consist of artificial channels, the side-walls and bottoms lined with smooth, strong timber-work. At the upper end of this channel are gates, through which the pent-up water can be admitted or shut off. Through these slides pass the "cribs." These are constructed of a regulation width, so as to fit the passage-way of the slide. The crib is about twenty-four feet wide; its length varies with that of the square timber. It is often furnished with a frame house for the raftsmen, with long oars as "sweeps," and with a mast and sail. Frequently the Ottawa river-drivers take tourists or others as passengers, to give them the sensation of "shooting a slide." Let us embark on board a crib above the slide-gates at the falls of the Calumet. The raftsmen bid us take firm hold of the strong poles which are driven between the lower timbers of the crib. Above the slide, the waters of the Ottawa are still and deep; at the left side, through the intervening woods, we can hear the roar of the cataract. The slide-gates are

thrown open; the water surges over the smooth, inclined channel; our crib, carefully steered through the gate-way, slowly moves its forward end over the entrance; it advances, sways for a moment, then, with a sudden plunge and splash of water, rushes faster and faster between the narrow walls. The reflow of the torrent streams over the crib from the front; jets of water spurt up everywhere between the timbers under our feet; then dipping heavily as it leaves the slide, our crib is in the calm water beneath, the glorious scenery of the cataract full in view. Without knowing it, we have got wet through—a trifle not to be thought of, amid the rapture of that rapid motion which Dr. Johnson considered one of the greatest of life's enjoyments. He spoke of "a fast drive in a post-chaise." What would he have said to a plunge down the slides of the Ottawa!

The immediate destination of the square timber conveyed by water or railway is the "banding-ground," where it is formed into immense rafts. Like the separate cribs, each raft is propelled ordinarily by sweeps, or, weather permitting, by sails. The crew consists of from forty to fifty well-built and skilful men, who live —sometimes with their wives and children—in little wooden houses on the raft. On the rivers, the greatest danger to rafts and raftsmen is from the rapids; on the lakes, from storms; yet owing to the skill of the pilots and the efficiency of the crews, accidents are rare; and these timber islands, after a journey from the remotest parts of Canada, float down the broad St. Lawrence, sound as when first banded together, to their destination in the coves of Quebec. At these coves the rafts are finally broken up, and from the acres of timber thus accumulated, the large ocean-going ships are loaded.

LXVI.—BEFORE SEDAN.

DOBSON.

AUSTIN DOBSON (born 1840), an official in the British Civil Service, has written many elegant poems, some humorous, others marked by delicate pathos. Much of his poetry is descriptive of modern London society.

HERE, in this leafy place,
Quiet he lies,
Cold, with his sightless face
Turned to the skies;
'Tis but another dead;
All you can say is said.

Carry his body hence,—
Kings must have slaves;
Kings climb to eminence
Over men's graves;
So this man's eye is dim,—
Throw the earth over him.

What was the white you touched
There, at his side?
Paper his hand had clutched
Tight ere he died;
Message or wish, may be;
Smooth the folds out, and see.

Hardly the worst of us
Here could have smiled!
Only the tremulous
Words of a child—
Prattle, that has for stops
Just a few ruddy drops.

Look. She is sad to miss,
Morning and night,
His—her dead father's—kiss;

Tries to be bright,
Good to mamma, and sweet.
That is all. "Marguerite."

Ah, if beside the dead
Slumbered the pain!
Ah, if the hearts that bled
Slept with the slain!
If the grief died,—but no,—
Death will not have it so.

LXVII.—AMONG THE THOUSAND ISLANDS.

MISS MACHAR.

AGNES M. MACHAR, well-known by her pen-name *Fidelis*, is a frequent contributor, both in prose and in verse, to Canadian and American periodicals. She resides in Kingston, Ontario.

NEVER a ripple upon the river,
As it lies like a mirror, beneath the moon,
Only the shadows tremble and quiver,
'Neath the balmy breath of a night in June.

All dark and silent, each shadowy island
Like a silhouette lies on the silver ground,
While, just above us, a rocky highland
Towers, grim and dusk, with its pine-trees crowned.

Never a sound but the wave's soft plashing
As the boat drifts idly the shore along,—
And the darting fire-flies, silently flashing,
Gleam, living diamonds,—the woods among.

And the night-hawk flits o'er the bay's deep bosom,
And the loon's laugh breaks through the midnight calm,
And the luscious breath of the wild vine's blossom
Wafts from the rocks like a tide of balm.

LXVIII.—THE HEROINE OF VERCHERES.

PARKMAN.

AMONG the many incidents that are preserved of Frontenac's troubled second administration, none are so well worthy of record as the defence of the fort at Verchères by the young daughter of the seignior. Some years later the story was written down from the heroine's own recital.

Verchères is on the south shore of the St. Lawrence, about twenty miles below Montreal. A strong block-house stood outside the fort, and was connected with it by a covered way.

On the morning of the twenty-second of October, 1692, the inhabitants were at work in the fields, and nobody was left in the place but two soldiers, two boys, an old man of eighty, and a number of women and children. The seignior was on duty at Quebec, and his wife was at Montreal. Their daughter Madeleine, fourteen years of age, was at the landing-place, not far from the gate of the fort, with a hired man. Suddenly she heard firing from the direction where the settlers were at work, and an instant after the man cried out, "Run, Miss, run! here come the Iroquois!" She turned and saw forty or fifty of them at the distance of a pistol-shot. "I ran for the fort. The Iroquois who chased me, seeing that they could not catch me alive before I reached the gate, stopped and fired at me. The bullets whistled about my ears, and made the time seem very long. As soon as I was near enough to be heard, I cried out, '*To arms! To arms!*' At the gate I found two women weeping for their husbands, who had just been killed. I made them go in, and then

I shut the gate. I next thought what I could do to save myself and the few people who were with me.

"I went to inspect the fort, and found that several palisades had fallen down, and left openings by which the enemy could easily get in. I ordered them to be set up again, and helped to carry them myself. When the breaches were stopped, I went to the block-house where the ammunition was kept, and here I found the two soldiers, one hiding in a corner, and the other with a lighted match in his hand. 'What are you going to do with that match?' I asked. He answered, 'Light the powder and blow us all up.' 'You are a miserable coward,' said I, 'go out of this place.' I spoke so resolutely that he obeyed.

"I then threw off my bonnet; and after putting on a hat and taking a gun, I said to my two brothers, 'Let us fight to the death. We are fighting for our country and our religion. Remember, our father has taught you that gentlemen are born to shed their blood for the service of God and the King.'"

The boys, who were twelve and ten years old, aided by the soldiers, whom her words had inspired with some little courage, began to fire from the loopholes upon the Iroquois. They, ignorant of the weakness of the garrison, showed their usual reluctance to attack a fortified place, and occupied themselves with chasing and butchering the people in the neighboring fields.

Madeleine ordered a cannon to be fired, partly to deter the enemy from an assault, and partly to warn some of the soldiers, who were hunting at a distance. Presently a canoe was seen approaching the landing-place. It contained a settler named Fontaine and his family, who were trying to reach the fort. The Iroquois were still near,

and Madeleine feared that the new-comers would be killed if something were not done to aid them. She appealed to the soldiers, but finding their courage was not equal to the attempt, she herself went to the landing-place, and was able to save the Fontaine family. When they were all landed, she made them march before her in full sight of the enemy. They put so bold a face on that the Iroquois thought they themselves had most to fear.

"After sunset a violent north-east wind began to blow, accompanied with snow and hail. The Iroquois were meanwhile lurking about us; and I judged by their movements that, instead of being deterred by the storm, they would climb into the fort under cover of the darkness. I assembled all my troops, that is to say, six persons, and spoke thus to them: 'God has saved us to-day from the hands of our enemies, but we must take care not to fall into their snares to-night. I will take charge of the fort with an old man of eighty, and you, Fontaine, with our two soldiers, will go to the block-house with the women and children, because that is the strongest place. If I am taken, don't surrender, even if I am cut to pieces and burned before your eyes. The enemy can't hurt you in the block-house, if you make the least show of fight.'

"I placed my young brothers on two of the bastions, the old man on the third, while I took the fourth; and all night, in spite of wind, snow, and hail, the cries of 'All's well' were kept up from the block-house to the fort, and from the fort to the block-house. The Iroquois thought the place was full of soldiers, and were completely deceived, as they confessed afterwards.

"I may say with truth, that I did not eat or sleep for twice twenty-four hours, but kept always on the bastion, or went to the block-house to see how the people

there were behaving. I always kept a cheerful and smiling face, and encouraged my little company with the hope of speedy succor.

"We were a week in constant alarm, with the enemy always about us. At last a lieutenant arrived in the night with forty men. I was at the time dozing, with my head on the table, and my gun across my arms. The sentinel told me that he heard a voice from the river. I went up at once to the bastion and asked, 'Who are you?' One of them answered, 'We are Frenchmen, who come to bring you help.'

"I caused the gate to be opened, placed a sentinel there, and went down to the river to meet them. As soon as I saw the officer, I saluted him, and said, 'Sir, I surrender my arms to you.' He answered gallantly, 'They are already in good hands.'

"He inspected the fort and found everything in order, and a sentinel on each bastion. 'It is time to relieve them, sir,' said I; 'we have not been off our bastions for a week.'"

LORD! who art merciful as well as just,
Incline thine ear to me, a child of dust.
Not what I would, O Lord, I offer thee,
Alas! but what I can.
Father Almighty, who hast made me man,
And bade me look to heaven, for thou art there,
Accept my sacrifice and humble prayer:
Four things which are not in thy treasury
I lay before thee, Lord, with this petition—
My nothingness, my wants,
My sins, and my contrition.

—*Southey.*

LXIX.—THE CHANGELING.

LOWELL.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL (b. 1819) is an American poet and essayist. He is best known as the author of *The Biglow Papers*, a collection of humorous, satirical poems on political subjects, written in the Yankee dialect. His more serious poems are marked by tender sentiment, and through many of them runs a pensive strain. He has also written many scholarly essays and criticisms. Mr. Lowell has been editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and of the *North American Review*. In 1855, he succeeded Longfellow in the Chair of Modern Languages and Literature at Harvard. He was appointed Minister to Spain in 1877, and to England in 1880.

I HAD a little daughter,
And she was given to me
To lead me gently backward
To the Heavenly Father's knee,
That I, by the force of nature,
Might in some dim wise divine
The depth of his infinite patience
To this wayward soul of mine.

I know not how others saw her,
But to me she was wholly fair,
And the light of the heaven she came from
Still lingered and gleamed in her hair;
For it was as wavy and golden,
And as many changes took,
As the shadows of sun-gilt ripples
On the yellow bed of a brook.

To what can I liken her smiling
Upon me, her kneeling lover,
How it leaped from her lips to her eyelids,
And dimpled her wholly over,
Till her outstretched hands smiled also,
And I almost seemed to see
The very heart of her mother
Sending sun through her veins to me!

She had been with us scarce a twelvemonth,
And it hardly seemed a day,
When a troop of wandering angels
Stole my little daughter away;
Or perhaps those heavenly Zingari
But loosed the hampering strings,
And when they had opened her cage-door,
My little bird used her wings.

But they left in her stead a changeling,
A little angel child,
That seems like her bud in full blossom,
And smiles as she never smiled;
When I wake in the morning, I see it
Where she always used to lie,
And I feel as weak as a violet
Alone 'neath the awful sky.

As weak, yet as trustful also;
For the whole year long I see
All the wonders of faithful Nature
Still worked for the love of me;
Winds wander, and dews drip earthward,
Rain falls, suns rise and set,
Earth whirls, and all but to prosper
A poor little violet.

This child is not mine as the first was,
I cannot sing it to rest,
I cannot lift it up fatherly
And bliss it upon my breast;
Yet it lies in my little one's cradle
And sits in my little one's chair,
And the light of the heaven she's gone to
Transfigures its golden hair.

LXX.—A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE following lesson is from Dickens' charming Christmas story, *A Christmas Carol.* Scrooge, of the firm of "Scrooge and Marley," was "a grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous" old miser. But, one Christmas Eve, the consequences of his selfish life were vividly presented to him in a dream, and he became a changed man.

The lesson begins where Scrooge wakes from his troubled sleep on Christmas morning, overjoyed at finding himself still alive to carry out his good intentions.

SCROOGE was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clang, hammer; ding, dong, bell! Bell, dong, ding; hammer, clang, clash! Oh, glorious, glorious!

Running to the window, he opened it and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring cold —cold piping for the blood to dance to. Golden sunlight, heavenly sky, sweet fresh air, merry bells. Oh, glorious, glorious!

"What's to-day?" cried Scrooge, looking downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who, perhaps, had loitered in to look about him.

"Eh?" returned the boy, with all his might of wonder.

"What's to-day, my fine fellow?" said Scrooge.

"To-day?" replied the boy; "why, CHRISTMAS DAY."

"Hallo, my fine fellow!" said Scrooge.

"Hallo!" returned the boy.

"Do you know the poulterer's in the next street but one, at the corner?" Scrooge inquired.

"I should hope I did," replied the lad.

"An intelligent boy," said Scrooge; "a remarkable boy. Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging up there?—not the little prize turkey, the big one?"

"What! the one as big as me?" returned the boy.

"What a delightful boy!" said Scrooge; "it's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my boy."

"It's hanging there now," replied the boy.

"Is it?" said Scrooge. "Go and buy it."

"Eh!" exclaimed the boy.

"Yes," said Scrooge; "I'm in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the directions where to take it. Come back with the man and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes and I'll give you a half-á-crown!"

The boy was off like a shot. He must have had a steady hand at a trigger who could have got a shot off half so fast.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's," whispered Scrooge, rubbing his hands, and splitting with a laugh. "He sha'n't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim."

It *was* a turkey! He never could have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em off short in a minute, like sticks of sealing-wax. The boy was paid, the turkey sent off, and then he dressed himself all in his best, and at last got into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, and, walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one with a delighted smile. He looked so irresistibly pleased, in a word, that three or four merry fellows said, "Good morning, sir; a merry Christmas to you." And Scrooge said often afterwards, that of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, these were the blithest in his ears. He went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up to the windows, and found that everything

could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk—that anything—could give him so much happiness. In the afternoon he turned his steps towards the house of his nephew, whom he had disowned for marrying, as Scrooge thought, imprudently. He passed the door a dozen times before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash and did it.

"Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge to the girl. "Nice girl, very."

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he, my love?" said Scrooge.

"He's in the dining-room, sir, along with mistress. I'll show you up-stairs, if you please."

"Thankee; he knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining-room lock. "I'll go in, my dear."

He turned it gently, and sidled his face in, round the door. They were looking at the table, which was spread out in great array; for these young house-keepers are always nervous on such points, and like to see that everything is right.

"Fred!" said Scrooge.

Dear heart alive, how his niece by marriage started.

"Why bless my soul!" said Fred, "who's that?"

"It's I, your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It's a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did the plump sister when *she* came. So did everyone when *they* came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, won-der-ful happiness!

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh, he was early there. If he could only be there first, and catch

Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon. And he did it; yes he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come in.

At last Bob Cratchit came in. His hat was off before he opened the door; his comforter too. He was on his stool in a jiffy, driving away with his pen, as if he were striving to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice, as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I am very sorry, sir," said Bob; "I *am* behind my time."

"You are," repeated Scrooge. "Yes, I think you are; step this way, sir, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir," pleaded Bob, appearing from his room. "It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge, "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," he continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat, that he staggered back into his room again; "and, therefore, I am about to raise your salary."

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it, holding him, and calling to the people in the court for help and a strait waistcoat.

"A merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good

fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon. Make up the fire, and buy another coal-scuttle before you dot another *i*, Bob Cratchit."

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, a weakly, delicate child of Bob Cratchit's, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe for good at which some people did not have their fill of laughter in the outset; and knowing that such as these would be blind any way, he thought it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive form. His own heart laughed; and that was quite enough for him. It was always said of him, that he knew how to keep Christmas well if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us.

True worth is in being, not seeming;
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and by;
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

—*Alice Cary.*

LXXI.—THE HERITAGE.

LOWELL.

THE rich man's son inherits lands,
And piles of brick, and stone, and gold,
And he inherits soft white hands,
And tender flesh that fears the cold,
Nor dares to wear a garment old;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits cares;
The bank may break, the factory burn,
A breath may burst his bubble shares,
And soft white hands could hardly earn
A living that would serve his turn;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

The rich man's son inherits wants,
His stomach craves for dainty fare;
With sated heart, he hears the pants
Of toiling hinds with brown arms bare,
And wearies in his easy-chair;
A heritage, it seems to me,
One scarce would wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Stout muscles and a sinewy heart,
A hardy frame, a hardier spirit;
King of two hands, he does his part
In every useful toil and art;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
Wishes o'erjoyed with humble things,

A rank adjudged by toil-worn merit,
Content that from employment springs,
A heart that in his labor sings;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

What doth the poor man's son inherit?
A patience learned of being poor,
Courage, if sorrow come, to bear it,
A fellow-feeling that is sure
To make the outcast bless his door;
A heritage, it seems to me,
A king might wish to hold in fee.

O rich man's son! there is a toil
That with all others level stands;
Large charity doth never soil,
But only whiten, soft, white hands,—
This is the best crop from thy lands;
A heritage, it seems to be
Worth being rich to hold in fee.

O poor man's son! scorn not thy state;
There is worse weariness than thine,
In merely being rich and great;
Toil only gives the soul to shine,
And makes rest fragrant and benign;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Worth being poor to hold in fee.

Both, heirs to some six feet of sod,
Are equal in the earth at last;
Both, children of the same dear God,
Prove title to your heirship vast
By record of a well-filled past;
A heritage, it seems to me,
Well worth a life to hold in fee.

LXXII.—THE TWO BREATHS.

REV. CHARLES KINGSLEY.

CHARLES KINGSLEY (b. 1819, d. 1875) was an eminent English clergyman, rector of Eversley, and Canon of Westminster. He was for some time Professor of Modern History at Cambridge. His novels, poems, and essays are valuable contributions to literature. Several of his novels deal with social problems, and show his deep sympathy with the working-classes. His finest work is *Westward Ho!* a tale of Elizabethan sailor-life. His poems are tender and pathetic. He was an independent and earnest thinker, fearless in giving expression to his opinions, and untiring in his efforts to improve the condition of the poor.

This lesson forms part of a Lecture delivered by Mr. Kingsley, and subsequently published in his work on *Health and Education.*

I CALL this lecture "The Two Breaths;" not merely "The Breath," and for this reason: every time you breathe, you breathe two different breaths; you take in one, you give out another. The composition of those two breaths is different. Their effects are different. The breath which has been breathed out must not be breathed in again. To tell you why it must not, would lead me into anatomical details not quite in place here. But this I may say —those who habitually take in fresh breath will probably grow up large, strong, ruddy, cheerful, active, clear-headed, fit for their work. Those who habitually take in the breath which has been breathed out by themselves, or by any other living creature, will certainly grow up, if they grow up at all, small, weak, pale, nervous, depressed, unfit for work, and tempted continually to resort to stimulants, and perhaps become drunkards.

That the breath breathed out is very different from the breath breathed in may be shown in many ways. For instance: if a child be allowed to get into the habit of sleeping with its head under the bed-clothes, and thereby breathing its own breath over and over again, that child will assuredly grow pale, weak, and ill. Medical men have cases on record of serious diseases appearing in

children previously healthy, which could only be accounted for from this habit, and which ceased when the habit stopped.

Take a second instance, which is only too common. If you are in a crowded room, with plenty of fire and lights and company, with doors and windows all shut tight, how often you feel faint,—so faint, that you may require smelling-salts or some other stimulant! The cause of your faintness is, as I shall show you presently, that you and your friends, and the fire and the candles likewise, have been all breathing each other's breaths over and over again, till the air has become unfit to support life. You are doing your best to enact over again the Highland tragedy, of which Sir James Simpson tells in his lectures to the working-classes of Edinburgh, when at a Christmas meeting thirty-six persons danced all night in a small room with a low ceiling, keeping the doors and windows shut. The atmosphere of the room was noxious beyond description; and the effect was, that seven of the party were soon after seized with typhus fever, of which two died. You are inflicting on yourselves the torments of the poor dog who is kept at the Grotto del Cane, near Naples, to be stupefied, for the amusement of visitors, by the carbonic acid gas of the Grotto, and brought to life again by being dragged into the fresh air; nay, you are inflicting upon yourselves the torments of the famous Black Hole of Calcutta; and if there were no chimney in the room by which some fresh air could enter, the candles would soon burn blue, as they do, you know, when—according to the story-books—ghosts appear; your brains become disturbed; and you yourselves run the risk of becoming ghosts, and the candles of actually going out.

Of this last fact there is no doubt; for if you put a lighted candle into a close box, and, while you take *in* breath from the outer air, send *out* your breath through a tube into the box, however gently, you will in a short time put the candle out.

Now, how is this? First, what is the difference between the breath you take in and the breath you give out? And next, why has it a similar effect on animal life and a lighted candle? The difference is this. The breath which you take in is, or ought to be, pure air, composed, on the whole, of oxygen and nitrogen, with a minute portion of carbonic acid.

The breath which you give out is an impure air, to which has been added, among other matters which will not support life, an excess of carbonic acid. That this is the fact you can prove for yourselves by a simple experiment. Get a little lime-water at the chemist's, and breathe into it through a glass tube; your breath will at once make the lime-water milky. The carbonic acid of your breath has laid hold of the lime, and made it visible as white carbonate of lime—in plain English, as common chalk.

Now, I do not wish, as I said, to load your memories with scientific terms; but I beseech you to remember at least these two—oxygen gas and carbonic acid gas; and to remember that as surely as oxygen feeds the fire of life, so surely does carbonic acid put it out.

I say "the fire of life." In that expression lies the answer to our second question: Why does our breath produce a similar effect upon animal life and the lighted candle? Every one of us is, as it were, a living fire. Were we not, how could we be always warmer than the air outside us? There is a process going on perpetually in each of us, similar to that by which coals are burnt in

the fire, oil in a lamp, wax in a candle, and the earth itself in a volcano. To keep each of these fires alight, oxygen is needed; and the products of combustion, as they are called, are more or less the same in each case—carbonic acid and steam.

These facts justify the expression I just made use of: that the fire and the candles in the crowded room were breathing the same breath as you were. It is but too true. An average fire in the grate requires, to keep it burning, as much oxygen as several human beings do; each candle or lamp must have its share of oxygen likewise, and that a very considerable one; and an average gas burner—pray attend to this, you who live in rooms lighted with gas—consumes as much oxygen as several candles. All alike are making carbonic acid. The carbonic acid of the fire happily escapes up the chimney in the smoke; but the carbonic acid from the human beings and the candles remains to poison the room, unless it be ventilated.

Now, I think you may understand one of the simplest, and yet most terrible cases of want of ventilation—death by the fumes of charcoal. A human being shut up in a room, of which every crack is closed, with a pan of burning charcoal, falls asleep, never to wake again. His inward fire is competing with the fire of the charcoal for the oxygen of the room; both are making carbonic acid out of it; but the charcoal, being the stronger of the two, gets all the oxygen to itself, and leaves the human being nothing to inhale but the carbonic acid which it has made. The human being, being the weaker, dies first; but the charcoal dies also. When it has exhausted all the oxygen of the room, it cools, goes out, and is found in the morning half consumed beside its victim. If you put a giant or an elephant, I should conceive, into that room, instead

of a human being, the case would be reversed for a time; the elephant would put out the burning charcoal by the carbonic acid from his mighty lungs; and then, when he had exhausted all the air in the room, die likewise of his own carbonic acid.

And now, what becomes of this breath which passes from your lips? Is it merely harmful; merely waste? God forbid! God has forbidden that anything should be merely harmful or merely waste in this so wise and well-made world. The carbonic acid which passes from your lips at every breath—ay, even that which oozes from the volcano crater when the eruption is past—is a precious boon to thousands of things of which you have daily need. Indeed there is a sort of hint at physical truth in the old fairy tale of the girl, from whose lips, as she spoke, fell pearls and diamonds; for the carbonic acid of your breath may help hereafter to make the pure carbonate of lime of a pearl, or the still purer carbon of a diamond. Nay, it may go—in such a world of transformations do we live—to make atoms of coal strata, which shall lie buried for ages beneath deep seas, shall be upheaved in continents which are yet unborn, and there be burnt for the use of a future race of men, and resolved into their original elements.

Coal, wise men tell us, is on the whole, breath and sunlight; the breath of living creatures who have lived in the vast swamps and forests of some primeval world, and the sunlight which transmuted that breath into the leaves and stems of trees, magically locked up for ages in that black stone, to become, when it is burnt at last, light and carbonic acid, as it was at first. For though you must not breathe your breath again, you may at least eat your breath, if you will allow the sun to transmute it for you

into vegetables; or you may enjoy its fragrance and its color in the shape of a lily or a rose. When you walk in a sun-lit garden, every word you speak, every breath you breathe, is feeding the plants and flowers around. The delicate surface of the green leaves absorbs the carbonic acid, and parts it into its elements, retaining the carbon to make woody fibre, and courteously returning you the oxygen to mingle with the fresh air, and be inhaled by your lungs once more. Thus do you feed the plants, just as the plants feed you; while the great life-giving sun feeds both; and the geranium standing in the sick child's window does not merely rejoice his eye and mind by its beauty and freshness, but honestly repays the trouble spent on it; absorbing the breath which the child needs not, and giving to him the breath which he needs.

So are the services of all things constituted according to a Divine and wonderful order, and knit together in mutual dependence and mutual helpfulness—a fact to be remembered with hope and comfort; but also with awe and fear. For as in that which is above nature, so in nature itself; he that breaks one physical law is guilty of all. The whole universe, as it were, takes up arms against him; and all nature, with her numberless and unseen powers, is ready to avenge herself on him, and on his children after him, he knows not when nor where. He, on the other hand, who obeys the laws of nature with his whole heart and mind, will find all things working together to him for good. He is at peace with the physical universe. He is helped and befriended alike by the sun above his head and the dust beneath his feet; because he is obeying the will and mind of Him who made sun, and dust, and all things, and who has given them a law which cannot be broken.

LXXIII.—THE THREE FISHERS.

KINGSLEY.

THREE fishers went sailing out into the West,
Out into the West as the sun went down;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the best,
And the children stood watching them out of the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
Though the harbor bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went down;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the shower,
And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and brown;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
And the harbor bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands
In the morning gleam as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands
For those who will never come home to the town;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

If you wish to be miserable, you must think about yourself; about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you, what people think of you; and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will make sin and misery out of everything God sends you; you can be as wretched as you choose.

—*Kingsley.*

LXXIV.—SONG OF THE RIVER.

KINGSLEY.

CLEAR and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow and dreaming pool;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle and foaming wear;
Under the crag where the ousel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,
Undefiled for the undefiled;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoky town in its murky cowl;
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf, and sewer, and slimy bank;
Darker and darker the farther I go,
Baser and baser the richer I grow.
Who dare sport with the sin-defiled?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.

Strong and free, strong and free,
The flood-gates are open, away to the sea;
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my streams as I hurry along
To the golden sands and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,
As I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again,
Undefiled for the undefiled;
Play by me. bathe in me, mother and child.

Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part,—there all the honor lies.

—*Pope.*

LXXV.—THE CONQUEST OF BENGAL.

MACAULAY.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY (b. 1800, d. 1859) was distinguished alike as an orator, poet, historian, and essayist. For several years he was a member of the English House of Commons. From 1834 to 1838, he lived in India as member of the Supreme Council of Calcutta. In 1857, he was created Baron Macaulay of Rothley—a distinction awarded chiefly as a tribute to his literary merit. Macaulay excels as a narrative poet. His *Lays of Ancient Rome* and other ballads, are melodious, energetic, and picturesque. His greatest literary work is a *History of England from the Accession of James II.*, which he did not live to complete. His *Critical and Historical Essays* exhibit a wide range of knowledge, and are among the most brilliant and graphic writings in our language.

The following selection is from his essay on *Lord Clive*. This essay and that on *Warren Hastings*, we probably owe to his residence in India.

FROM a child, Surajah Dowlah had hated the English. It was his whim to do so; and his whims were never opposed. He had also formed a very exaggerated notion of the wealth which might be obtained by plundering them; and his feeble and uncultivated mind was incapable of perceiving that the riches of Calcutta, had they been even greater than he imagined, would not compensate him for what he must lose, if the European trade, of which Bengal was a chief seat, should be driven by his violence to some other quarter. Pretexts for a quarrel were readily found. The English, in expectation of a war with France, had begun to fortify their settlement without special permission from the Nabob. A rich native, whom he longed to plunder, had taken refuge at Calcutta, and had not been delivered up. On such grounds as these Surajah Dowlah marched with a great army against Fort William.

The servants of the Company at Madras had been forced by Dupleix to become statesmen and soldiers. Those in Bengal were still mere traders, and were terrified and bewildered by the approaching danger. The governor, who had heard much of Surajah Dowlah's

cruelty, was frightened out of his wits, jumped into a boat, and took refuge in the nearest ship. The military commandant thought that he could not do better than follow so good an example. The fort was taken after a feeble resistance; and great numbers of the English fell into the hands of the conquerors. The Nabob seated himself with regal pomp in the principal hall of the factory, and ordered Mr. Holwell, the first in rank among the prisoners, to be brought to him. His Highness talked about the insolence of the English, and grumbled at the smallness of the treasure which he had found; but promised to spare their lives, and retired to rest.

Then was committed that fearful crime, memorable for its singular atrocity, memorable for the tremendous retribution which followed. The English captives were left to the mercy of the guards, and the guards determined to secure them for the night in the prison of the garrison, a chamber known by the fearful name of the Black Hole. Even for a single European malefactor, that dungeon would, in such a climate, have been too close and narrow. The space was only twenty feet square. The air-holes were small and obstructed. It was the summer solstice, the season when the fierce heat of Bengal can scarcely be rendered tolerable to natives of England by lofty halls and by the constant waving of fans. The number of the prisoners was one hundred and forty-six. When they were ordered to enter the cell, they imagined that the soldiers were joking; and, being in high spirits on account of the promise of the Nabob to spare their lives, they laughed and jested at the absurdity of the notion. They soon discovered their mistake. They expostulated; they entreated; but in vain. The guards threatened to cut down all who hesitated. The captives were driven into

the cell at the point of the sword, and the door was instantly shut and locked upon them.

Nothing in history or fiction approaches the horrors which were recounted by the few survivors of that night. They cried for mercy. They strove to burst the door. Holwell, who, even in that extremity, retained some presence of mind, offered large bribes to the gaolers. But the answer was that nothing could be done without the Nabob's orders, that the Nabob was asleep, and that he would be angry if anybody woke him. Then the prisoners went mad with despair. They trampled each other down, fought for the places at the windows, fought for the pittance of water with which the cruel mercy of the murderers mocked their agonies, raved, prayed, blasphemed, implored the guards to fire among them. The gaolers in the meantime held lights to the bars, and shouted with laughter at the frantic struggles of their victims. At length the tumult died away in low gaspings and moanings. The day broke. The Nabob had slept off his debauch, and permitted the doors to be opened. But it was some time before the soldiers could make a lane for the survivors by piling up on each side the heaps of corpses on which the burning climate had already begun to do its loathsome work. When at length a passage was made, twenty-three ghastly figures, such as their own mothers would not have known, staggered one by one out of the charnel-house. A pit was instantly dug. The dead bodies, a hundred and twenty-three in number, were flung into it promiscuously, and covered up.

But these things which, after the lapse of more than eighty years, cannot be told or read without horror, awakened neither remorse nor pity in the bosom of the savage Nabob. He inflicted no punishment on the mur-

derers. He showed no tenderness to the survivors. Some of them, indeed, from whom nothing was to be got, were suffered to depart; but those from whom it was thought that anything could be extorted were treated with execrable cruelty. Holwell, unable to walk, was carried before the tyrant, who reproached him, threatened him, and sent him up the country in irons, together with some other gentlemen who were suspected of knowing more than they chose to tell about the treasures of the Company. These persons, still bowed down by the sufferings of that great agony, were lodged in miserable sheds, and fed only with grain and water, till at length the intercessions of the female relations of the Nabob procured their release. One Englishwoman had survived that night. She was placed in the harem of the Prince at Moorshedabad.

Surajah Dowlah, in the meantime, sent letters to his nominal sovereign at Delhi, describing the late conquest in the most pompous language. He placed a garrison in Fort William, forbade Englishmen to dwell in the neighborhood, and directed that, in memory of his great actions, Calcutta should thenceforward be called Alinagore, that is to say, the Port of God.

In August the news of the fall of Calcutta reached Madras, and excited the fiercest and bitterest resentment. The cry of the whole settlement was for vengeance. Within forty-eight hours after the arrival of the intelligence, it was determined that an expedition should be sent to the Hooghly, and that Clive should be at the head of the land forces. The naval armament was under the command of Admiral Watson. Nine hundred English infantry, fine troops and full of spirit, and fifteen hundred sepoys, composed the army which sailed to punish a

prince who had more subjects than Louis XV., or the Empress Maria Theresa. In October the expedition sailed; but it had to make its way against adverse winds, and did not reach Bengal till December. . . . . .

Surajah Dowlah instantly assembled his whole force, and marched to encounter the English. It had been agreed that Meer Jaffier should separate himself from the Nabob, and carry over his division to Clive. But, as the decisive moment approached, the fears of the conspirator overpowered his ambition. Clive had advanced to Cossimbuzar; the Nabob lay with a mighty power a few miles off at Plassey; and still Meer Jaffier delayed to fulfil his engagements, and returned evasive answers to the earnest remonstrances of the English General.

Clive was in a painfully anxious situation. He could place no confidence in the sincerity or in the courage of his confederate; and, whatever confidence he might place in his own military talents, and in the valor and discipline of his troops, it was no light thing to engage an army twenty times as numerous as his own. Before him lay a river over which it was easy to advance, but over which, if things went ill, not one of his little band would ever return. On this occasion, for the first and for the last time, his dauntless spirit, during a few hours, shrank from the fearful responsibility of making a decision. He called a council of war. The majority pronounced against fighting, and Clive declared his concurrence with the majority. But scarcely had the meeting broken up when he was himself again. He retired alone under the shade of some trees, and passed near an hour there in thought. He came back determined to put everything to the hazard, and gave orders that all should be in readiness for passing the river on the morrow.

The river was passed; and, at the close of a toilsome day's march, the army, long after sunset, took up its quarters in a grove of mango-trees near Plassey, within a mile of the enemy. Clive was unable to sleep; he heard through the whole night the sound of drums and cymbals from the vast camp of the Nabob. It is not strange that even his stout heart should now and then have sunk, when he reflected against what odds, and for what a prize, he was in a few hours to contend.

Nor was the rest of Surajah Dowlah more peaceful. His mind, at once weak and stormy, was distracted by wild and horrible apprehensions. Appalled by the greatness and nearness of the crisis, distrusting his captains, dreading every one who approached him, dreading to be left alone, he sat gloomily in his tent, haunted, a Greek poet would have said, by the furies of those who had cursed him with their last breath in the Black Hole.

The day broke—the day which was to decide the fate of India. At sunrise the army of the Nabob, pouring through many openings of the camp, began to move towards the grove where the English lay. Forty thousand infantry, armed with firelocks, pikes, swords, bows and arrows, covered the plain. They were accompanied by fifty pieces of ordnance of the largest size, each tugged by a long team of white oxen, and each pushed on from behind by an elephant. Some smaller guns, under the direction of a few French auxiliaries, were perhaps more formidable. The cavalry were fifteen thousand, drawn, not from the effeminate population of Bengal, but from the bolder race which inhabits the northern provinces; and the practised eye of Clive could perceive that both the men and horses were more powerful than those of the Carnatic. The force which he had to oppose to this

great multitude consisted of only three thousand men. But of these nearly a thousand were English; and all were led by English officers, and trained in the English discipline. Conspicuous in the ranks of the little army were the men of the 39th Regiment, which still bears on its colors amidst many honorable additions won under Wellington in Spain and Gascony, the name of Plassey, and the proud motto, *Primus in Indis.*

The battle commenced with a cannonade, in which the artillery of the Nabob did scarcely any execution, while the few field-pieces of the English produced great effect. Several of the most distinguished officers in Surajah Dowlah's service fell. Disorder began to spread through his ranks. His own terror increased every moment. One of his conspirators urged on him the expediency of retreating. The insidious advice, agreeing as it did with what his own terrors suggested, was readily received. He ordered his army to fall back, and this order decided his fate. Clive snatched the moment, and ordered his troops to advance. The confused and dispirited multitude gave way before the onset of disciplined valor. No mob attacked by regular soldiers was ever more completely routed. The little band of Frenchmen, who alone ventured to confront the English, were swept down by the stream of fugitives. In an hour the forces of Surajah Dowlah were dispersed, never to reassemble. Only five hundred of the vanquished were slain. But their camp, their guns, their baggage, innumerable waggons, innumerable cattle, remained in the power of the conquerors. With the loss of twenty-two soldiers killed and fifty wounded, Clive had scattered an army of near sixty thousand men, and subdued an empire larger and more populous than Great Britain.

LXXVI.—LANDING OF THE PILGRIMS.

MRS. HEMANS.

FELICIA DOROTHEA HEMANS (b. 1794, d. 1835) was the daughter of Mr. Browne, a merchant of Liverpool, and the wife of Captain Hemans of the British Army. Her first volume of poems was published when she was in her fifteenth year. "She was the authoress of many a plaintive and mournful strain. She has shown high sentiment and heroic feelings occasionally, but her affections are with the gentle, the meek, and the wounded in spirit."

THE breaking waves dashed high on a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods against a stormy sky their giant branches tossed,
And the heavy night hung dark the hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark on the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes, they, the true-hearted came;
Not with the roll of stirring drums, and the trumpet that sings of fame;
Not as the flying come, in silence and in fear;
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom with their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang, and the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang to the anthem of the free.
The ocean eagle soared from his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared:—this was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair amidst that pilgrim band;
Why had they come to wither there, away from their childhood's land?
There was woman's fearless eye, lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high, and the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar? bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?—they sought a faith's
pure shrine!
Ay, call it holy ground, the soil where first they trod;
They have left unstained what there they found,—freedom to
worship God!

LXXVII.—TO FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

EDWIN ARNOLD (born 1832), poet and journalist, became widely known upon the publication of *The Light of Asia*, his principal poem, in 1880. He spent some time as a teacher in India, and has written prose works upon education in India and other topics.

IF on this verse of mine
Those eyes shall ever shine,
Whereto sore-wounded men have looked for life,
Think not that for a rhyme,
Nor yet to fit the time,
I name thy name,—true victress in this strife!
But let it serve to say
That, when we kneel to pray,
Prayers rise for thee thine ear shall never know;
And that thy gallant deed,
For God and for our need,
Is in all hearts, as deep as love can go.
'Tis good that thy name springs
From two of earth's fair things—
A stately city and a soft-voiced bird;
'Tis well that in all homes,
When thy sweet story comes,
And brave eyes fill, that pleasant sounds be heard.
O voice! in night of fear,
As night's bird, soft to hear;
O great heart! raised like city on a hill;
O watcher! worn and pale,
Good Florence Nightingale.
Thanks, loving thanks, for thy large work and will!
England is glad of thee;
Christ, for thy charity,
Take thee to joy when hand and heart are still!

LXXVIII.—RIDING TOGETHER.

MORRIS.

WILLIAM MORRIS (born 1834) is an English poet and artist. He has been compared to Chaucer, whom he has taken for his model, especially in his longest poem, *The Earthly Paradise*. This is a collection of independent legends drawn from classical and mediæval sources.

FOR many, many days together
The wind blew steady from the East;
For many days hot grew the weather,
About the time of our Lady's Feast.

For many days we rode together,
Yet met we neither friend nor foe;
Hotter and clearer grew the weather,
Steadily did the East wind blow.

We saw the trees in the hot, bright weather,
Clear-cut, with shadows very black,
As freely we rode on together
With helms unlaced and bridles slack.

And often as we rode together,
We, looking down the green-banked stream,
Saw flowers in the sunny weather,
And saw the bubble-making bream;

And in the night lay down together,
And hung above our heads the rood,
Or watched night-long in the dewy weather,
The while the moon did watch the wood.

Our spears stood bright and thick together,
Straight out the banners streamed behind,
As we galloped on in the sunny weather,
With faces turned towards the wind.

Down sank our threescore spears together,
As thick we saw the pagans ride;
His eager face in the clear fresh weather,
Shone out that last time by my side.

Up the sweep of the bridge we dashed together,—
It rocked to the crash of the meeting spears;
Down rained the buds of the dear spring weather,
The elm-tree flowers fell like tears.

There, as we rolled and writhed together,
I threw my arms above my head,
For close by my side, in the lovely weather,
I saw him reel and fall back dead.

I and the slayer met together,
He waited the death-stroke there in his place,
With thoughts of death, in the lovely weather,
Gapingly mazed at my madden'd face.

Madly I fought as we fought together;
In vain: the little Christian band
The pagans drowned, as in stormy weather
The river drowns low-lying land.

They bound my blood-stained hands together;
They bound his corpse to nod by my side:
Then on we rode, in the bright March weather,
With clash of cymbals did we ride.

We ride no more, no more together;
My prison-bars are thick and strong;
I take no heed of any weather,—
The sweet Saints grant I live not long!

LXXIX.—THE CAPTURE OF QUEBEC.

WARBURTON.

GEORGE WARBURTON was a major in the British army, and was stationed for some years in Canada. He subsequently became a member of the British Parliament. His death occurred in 1857. He is the author of *Hochelaga*, a lively description of life and customs in Canada and the United States. He wrote also *The Conquest of Canada*, from which the following lesson has been selected.

THE closing scene of French dominion in Canada was marked by circumstances of deep and peculiar interest. The pages of romance can furnish no more striking episode than the battle of Quebec. The skill and daring of the plan which brought on the combat, and the success and fortune of its execution, are unparalleled. A broad, open plain, offering no advantages to either party, was the field of fight. The contending armies were nearly equal in military strength, if not in numbers. The chiefs of both were already men of honorable fame.

France trusted firmly in the wise and chivalrous Montcalm. England trusted hopefully in the young and

heroic Wolfe. The magnificent stronghold, which was staked upon the issue of the strife, stood close at hand. For miles and miles around, the prospect extended over as fair a land as ever rejoiced the sight of man—mountain and valley, forest and waters, city and solitude, grouped together in forms of almost ideal beauty.

Quebec stands on the slope of a lofty eminence on the left bank of the St. Lawrence. That portion of the heights nearest the town on the west is called the Plains of Abraham. Wolfe had discovered a narrow path winding up the side of the steep precipice from the river. For miles on either side there was no other possible access to the heights. Wolfe's plan was to ascend the path secretly with his whole army, and make the plains his battle-ground. Great preparations were made throughout the fleet and the army for the decisive movement; but the plans were all kept secret.

At nine o'clock at night, on the 12th of September, 1759, the first division of the army, 1600 strong, silently embarked in flat-bottomed boats. The soldiers were in high spirits. Wolfe led in person. About an hour before daylight, the flotilla dropped down with the ebb-tide in the shade of the overhanging cliffs. The rowers scarcely stirred the waters with their oars; the soldiers sat motionless. Not a word was spoken, save by the young general. He, as a midshipman on board of his boat afterwards related, repeated, in a low voice, to the officers by his side, Gray's *Elegy in a Country Churchyard;* and as he concluded the beautiful verses, he said, "Now, gentlemen, I would rather be the author of that poem than take Quebec!"

But while Wolfe thus, in the poet's words, gave vent to the intensity of his feelings, his eye was constantly bent

upon the dark outline of the heights under which he was hurrying past. At length he recognized the appointed spot and leaped ashore.

Some of the leading boats, conveying the light company of the 78th Highlanders, had, in the meantime, been carried about two hundred yards lower down by the strength of the tide. These Highlanders, under Captain MacDonald, were the first to land. Immediately over their heads hung a woody precipice, without path or track upon its rocky face. On the summit, a French sentinel marched to and fro, still unconscious of their presence.

Without a moment's hesitation, MacDonald and his men dashed at the height. They scrambled up, holding on by rocks and branches of trees, guided only by the stars that shone over the top of the cliff. Half of the ascent was already won, when, for the first time, "Qui vive" broke the silence of the night. "La France," answered the Highland captain, with ready self-possession, and the sentry shouldered his musket and pursued his round.

In a few minutes, however, the rustling of the trees close at hand alarmed the French guard. They hastily turned out, fired one irregular volley down the precipice, and fled in a panic. The captain, alone, though wounded, stood his ground. When summoned to surrender, he fired at one of the leading assailants, but was instantly overpowered. In the meantime, nearly five hundred men landed and made their way up the height. Those who had first reached the summit then took possession of the intrenched post at the top of the path which Wolfe had selected for the ascent of his army.

Wolfe, Monckton, and Murray landed with the first division. As fast as each boat was cleared, it put back for reinforcements to the ships, which had now also

floated down with the tide to a point nearly opposite that of disembarkation.

The battalions formed on the narrow beach at the foot of the winding path; and as soon as completed, each ascended the cliff, when they again formed upon the plains above.

The boats plied busily; company after company was quickly landed, and as soon as the men touched the shore, they swarmed up the steep ascent with ready alacrity. When morning broke, the whole disposable force of Wolfe's army stood in firm array upon the table-land above the cove. Only one gun, however, could be carried up the hill; and even that was not placed in position without incredible difficulty.

Meanwhile Montcalm had been completely deceived by the demonstrations of the fleet below the town. It was day-break before the tidings reached him that the English had possession of the Plains of Abraham. . . .

Montcalm was already worsted as a general; it was still left him, however, to fight as a soldier. His order of battle was steadily and promptly made. He commanded the centre column in person. His total force engaged was 7,520, besides Indians; of these, however, not more than one-half were regular troops. Wolfe's "field state" showed a force of only 4,828 of all ranks; but every man was a trained soldier.

The French attacked. After a spirited advance made by a swarm of skirmishers, their main body, in long, unbroken lines, was seen approaching Wolfe's position. Soon a murderous and incessant fire began. The British troops fell fast. Wolfe was struck in the wrist, but was not disabled.

Wrapping a handkerchief around the wound, he hastened

from one rank to another, exhorting the men to be steady and to reserve their fire. No English soldier pulled a trigger; with matchless endurance they sustained the trial. Not a company wavered; their arms shouldered as if on parade, and motionless, save when they closed up the ghastly gaps, they waited the word of command.

When the head of the French attack had reached within forty yards, Wolfe gave the order, "Fire." At once the long row of muskets was levelled, and a volley, distinct as a single shot, flashed from the British line. For a moment the advancing columns still pressed on, shivering like pennons in the fatal storm; but a few paces told how terrible had been the force of the long-suspended blow.

Montcalm commanded the attack in person. Not fifteen minutes had elapsed since he had first moved on his line of battle, and already all was lost! But the gallant Frenchman, though ruined, was not dismayed. He rode through the broken ranks, cheered them with his voice, encouraged them by his dauntless bearing, and, aided by a small redoubt, even succeeded in once again presenting a front to his enemy.

Meanwhile Wolfe's troops had reloaded. He seized the opportunity of the hesitation in the hostile ranks, and ordered the whole British line to advance. At first they moved forward with majestic regularity, receiving and paying back with deadly interest the volleys of the French. But soon the ardor of the soldiers broke through the restraints of discipline: they increased their pace to a run, rushing over the dying and the dead, and sweeping the living enemy from their path.

Wolfe was again wounded,—this time in the body; but he concealed his suffering, for his work was not yet accomplished. Soon afterwards, a ball from the redoubt

struck him in the breast. He reeled to one side; but at the moment it was not generally observed.

"Support me," said he to a grenadier officer who was close at hand, "that my brave fellows may not see me fall." In a few seconds, however, he sank to the ground, and was borne a little to the rear.

The brief struggle fell heavily upon the British, but was ruinous to the French. They wavered under the carnage; the columns which death had disordered were soon broken and scattered. Montcalm, with a courage that rose above the wreck of hope, galloped through the groups of his stubborn veterans, who still made head against the enemy, and strove to show a front of battle. His efforts were vain. The head of every formation was swept away before that terrible musketry. In a few minutes the French gave way in all directions. Just then their gallant general fell with a mortal wound; from that time all was utter rout.

While the British troops were carrying all before them, their young general's life was ebbing fast away. From time to time he tried, with his faint hand, to clear away the death-mist that gathered before his sight; but the efforts seemed vain, for presently he lay back, and gave no signs of life beyond a heavy breathing and an occasional groan.

Meantime the French had given way, and were flying in all directions. A grenadier officer seeing this, called out to those around him, "See! they run!" The words caught the ear of the dying man. He raised himself, like one aroused from sleep, and eagerly asked, "Who run?" "The enemy, Sir," answered the officer, "they give way everywhere."

"Go, one of you, to Colonel Burton," said Wolfe; "tell

him to march Webb's regiment with all speed down to the St. Charles River, to cut off the retreat." When he had given this last order, he seemed to feel that he had done his duty, and he added feebly, but distinctly,—"Now, God be praised, I die happy." His voice grew faint as he spoke, and turning on his side, as if seeking an easier position, his eyes closed in death.

When the news of these great events reached England, a day of thanksgiving was appointed by proclamation through all the dominions of Great Britain.

Then the sounds of joy and grief from her people wildly rose:

Never, perhaps, have triumph and lamentation been so strangely intermingled. Astonishment and admiration at the splendid victory, with sorrow for the loss of the gallant victor, filled every breast. Throughout all the land were illuminations and public rejoicings, except in the little Kentish village of Westerham, where Wolfe was born, and where his widowed mother now mourned her only child.

Wolfe's body was embalmed, and borne to the river for conveyance to England. The army escorted it in solemn state to the beach. They mourned their young general's death as sincerely, as they had followed him in battle bravely. Their attachment to him had softened their toils, their confidence in him had cheered them in disasters, and his loss now turned their triumph into sadness.

One of the most momentous political questions that has ever yet moved the human race was decided in this struggle. When a few English and French emigrants first landed among the Virginian and Canadian forests, it began; when the British flag was hoisted on the citadel of Quebec, it was decided. From that day the hand of Providence pointed out to the Anglo-Saxon race that to them was henceforth intrusted the destiny of the New World.

LXXX.—WATERLOO.

BYRON.

GEORGE GORDON NOEL BYRON (b. 1788, d. 1824), one of the greatest of English poets, published his first volume of poems—*Hours of Idleness*—at the age of nineteen. The fierce criticism which assailed these early poems drew from him in reply a stinging satire—*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*—which showed more clearly his great genius as a poet. After travelling for two years on the continent, he published the first two cantos of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, and sprang at once into fame. He became Lord Byron on the death of his granduncle in 1798. He was naturally self-willed and sensitive, and his early training only tended to make him more passionate and ungovernable. His heroes bear a striking resemblance to himself. They are "men who have arrived by different roads at the same goal of despair, who are sick of life, and at war with society." In 1823, he went to aid the Greeks in their struggle for independence, but his strength was impaired by excesses, and he died of fever at Missolonghi. "His poems are marvels of energy and spirit, glittering with poetic beauties and epigrammatic expressions."

The following extract, and that on page 247, are from *Childe Harold*.

STOP!—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust!
An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below!
Is the spot marked with no colossal bust?
Nor column trophied for triumphal show?
None: but the moral's truth tells simpler so.
As the ground was before, thus let it be:—
How that red rain hath made the harvest grow!
And is this all the world has gained by thee,
Thou first and last of fields! king-making Victory?

. . . . . .

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No ; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street.
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined!
No sleep till morn when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet—
But hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! Arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
Sat Brunswick's fated chieftain: he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with death's prophetic ear ;
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell:
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;

And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips, "The foe! They come!
They come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years;
And Evan's, Donald's fame, rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valor, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn, the marshalling in arms,—the day,
Battle's magnificently stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which, when rent,
The earth is covered thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

LXXXI.—AGRICULTURE.

GREELEY.

HORACE GREELEY (b. 1811, d. 1872) was a distinguished American journalist and popular lecturer. He was connected with several journals in his time, but is best known as the founder and editor of the *New York Tribune*. In 1872 he was a candidate for the Presidency, but was defeated by General Grant, and died shortly afterwards. *What I know of Farming* is one of his best-known works.

Is agriculture a repulsive pursuit? That what has been called farming has repelled many of the youth of our day, I perceive; and I glory in the fact. A boy, who has received a fair common-school education and has an active, inquiring mind, does not willingly consent merely to drive oxen and hold the plow forever. He will do these with alacrity, if they come in his way; he will not accept them as the be-all and the end-all of his career.

He will not sit down in a rude, slovenly, naked home, devoid of flowers, and trees, and books, and periodicals, and intelligent, inspiring, refining conversation, and there plod through a life of drudgery as hopeless and cheerless as any mule's. He has needs, and hopes, and aspirations, which this life does not and ought not to satisfy. This might have served his progenitor in the ninth century; but this is the nineteenth, and the boy knows it.

He needs to feel the intellectual life of the period flowing freely into and through him,—needs to feel that, though the city and railroad are out of sight, the latter is daily bringing within his reach all that is noblest and best in the achievements and attractions of the former. He may not listen to our ablest orators in the senate or in the pulpit; but the press multiplies their best thoughts and most forcible expressions at the rate of ten to twenty thousand copies per hour; and its issues are within the reach of every industrious family.

To arrest the rush of our youth to the cities, we have only to diffuse what is best of the cities through the country; and this the latest triumphs of civilization enable us easily to do. A home irradiated by the best thoughts of the sages and heroes of all time, even though these be compressed within a few rusty volumes, cheered by the frequent arrival of two or three choice periodicals, and surrounded by such floral evidences of taste and refinement as are within the reach of the poorest owner of the soil he tills, will not be spurned as a prison by any youth not thoroughly corrupted and depraved.

Any farmer, who has two hands and knows how to use them, may, at fifty years of age, have a better library than King Solomon ever dreamed of, though he declared that "of making many books there is no end"; any intelligent farmer's son may have a better knowledge of Nature and her laws when twenty years old than Aristotle or Pliny ever attained. The steam-engine, the electric telegraph, and the power-press have brought knowledge nearer to the humblest cabin than it was, ten centuries since, to the stateliest mansion; let the cabin be careful not to disparage or repel it.

But thousands of farmers are more intent on leaving money and lands to their children than on informing and enriching their minds. They starve their souls in order to pamper their bodies. They grudge their sons that which would make them truly wise, in order to provide them with what can at best but make them rich in corn and cattle, while poor in manly purpose and generous ideas.

Modern agriculture is an art—or rather a circle of arts—based upon natural science, which is a methodical exposition of divine law. The savage is Nature's thrall,

whom she scorches, freezes, starves, drowns, as her caprice may dictate. He lives in constant dread of her frosts, her tornadoes, her lightnings. Science teaches his civilized successor to turn her wildest eccentricities to his own use and profit. Her floods and gales saw his timber and grind his grain; in time, they will chop his trees, speed his plow, and till his crops as well.

Only good farming pays. He who sows or plants without reasonable assurance of good crops annually, might better earn wages of some capable neighbor than work for so poor a paymaster as he is certain to prove himself. The good farmer is proved such by the steady appreciation of his crops. Anyone may reap an ample harvest from a fertile, virgin soil; the good farmer alone grows good crops at first, and better and better ever afterward.

It is far easier to maintain the productive capacity of a farm than to restore it. To exhaust its fecundity, and then attempt its restoration by buying costly commercial fertilizers, is wasteful and irrational. The good farmer sells mainly such products as are least exhaustive. Necessity may constrain him, for the first year or two, to sell grain, or even hay; but he will soon send off his surplus mainly in the form of cotton, or wool, or meat, or butter and cheese, or something else that returns to the soil nearly all that is taken from it. A bank account daily drawn upon, while nothing is deposited to its credit, must soon respond, "No funds": so with a farm similarly treated.

Wisdom is never dear, provided the article be genuine. I have known farmers who toiled constantly from daybreak to dark, yet died poor, because, through ignorance, they wrought to disadvantage. If every

farmer would devote two hours of each day to reading and reflection, there would be fewer failures in farming than there are.

The best investment a farmer can make for his children is that which surrounds their youth with the rational delights of a beauteous, attractive home. The dwelling may be small and rude, yet a few flowers will embellish, as choice fruit trees will enrich and gladden it; while grass and shade are within the reach of the humblest. Hardly any labor done on a farm is so profitable as that which makes the wife and children fond and proud of their home.

A good, practical education, including a good trade, is a better outfit for a youth than a grand estate with the drawback of an empty mind. Many parents have slaved and pinched to leave their children rich, when half the sum, thus lavished, would have profited them far more had it been devoted to the cultivation of their minds, the enlargement of their capacity to think, observe, and work. The one structure that no neighborhood can afford to do without is the school-house.

A small library of well-selected books in his home has saved many a youth from wandering into the baleful ways of the prodigal son. Where paternal strictness and severity would have bred nothing but dislike and a fixed resolve to abscond at the first opportunity, good books and pleasant surroundings have weaned many a youth from his first wild impulse to go to sea or cross the continent, and made him a docile, contented, obedient, happy lingerer by the parental fireside. In a family, however rich or poor, no other good is so cheap or so precious as thoughtful, watchful love.

Most men are born poor, but no man, who has average

capacities and tolerable luck, need remain so. And the farmer's calling, though proffering no sudden leaps, no ready short cuts to opulence, is the surest of all ways from poverty and want to comfort and independence. Other men must climb; the temperate, frugal, diligent, provident farmer may *grow* into competence and every external accessory to happiness. Each year of his devotion to his homestead may find it more valuable, more attractive than the last, and leave it better still.

LXXXII.—THE OCEAN.

BYRON.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar.
I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering, in thy playful spray,
And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
His petty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,—
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou,
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play—
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,—
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
Dark-heaving,—boundless, endless, and sublime,—

The image of Eternity,—the throne
Of the Invisible: even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

LXXXIII.—THE INFLUENCE OF BEAUTY.

JOHN KEATS.

JOHN KEATS (b. 1796, d. 1821) possessed remarkable poetical powers, and, in his short life, gave promise of being one of the great poets of England. In luxuriance of fancy and in brilliant imagery, he is not surpassed by any poet.

The following selection contains the opening lines of *Endymion*, his most important poem, published in 1818.

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,

Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep; and such are daffodils,
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms;
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour; no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
They always must be with us, or we die.

HEAR me, O God!
A broken heart is my best part:
Use still Thy rod,
That I may prove therein Thy love.
If thou hadst not
Been stern to me, but left me free,
I had forgot myself and Thee.
For sin's so sweet,
As minds ill bent rarely repent,
Until they meet their punishment.

—*Ben Jonson.*

LXXXIV.—KING RICHARD AND THE NUBIAN.

FIRST READING.

SCOTT.

THE following lesson is taken from *The Talisman*, a tale of the Third Crusade. The scene is laid in the camp of Richard I. of England, near Ascalon, on the coast of Palestine. The Moslem army with the famous Saladin as leader, is in the immediate neighborhood.

Prince David of Scotland, who had joined the Crusading army as a Scottish Knight—Sir Kenneth—had been degraded and expelled from the camp on a charge of treason. He afterwards returned in the disguise of a Nubian slave.

RICHARD surveyed the Nubian in silence as he stood before him, his looks bent upon the ground, his arms folded on his bosom, with the appearance of a black marble statue of the most exquisite workmanship, waiting life from the touch of a Prometheus. The king of England, who, as it was emphatically said of his successor, Henry the Eighth, loved to look upon A MAN, was well pleased with the thews, sinews, and symmetry of him whom he now surveyed, and questioned him in the *lingua Franca*, "Art thou a pagan?"

The slave shook his head, and raising his finger to his brow, crossed himself in token of his Christianity, then resumed his posture of motionless humility.

"A Nubian Christian, doubtless," said Richard, "and mutilated of the organ of speech by these heathen dogs?"

The mute again slowly shook his head in token of negative, pointed with his forefinger to Heaven, and then laid it upon his own lips.

"I understand thee," said Richard; "thou dost suffer under the infliction of God, not by the cruelty of man. Canst thou clean an armor and belt, and buckle it in time of need?"

The mute nodded, and stepping towards the coat of

mail, which hung, with the shield and helmet of the chivalrous monarch, upon the pillar of the tent, he handled it with such nicety of address, as sufficiently to show that he fully understood the business of the armor-bearer.

"Thou art an apt, and wilt doubtless be a useful knave —thou shalt wait in my chamber, and on my person," said the king, "to show how much I value the gift of the royal Soldan. If thou hast no tongue, it follows thou canst carry no tales, neither provoke me to be sudden by any unfit reply."

The Nubian again prostrated himself till his brow touched the earth, then stood erect, at some paces distant, as waiting for his new master's commands.

"Nay, thou shalt commence thy office presently," said Richard, "for I see a speck of rust darkening on that shield; and when I shake it in the face of Saladin, it should be bright and unsullied as the Soldan's honor and mine own."

A horn was winded without, and presently Sir Henry Neville entered with a packet of despatches.—"From England, my lord," he said, as he delivered it.

"From England—our own England!" repeated Richard, in a tone of melancholy enthusiasm—"Alas! they little think how hard their sovereign has been beset by sickness and sorrow—faint friends and forward enemies." Then opening the despatches, he said hastily, "Ha! this comes from no peaceful land—they too have their feuds.—Neville, begone—I must peruse these tidings alone, and at leisure."

Neville withdrew accordingly, and Richard was soon absorbed in the melancholy details which had been conveyed to him from England, concerning the factions that were tearing to pieces his native dominions—the disunion

of his brothers, John and Geoffrey, and the quarrels of both with the High Justiciary Longchamp, Bishop of Ely—the oppressions practised by the nobles upon the peasantry, and rebellion of the latter against their masters, which had produced everywhere, scenes of discord, and, in some instances, the effusion of blood. Details of incidents mortifying to his pride, and derogatory from his authority, were intermingled with the earnest advice of his wisest and most attached counsellors, that he should presently return to England, as his presence offered the only hope of saving the kingdom from all the horrors of civil discord, of which France and Scotland were likely to avail themselves. Filled with the most painful anxiety, Richard read, and again read, the ill-omened letters, compared the intelligence which some of them contained with the same facts as differently stated in others, and soon became totally insensible to whatever was passing around him, although seated, for the sake of coolness, close to the entrance of his tent, and having the curtains withdrawn, so that he could see and be seen by the guards and others who were stationed without.

Deeper in the shadow of the pavilion, and busied with the task his new master had imposed, sat the Nubian slave, with his back rather turned towards the king. He had finished adjusting and cleaning the hauberk and brigandine, and was now busily employed on a broad pavesse, or buckler, of unusual size, and covered with steel-plating, which Richard often used in reconnoitring, or actually storming, fortified places, as a more effectual protection against missile weapons, than the narrow triangular shield used on horseback. This pavesse bore neither the royal lions of England, nor any other device, to attract the observation of the defenders of the walls

against which it was advanced; the care, therefore, of the armorer was addressed to causing its surface to shine as bright as crystal, in which he seemed to be peculiarly successful. Beyond the Nubian, and scarce visible from without, lay the large dog, which might be termed his brother slave, and which, as if he felt awed by being transferred to a royal owner, was couched close to the side of the mute, with head and ears on the ground, and his limbs and tail drawn close around and under him.

While the monarch and his new attendant were thus occupied, another actor crept upon the scene, and mingled among the group of English yeomen, about a score of whom, respecting the unusually pensive posture and close occupation of their sovereign, were, contrary to their wont, keeping a silent guard in front of his tent. It was not, however, more vigilant than usual. Some were playing at games of hazard with small pebbles, others spoke together in whispers of the approaching day of battle, and several lay asleep, their bulky limbs folded in their green mantles.

Amid these careless warders glided the puny form of a little old Turk, poorly dressed like a marabout or santon of the desert, a sort of enthusiasts, who sometimes ventured into the camp of the Crusaders, though treated always with contumely, and often with violence. Indeed, the luxury and profligate indulgence of the Christian leaders had occasioned a motley concourse in their tents, of musicians, Jewish merchants, Copts, Turks, and all the varied refuse of the Eastern nations; so that the caftan and turban—though to drive both from the Holy Land was the professed object of the expedition—were nevertheless neither an uncommon nor an alarming sight in the camp of the Crusaders. When, however, the little,

insignificant figure we have described, approached so nigh as to receive some interruption from the warders, he dashed his dusky green turban from his head, showed that his beard and eyebrows were shaved like those of a professed buffoon, and that the expression of his fantastic and writhen features, as well as of his little black eyes, which glittered like jet, was that of a crazed imagination.

"Dance, marabout," cried the soldiers, acquainted with the manners of these wandering enthusiasts—"dance, or we will scourge thee with our bowstrings, till thou spin as never top did under schoolboy's lash." Thus shouted the reckless warders, as much delighted at having a subject to tease, as a child when he catches a butterfly, or a schoolboy upon discovering a bird's nest.

The marabout, as if happy to do their behests, bounded from the earth, and spun his giddy round before them with singular agility, which, when contrasted with his slight and wasted figure, and diminutive appearance, made him resemble a withered leaf, twirled round and round at the pleasure of the winter's breeze. His single lock of hair streamed upwards from his bald and shaven head, as if some genie upheld him by it; and indeed it seemed as if supernatural art were necessary to the execution of the wild, whirling dance, in which scarce the tiptoe of the performer was seen to touch the ground. Amid the vagaries of his performance, he flew here and there, from one spot to another, still approaching, however, though almost imperceptibly, to the entrance of the royal tent; so that when at length he sunk exhausted on the earth, after two or three bounds still higher than those which he had yet executed, he was not above thirty yards from the king's person.

LXXXV.—MARMION AND DOUGLAS.

SCOTT.

THE lesson that follows is from Scott's *Marmion*. Marmion is an English lord sent on an embassy from Henry VIII. to James IV., of Scotland. While returning from Edinburgh he becomes the guest of Earl Douglas at Tantallon Castle. Douglas, who has been informed of the ignoble character of Marmion, treats him coldly, and this leads to their angry parting, as Marmion is leaving Tantallon for the field of Flodden.

NOT far advanced was morning day,
When Marmion did his troop array,
To Surrey's camp to ride;
He had safe-conduct for his band
Beneath the royal seal and hand,
And Douglas gave a guide.
The ancient earl, with stately grace,
Would Clara on her palfrey place,
And whispered, in an undertone,
"Let the hawk stoop, his prey is flown."
The train from out the castle drew,
But Marmion stopped to bid adieu:
"Though something I might plain," he said,
"Of cold respect to stranger guest,
Sent hither by your king's behest,
While in Tantallon's towers I stayed,—
Part we in friendship from your land;
And, noble earl, receive my hand."

But Douglas round him drew his cloak,
Folded his arms, and thus he spoke:
"My manors, halls, and bowers shall still
Be open, at my sovereign's will,
To each one whom he lists, howe'er
Unmeet to be the owner's peer.

My castles are my king's alone,
From turret to foundation-stone;
The hand of Douglas is his own,
And never shall, in friendly grasp,
The hand of such as Marmion clasp."

Burned Marmion's swarthy cheek like fire,
And shook his very frame for ire;
And—"This to me!" he said,
"An 'twere not for thy hoary beard,
Such hand as Marmion's had not spared
To cleave the Douglas' head!
"And first, I tell thee, haughty peer,
He who does England's message here,
Although the meanest in her state,
May well, proud Angus, be thy mate:
And, Douglas, more I tell thee here,
E'en in thy pitch of pride,—
Here in thy Hold, thy vassals near,
(Nay, never look upon your lord,
And lay your hands upon your sword)—
I tell thee, thou'rt defied!
And if thou saidst, I am not peer
To any lord in Scotland here,
Lowland or Highland, far or near,
Lord Angus, thou hast lied!"

On the earl's cheek the flush of rage
O'ercame the ashen hue of age:
Fierce he broke forth:—"And darest thou then
To beard the lion in his den,
The Douglas in his hall?
And hopest thou hence unscathed to go?—
No, by Saint Bryde of Bothwell, no!—
Up drawbridge, grooms—what, warder, ho!
Let the portcullis fall."

Lord Marmion turned,—well was his need,—
And dashed the rowels in his steed ;
Like arrow through the archway sprung ;
The ponderous gate behind him rung :
To pass there was such scanty room,
The bars descending grazed his plume.

The steed along the drawbridge flies,
Just as it trembles on the rise ;
Not lighter does the swallow skim
Along the smooth lake's level brim ;
And when Lord Marmion reached his band,
He halts, and turns with clenchèd hand,
And shout of loud defiance pours,
And shook his gauntlet at the towers.

"Horse ! horse !" the Douglas cried, "and chase !"
But soon he reined his fury's pace :
"A royal messenger he came,
Though most unworthy of the name.
A letter forged ! Saint Jude to speed !
Did ever knight so foul a deed ?
At first, in heart, it liked me ill,
When the king praised his clerkly skill.
Thanks to Saint Bothan, son of mine,
Save Gawain, ne'er could pen a line.
Saint Mary mend my fiery mood !
Old age ne'er cools the Douglas blood :
I thought to slay him where he stood.—
'Tis pity of him, too," he cried :
"Bold can he speak, and fairly ride :
I warrant him a warrior tried."—

With this his mandate he recalls,
And slowly seeks his castle halls.

LXXXVI.—KING RICHARD AND THE NUBIAN.

SECOND READING.

FOR the space of a quarter of an hour, or longer, after the incident related, all remained perfectly quiet in the front of the royal habitation. The king read, and mused in the entrance of his pavilion; behind, and with his back turned to the same entrance, the Nubian slave still burnished the ample pavesse; in front of all, at a hundred paces distant, the yeomen of the guard stood, sat, or lay extended on the grass, attentive to their own sports, but pursuing them in silence; while on the esplanade betwixt them and the front of the tent, lay, scarcely to be distinguished from a bundle of rags, the senseless form of the marabout.

But the Nubian had the advantage of a mirror, from the brilliant reflection which the surface of the highly polished shield now afforded, by means of which he beheld, to his alarm and surprise, that the marabout raised his head gently from the ground, so as to survey all around him, moving with a well-adjusted precaution, which seemed entirely inconsistent with a state of ebriety. He couched his head instantly, as if satisfied he was unobserved, and began with the slightest possible appearance of voluntary effort, to drag himself, as if by chance, ever nearer and nearer to the king, but stopping, and remaining fixed at intervals, like the spider, which, moving towards her object, collapses into apparent lifelessness, when she thinks she is the subject of observation. This species of movement appeared suspicious to the Ethiopian, who, on his part, prepared himself, as quietly as possible,

to interfere, the instant that interference should seem to be necessary.

The marabout meanwhile glided on gradually and imperceptibly, serpent-like, or rather snail-like, till he was about ten yards distant from Richard's person, when, starting on his feet, he sprung forward with the bound of a tiger, stood at the king's back in less than an instant, and brandished aloft the cangiar, or poniard, which he had hidden in his sleeve. Not the presence of his whole army could have saved their heroic monarch—but the motions of the Nubian had been as well calculated as those of the enthusiast, and ere the latter could strike, the former caught his uplifted arm. Turning his fanatical wrath upon what thus unexpectedly interposed betwixt him and his object, the Charegite, for such was the seeming marabout, dealt the Nubian a blow with the dagger, which, however, only grazed his arm, while the far superior strength of the Ethiopian easily dashed him to the ground.

Aware of what had passed, Richard had now arisen, and with little more of surprise, anger, or interest of any kind in his countenance, than an ordinary man would show in brushing off and crushing an intrusive wasp, caught up the stool on which he had been sitting, and exclaiming only, "Ha, dog!" dashed almost to pieces the skull of the assassin, who uttered twice, once in a loud, and once in a broken tone, the words, "Allah ackbar!" —God is victorious—and expired at the king's feet.

"Ye are careful warders," said Richard to his archers, in a tone of scornful reproach, as, aroused by the bustle of what had passed, in terror and tumult they now rushed into his tent;—"watchful sentinels ye are, to leave me to do such hangman's work with my own hand. Be silent

all of you, and cease your senseless clamor! saw ye never a dead Turk before? Here—cast that carrion out of the camp, strike the head from the trunk, and stick it on a lance, taking care to turn the face to Mecca, that he may the easier tell the foul impostor, on whose inspiration he came hither, how he has sped on his errand. For thee, my swart and silent friend," he added, turning to the Ethiopian—"But how's this?—thou art wounded—and with a poisoned weapon, I warrant me, for, by force of stab, so weak an animal as that could scarce hope to do more than raze the lion's hide. Suck the poison from his wound one of you—the venom is harmless on the lips, though fatal when it mingles with the blood."

The yeomen looked upon each other confusedly and with hesitation, the apprehension of so strange a danger prevailing with those who feared no other.

"How now, sirrahs," continued the king, "are you dainty-lipped, or do you fear death that you dally thus?"

"Not the death of a man," said Long Allen, to whom the king looked as he spoke, "but methinks I would not die like a poisoned rat for the sake of a black chattel there, that is bought and sold in a market like a Martlemas ox."

"His Grace speaks to men of sucking poison," muttered another yeoman, "as if he said, Go to, swallow a gooseberry."

"Nay," said Richard, "I never bade man do that which I would not do myself."

And, without further ceremony, and in spite of the general expostulations of those around, and the respectful opposition of the Nubian himself, the king of England applied his lips to the wound of the black slave, treating with ridicule all remonstrances, and overpowering all

resistance. He had no sooner intermitted his singular occupation, than the Nubian started from him, and, casting a scarf over his arm, intimated by gestures, as firm in purpose as they were respectful in manner, his determination not to permit the monarch to renew so degrading an employment. Long Allen also interposed, saying, that if it were necessary to prevent the king engaging again in a treatment of this kind, his own lips, tongue, and teeth, were at the service of the negro (as he called the Ethiopian), and that he would eat him up bodily, rather than King Richard's mouth should again approach him.

Neville, who entered with other officers, added his remonstrances.

"Nay, nay, make not a needless halloo about a hart that the hounds have lost, or a danger when it is over," said the king—"the wound will be a trifle, for the blood is scarce drawn—an angry cat had dealt a deeper scratch—and for me, I have but to take a drachm of orvietan by way of precaution, though it is needless."

Thus spoke Richard, a little ashamed, perhaps, of his own condescension, though sanctioned both by humanity and gratitude. But when Neville continued to make remonstrances on the peril to his royal person, the king imposed silence on him.

"Peace, I prithee—make no more of it—I did it but to show these ignorant, prejudiced knaves how they might help each other when these cowardly caitiffs come against us with sarbacanes and poisoned shafts. But," he added, "take this Nubian to thy quarters, Neville—I have changed my mind touching him—let him be well cared for—but, hark in thine ear—see that he escapes thee not—there is more in him than seems. Let him have all liberty, so that he leave not the camp."

LXXXVII.—THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

HOOD.

THOMAS HOOD (b. 1798, d. 1845), the famous humorist, was early connected with journalism. He edited various magazines, and was a contributor to *Punch* and other periodicals. His life was a continual struggle with poverty and ill-health. His humorous poems abound in puns and fanciful turns of expression. He has also written many of a serious character, full of the deepest tenderness and pathos. *The Song of the Shirt*, his finest serious poem, aroused an interest in the sufferings of the London seamstresses, and led to some amelioration of their condition.

WITH fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch
She sang the "Song of the Shirt."

"Work—work—work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work!
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's oh! to be a slave,
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work!
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"O men, with sisters dear!
O men, with mothers and wives!
It is not linen you're wearing out,
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

"But why do I talk of death?
That phantom of grisly bone;
I hardly fear his terrible shape,
It seems so like my own.
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!
My labor never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread, and rags;
That shattered roof—and this naked floor—
A table—a broken chair—
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work!
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work!
In the dull December light;
And work—work—work!
When the weather is warm and bright—
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to show me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh, but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh, but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread!"

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still with a voice of dolorous pitch,
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

LXXXVIII.—THE DEMON OF THE DEEP.

HUGO.

VICTOR MARIE HUGO (born 1802) is a distinguished French poet and novelist. He was banished from France by Napoleon III., and did not return till the fall of the empire. He has always shewn his sympathy with those who have been struggling for liberty. Many of his works have been translated into English.

The following selection is from Hugo's *Toilers of the Sea*. Gilliatt, the hero of the tale, is a Guernsey fisherman of great skill and daring. He had undertaken a perilous expedition to the Douvres rocks, south of Guernsey, and was on the point of returning when a storm delayed him. When all danger from the storm was past, Gilliatt, exhausted by weeks of toil and privation, fell into a deep sleep on the deck of his little vessel.

WHEN Gilliatt awoke he was hungry. The sea was growing calmer. Although pressed by hunger, he began by stripping himself of his wet clothing,—the only means of getting warmth. His overcoat, jacket, overalls, and sheepskin he spread out and fixed with large round stones here and there. Then he thought of eating.

He had recourse to his knife, which he was careful to sharpen, and to keep always in good condition, and he detached from the rocks a few limpets. He took advantage of the receding tide to wander among the rocks in search of cray-fish. He wandered, not in the gorge of the rocks, but outside, among the smaller breakers. For the search that Gilliatt was prosecuting, this part was more favorable than the interior. At low water the crabs are accustomed to crawl out into the air.

On this day, however, the cray-fish and crabs were both lacking; the tempest had driven them into their solitary retreats, and they had not yet mustered courage to venture abroad. Gilliatt held his open knife in his hand, and from time to time scraped a cockle from under the bunches of sea-weed, which he ate while still walking. As he was determining to content himself with the sea-urchins,

a little clattering noise at his feet aroused his attention. A large crab, startled by his approach, had just dropped into a pool. He chased it along the base of the rock. Suddenly it was gone. It had buried itself in some crevice under the rock.

Gilliatt clutched the projections of the rock, and stretched out to observe where it shelved away under the water. As he suspected, there was an opening there in which the creature had evidently taken refuge. It was a kind of porch. The sea entered beneath it, but was not deep. The bottom was visible, covered with large pebbles. Holding his knife between his teeth, Gilliatt descended, by the help of feet and hands, from the upper part of the escarpment, and leaped into the water. It reached almost to his shoulders.

He made his way through the porch, and found himself in a blind passage, with a roof in the form of a rude arch over his head. The walls were polished and slippery. The crab was nowhere visible. He gained his feet, and advanced in daylight growing fainter, so that he began to lose the power to distinguish objects. At about fifteen paces the vaulted roof ended overhead. He had penetrated beyond the blind passage. There was here more space, and consequently more daylight. His vision became clearer. He saw before his eyes another vaulted roof, and at the farther end an altar-like stone.

He now observed before him, at a certain height in the wall, a crevice, which, from the point where he stood, appeared inaccessible. Near the moulded arch he saw low dark grottoes within the cavern. The entrance to the nearest was out of the water, and easily approachable. Nearer still than this recess, he noticed above the level of the water and within reach of his hand a horizontal

fissure. It seemed to him probable that the crab had taken refuge there, and he plunged his hand in as far as he was able, and groped about in that dusky aperture.

Suddenly he felt himself seized by the arm. A strange, indescribable horror thrilled through him. Some living thing—thin, rough, flat, cold, slimy—had twisted itself round his naked arm, in the dark depth below. It crept upward towards his chest. Its pressure was like a tightening cord, its steady persistence like that of a screw. In less than a moment some mysterious spiral form had passed round his wrist and elbow, and had reached his shoulder. A sharp point penetrated beneath the arm-pit.

Gilliatt recoiled, but he had scarcely power to move. He was, as it were, nailed to the place. With his left hand he seized his knife, which he still held between his teeth, and with that hand holding the knife he supported himself against the rocks, while he made a desperate effort to withdraw his arm. He succeeded in only disturbing his persecutor, which wound itself still tighter. It was supple as leather, strong as steel, cold as night.

A second form—sharp, elongated, and narrow—issued out of the crevice, like a tongue out of monstrous jaws. It seemed to lick his naked body; then, suddenly stretching out, became longer and thinner, as it crept over his skin and wound itself round him. At the same time a terrible sense of pain, comparable to nothing he had ever known, compelled all his muscles to contract. He felt upon his skin a number of flat, rounded points. It seemed as if innumerable suckers had fastened to his flesh and were about to drink his blood.

A third long, undulating shape issued from the hole in the rock,—seemed to feel its way about his body,—lashed round his ribs like a cord, and fixed itself there.

Agony when at its height is mute: Gilliatt uttered no cry. There was sufficient light for him to see the repulsive forms which had entangled themselves about him.

A fourth ligature—but this one swift as an arrow—darted towards his stomach, and wound around him there. It was impossible to sever or tear away the slimy bands which were twisted tightly round his body, and were adhering by a number of points. Each of the points was the focus of frightful and singular pangs. It was as if numberless small mouths were devouring him at the same time.

A fifth long, slimy, riband-shaped strip issued from the hole. It passed over the others, and wound itself tightly round his chest. The compression increased his sufferings; he could scarcely breathe. These living thongs were pointed at their extremities, but broadened like the blade of a sword towards its hilt. All belonged evidently to the same centre. They crept and glided about him; he felt the strange points of pressure, which seemed to him like mouths, change their places from time to time.

Suddenly a large, round, flattened, glutinous mass issued from the crevice. It was the centre; the five thongs were attached to it like spokes to the nave of a wheel. On the opposite side of this disgusting monster appeared the commencement of three other tentacles, the ends of which remained under the rock. In the middle of this slimy mass appeared two eyes. The eyes were fixed on Gilliatt. He recognized the devil-fish.

It is difficult for those who have not seen it, to believe in the existence of the devil-fish. If terror were the object of its creation, nothing could be imagined more perfect than the devil-fish. The octopus is the sea-vampire. The swimmer who, attracted by the beauty of the spot, ventures among breakers in the open sea,—where the

still waters hide the splendors of the deep,—in the hollows of unfrequented rocks,—in unknown caverns abounding in sea-plants, testacea, and crustacea,—under the deep portals of the ocean,—runs the risk of meeting it. The monster was the inhabitant of the grotto—the terrible genius of the place—a kind of sombre demon of the water.

Gilliatt had thrust his arm deep into the opening; the monster had snapped at it. It held him fast, as the spider holds the fly. He was in the water up to his belt; his naked feet clutching the slippery roundness of the huge stones at the bottom; his right arm bound and rendered powerless by the flat coils of the long tentacles of the creature, and his body almost hidden under the folds and cross folds of this horrible bandage. Of the eight arms of the devil-fish, three adhered to the rock, while five encircled Gilliatt. In this way, clinging to the granite on the one hand, and on the other to its human prey, it enchained him to the rock. Two hundred and fifty suckers were upon him, tormenting him with agony and loathing. He was grasped by gigantic hands, the fingers of which were each nearly a yard long, and furnished inside with living blisters eating into the flesh.

It is impossible to tear one s self from the folds of the devil-fish; the attempt ends only in a firmer grasp; the monster clings with more determined force. Its effort increases with that of its victim; every struggle produces a tightening of its ligatures. Gilliatt had but one resource,—his knife. His left hand only was free; his open knife was in this hand. The antenna of the devil-fish cannot be cut; it is a leathery substance, impossible to divide with the knife,—it slips under the edge. Its position in attack also is such that to cut it would be to wound the victim's own flesh. The creature is formidable,

but there is a way of resisting it. The cephalopod, in fact, is vulnerable only through the head.

Gilliatt was not ignorant of this fact. With the octopus there is a certain moment in the conflict which must be seized. It is the instant when the devil-fish advances its head. The movement is rapid. He who loses that moment is destroyed.

The things we have described occupied only a few moments. Gilliatt felt the increasing power of its innumerable suckers. He grasped his knife and looked at the monster, which seemed to look at him. Suddenly it loosened from the rock its sixth antenna, and, darting it at him, seized him by the left arm. At the same moment it advanced its head with a violent movement. In one second more its mouth would have fastened on his breast. Bleeding in the sides, and with his two arms entangled, he would have been a dead man.

But Gilliatt was watchful. He avoided the antenna, and at the moment when the monster darted forward to fasten on his breast, he struck it with the knife clenched in his left hand. There were two convulsions in opposite directions,—that of the devil-fish and that of its prey. The movement was rapid as a double flash of lightning. He had plunged the blade of his knife into the flat, slimy substance, and by a rapid movement, like the flourish of a whip in the air, describing a circle round the two eyes, he wrenched the head off as a man would draw a tooth.

The struggle was ended. The folds relaxed; the monster dropped away, like the slow detaching of hands; the four hundred suckers, deprived of their sustaining power, dropped at once from the man and the rock. The mass sank to the bottom of the water. The monster was quite dead. Gilliatt closed his knife.

LXXXIX.—AFTER DEATH IN ARABIA.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

HE who died at Azan sends
This to comfort all his friends.

Faithful friends! it lies, I know,
Pale and white and cold as snow;
And ye say, "Abdullah's dead!"
Weeping at the feet and head.
I can see your falling tears,
I can hear your sighs and prayers;
Yet I smile, and whisper this:—
"I am not that thing you kiss;
Cease your tears, and let it lie;
It *was* mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! What the women lave,
For its last bed of the grave,
Is a hut which I am quitting,
Is a garment no more fitting,
Is a cage, from which at last,
Like a hawk, my soul hath passed.
Love the inmate, not the room—
The wearer, not the garb—the plume
Of the falcon, not the bars
Which kept him from the splendid stars.

Loving friends! be wise, and dry
Straightway every weeping eye;
What ye lift upon the bier
Is not worth a wistful tear,
'Tis an empty sea-shell—one
Out of which the pearl has gone;
The shell is broken—it lies there;

The pearl, the all, the soul, is here.
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid
Allah sealed, the while it hid
That treasure of His treasury,
A mind that loved Him; let it lie!
Let the shard be earth's once more,
Since the gold shines in His store!

Allah glorious! Allah good!
Now Thy world is understood;
Now the long, long wonder ends!
Yet ye weep, my erring friends,
While the man whom ye call dead,
In unspoken bliss, instead,
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,
By such light as shines for you;
But in the light ye cannot see
Of unfulfilled felicity—
In enlarging paradise,
Lives the life that never dies.

Farewell, friends! Yet not farewell;
Where I am, ye too shall dwell.
I am gone before your face
A moment's time, a little space;
When ye come where I have stepped,
Ye will wonder why ye wept;
Ye will know, by wise love taught,
That here is all, and there is naught.
Weep awhile, if ye are fain—
Sunshine still must follow rain;
Only not at death—for death,
Now I know, is that first breath
Which our souls draw when we enter
Life, which is of all life centre.

Be ye certain all seems love,
Viewed from Allah's throne above;
Be ye stout of heart, and come
Bravely onward to your home!
La Allah illa Allah! Yea!
Thou Love divine! Thou Love alway!

He that died at Azan gave
This to those who made his grave.

XC.—MERCY.

SHAKESPEARE.—*(See p. 306.)*

THE quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven,
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown.
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings;
It is an attribute to God himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this,—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation: we do pray for mercy;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

XCI.—ROBERT BURNS.

CARLYLE.

BURNS first came upon the world as a prodigy; and was, in that character, entertained by it, in the usual fashion, with loud, vague, tumultuous wonder, speedily subsiding into censure and neglect; till his early and most mournful death again awakened an enthusiasm for him, which, especially as there was now nothing to be done, and much to be spoken, has prolonged itself even to our own time.

It is true, the 'nine days' have long since elapsed; and the very continuance of this clamor proves that Burns was no vulgar wonder. Accordingly, even in sober judgments, where, as years passed by, he has come to rest more and more exclusively on his own intrinsic merits, and may now be well-nigh shorn of that casual radiance, he appears not only as a true British poet, but as one of the most considerable British men of the eighteenth century.

Let it not be objected that he did little; he did much, if we consider where and how. If the work performed was small, we must remember that he had his very materials to discover; for the metal he worked in lay hid under the desert moor, where no eye but his had guessed its existence; and we may almost say, that with his own hand he had to construct the tools for fashioning it. For he found himself in deepest obscurity, without help, without instruction, without model; or with models only of the meanest sort.

An educated man stands, as it were, in the midst of a boundless arsenal and magazine, filled with all the weapons and engines which man's skill has been able to devise from the earliest time; and he works, accordingly, with a strength borrowed from all past ages. How different is

his state who stands on the outside of that storehouse, and feels that its gates must be stormed, or remain forever shut against him! His means are the commonest and rudest; the mere work done is no measure of his strength. A dwarf behind his steam-engine may remove mountains, but no dwarf will hew them down with a pick-axe, and he must be a Titan that hurls them abroad with his arms.

Criticism, it is sometimes thought, should be a cold business. We are not so sure of this; but, at all events, our concern with Burns is not exclusively that of critics. True and genial as his poetry must appear, it is not chiefly as a poet, but as a man, that he interests and affects us. He was often advised to write a tragedy. Time and means were not lent him for this, but through life he enacted a tragedy, and one of the deepest.

We question whether the world has since witnessed so utterly sad a scene; whether Napoleon himself, left to brawl with Sir Hudson Lowe, and perish on his rock, 'amid the melancholy main,' presented to the reflecting mind such a 'spectacle of pity and fear' as did this intrinsically nobler, gentler, and perhaps greater soul, wasting itself away in a hopeless struggle with base entanglements, which coiled closer and closer round him, till only death opened him an outlet. . . .

The excellence of Burns is, indeed, among the rarest, whether in poetry or prose; but, at the same time, it is plain and easily recognized,—his *sincerity*, his indisputable air of truth. He does not write from hearsay, but from sight and experience: it is the scenes that he has lived and labored amidst, that he describes. Those scenes, rude and humble as they are, have kindled beautiful emotions in his soul, noble thoughts, and definite resolves; and he speaks forth what is in him, not from any outward call

of vanity or interest, but because his heart is too full to be silent.

We recollect no poet of Burns' susceptibility who comes before us from the first, and abides with us to the last, with such a total want of affectation. He is an honest man, and an honest writer. In his successes and his failures, in his greatness and his littleness, he is ever clear, simple, true, and glitters with no lustre but his own. We reckon this to be a great virtue,—to be, in fact, the root of most other virtues, literary as well as moral.

XCII.—EDINBURGH AFTER FLODDEN.

AYTOUN.

WILLIAM EDMONDSTOUNE AYTOUN (b. 1813, d. 1865) was for some years Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in the University of Edinburgh. He was the son-in-law of Professor Wilson (Christopher North), and like him was connected with *Blackwood's Magazine*, both as contributor and as editor. He is most widely known by his humorous poems and his stirring *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers*.

The following lesson is a part of the lay entitled *Edinburgh after Flodden*.

NEWS of battle! News of battle!
Hark! 'tis ringing down the street;
And the archways and the pavement
Bear the clang of hurrying feet.
News of battle! who hath brought it?
News of triumph! who should bring
Tidings from our noble army,
Greetings from our gallant king?
All last night we watched the beacons
Blazing on the hills afar,
Each one bearing, as it kindled,
Message of the opened war.
All night long the northern streamers
Shot across the trembling sky;
Fearful lights, that never beckon
Save when kings or heroes die.

News of battle! who hath brought it?
All are thronging to the gate;
"Warder—warder! open quickly!
Man—is this a time to wait?"
And the heavy gates are opened:
Then a murmur long and loud,
And a cry of fear and wonder
Bursts from out the bending crowd,
For they see in battered harness
Only one hard-stricken man;
And his weary steed is wounded,
And his cheek is pale and wan:
Spearless hangs a bloody banner
In his weak and drooping hand—
What! can this be Randolph Murray,
Captain of the city band?

Round him crush the people, crying,
"Tell us all—oh, tell us true!
Where are they who went to battle,
Randolph Murray, sworn to you?
Where are they, our brothers,—children?
Have they met the English foe?
Why art thou alone, unfollowed?
Is it weal, or is it woe?"

Like a corpse the grisly warrior
Looks out from his helm of steel;
But no words he speaks in answer—
Only with his armèd heel
Chides his weary steed, and onward
Up the city streets they ride;
Fathers, sisters, mothers, children,
Shrieking, praying by his side.
"By the God that made thee, Randolph!
Tell us what mischance has come."

Then he lifts his riven banner,
And the asker's voice is dumb.

The elders of the city
Have met within their hall—
The men whom good King James had charged
To watch the tower and wall.
"Your hands are weak with age," he said,
"Your hearts are stout and true;
So bide ye in the Maiden Town,
While others fight for you.
My trumpet from the border side
Shall send a blast so clear,
That all who wait within the gate
That stirring sound may hear.
Or if it be the will of Heaven
That back I never come,
And if, instead of Scottish shouts,
Ye hear the English drum,—
Then let the warning bells ring out,
Then gird you to the fray,
Then man the walls like burghers stout,
And fight while fight you may.
'Twere better that in fiery flame
The roof should thunder down,
Than that the foot of foreign foe
Should trample in the town!"

Then in came Randolph Murray,—
His step was slow and weak,
And, as he doffed his dinted helm,
The tears ran down his cheek:
They fell upon his corselet,
And on his mailèd hand,

As he gazed around him wistfully,
  Leaning sorely on his brand.
And none who then beheld him
  But straight were smote with fear,
For a bolder and a sterner man
  Had never couched a spear.
They knew so sad a messenger
  Some ghastly news must bring,
And all of them were fathers,
  And their sons were with the King.

And up then rose the Provost—
  A brave old man was he,
Of ancient name, and knightly fame,
  And chivalrous degree.

. . . . . .

Oh, woeful now was the old man's look,
  And he spake right heavily—
"Now, Randolph, tell thy tidings,
  However sharp they be!
Woe is written on thy visage,
  Death is looking from thy face:
Speak!—though it be of overthrow,
  It cannot be disgrace!"

Right bitter was the agony
  That wrung that soldier proud:
Thrice did he strive to answer,
  And thrice he groaned aloud.
Then he gave the riven banner
  To the old man's shaking hand,
Saying—"That is all I bring ye
  From the bravest of the land!
Ay! ye may look upon it—
  It was guarded well and long,

By your brothers and your children,
  By the valiant and the strong.
One by one they fell around it,
  As the archers laid them low,
Grimly dying, still unconquered,
  With their faces to the foe.
Ay! ye may well look upon it—
  There is more than honor there,
Else, be sure, I had not brought it
  From the field of dark despair.
Never yet was royal banner
  Steeped in such a costly dye;
It hath lain upon a bosom
  Where no other shroud shall lie.
Sirs! I charge you, keep it holy,
  Keep it as a sacred thing,
For the stain you see upon it
  Was the life-blood of your King!"

Woe, and woe, and lamentation!
  What a piteous cry was there!
Widows, maidens, mothers, children,
  Shrieking, sobbing in despair!
"Oh the blackest day for Scotland
  That she ever knew before!
Oh our king! the good, the noble,
  Shall we see him never more?
Woe to us, and woe to Scotland!
  Oh our sons, our sons and men!
Surely some have 'scaped the Southron,
  Surely some will come again!"

Till the oak that fell last winter
  Shall uprear its shattered stem—
Wives and mothers of Dunedin—
  Ye may look in vain for them!

XCIII.—THE FOUNDERS OF UPPER CANADA.

DR. RYERSON.

EGERTON RYERSON, D.D., LL.D. (b. 1803, d. 1882), was the fourth son of Colonel Ryerson, a United Empire Loyalist. After teaching for a short time, he entered the Methodist Ministry in 1825. He aided in establishing *The Christian Guardian*, and became its first editor, in 1829. For some years he was President of Victoria University, Cobourg. In 1844, he was appointed Chief Superintendent of Education for Upper Canada, and held this position until his resignation, in 1876. The name of Dr. Ryerson is deservedly held in high esteem by the people of Ontario, for to his keen powers of observation, his indomitable energy, and his superior administrative ability, we owe our present excellent school system. He wrote much, chiefly on educational topics. His most important literary work is *The Loyalists of America and their Times*, from which the following lesson has been selected.

BEFORE the Declaration of Independence, the United Empire Loyalists and the party of independence were both confessedly British subjects, professing allegiance to the same Sovereign and constitution of government, and avowing their adherence to the rights of British subjects, but differing from each other as to the extent of those rights in contradistinction to the constitutional rights of the Crown and those of the people.

But the Declaration of Independence essentially changed the relations of those parties, and at the close of the war, in 1783, the Loyalists found themselves exiled and impoverished, and their enemies in possession of their homes and domains.

It is true about three thousand of the Loyalists were able to employ agents or appear personally, to apply to the English Government and Parliament for compensation for their losses, and the statesmen and Parliament of Britain showed a noble appreciation of their character and services, by making them compensation for their losses and sufferings in maintaining their fidelity to the Mother Country.

But upwards of thirty thousand of them who had

suffered losses and hardships during the civil war, were driven from the homes of their birth and of their forefathers, and compelled to seek refuge in those almost unknown and wilderness provinces, which have since become the wide-spread, free, and prosperous Dominion of Canada.

Upper Canada was then unknown, or known only as a region of intense cold in winter, of dense wilderness and swamp, of venomous reptiles and beasts of prey; as the hunting grounds and encampments of numerous Indian tribes; with no redeeming feature except abundance of fish and game.

Five vessels were procured and furnished to convey the first colony of banished refugee Loyalists from New York to this western wilderness. They sailed round the coasts of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, and up the St. Lawrence to Sorel, where they arrived in October, 1783, and where they built themselves huts, or shanties, and wintered. In May, 1784, they prosecuted their voyage in boats, and reached their destination, Cataraqui, afterwards Kingston, in the month of July.

Other bands of Loyalists made their way by the military highway to Lower Canada, as far as Plattsburg, and then turning northward proceeded to Cornwall; thence they ascended the St. Lawrence, along the north side of which many of them settled.

But the most common route was by way of the Hudson River, which divides into two branches about ten miles north of Albany. The western branch, called the Mohawk, leads towards the Oneida Lake, which was reached by a portage. From Oneida Lake the way lay along the Oswego River to Lake Ontario. Flat-bottomed boats, specially built or purchased for the purpose by the Loyalists, were used in this journey. The portages over

which the boats had to be hauled, and all their contents carried, are stated to have been thirty miles.

On reaching Oswego, some of the Loyalists coasted along the eastern shore of Lake Ontario to Kingston, and thence up the Bay of Quinté. Others went westward, along the south shore of the lake to Niagara. Some of the latter pursued their course to the head of the lake at Burlington; others made their way up the Niagara River to Queenston; conveyed their boats over the portage ten or twelve miles to Chippawa; thence up the river into Lake Erie, settling chiefly in what was called "Long Point Country," now the County of Norfolk.

This journey of hardship, privation, and exposure occupied from two to three months. The parents and family of the writer of this history were from the middle of May to the middle of July, 1799, in making the journey in an open boat. Generally two or more families would unite in one company, and thus assist each other in carrying their boats and goods over the portages.

A considerable number came to Canada from New Jersey and the neighborhood of Philadelphia, on foot, through the then wilderness of New York, carrying their children and household effects on pack-horses, and driving their cattle, which subsisted on the herbage of the woods and valleys.

The privations and hardships experienced by many of these Loyalist patriots for years after their settlement in Canada were more severe than anything experienced by the Pilgrim Fathers during the first years of their settlement in Massachusetts.

Upper Canada has a noble parentage, the remembrance of which its inhabitants may well cherish with respect, affection, and pride.

XCIV.—THE RIDE FROM GHENT TO AIX.

ROBERT BROWNING.

ROBERT BROWNING (b. 1812) is one of the most original poets of the Victorian period. He spent many years in Italy, and in Italian tales he found subjects for his chief poems. Browning ranks high as a poet in depth and brilliancy of thought, but his style is not sufficiently clear and simple to be very popular. He is most widely known by his lighter pieces, such as *The Pied Piper of Hamelin* and *The Ride from Ghent to Aix.*

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;
"Good-speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew ;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place ;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting ; but, while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear ;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;
At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be ;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime.
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past ;
And I saw my stout galloper, Roland, at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray ;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes, which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck, and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres: no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our foot broke the brittle, bright stubble, like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!" and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news, which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff-coat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer,
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood!

And all I remember is, friends flocking round,
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

XCV.—A FORCED RECRUIT AT SOLFERINO.

Mrs. E. B. Browning.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning (b. 1809, d. 1861) was the daughter of Mr. Barrett, a wealthy London merchant. She received a superior education, and gave proofs of poetical genius at a very early age. In 1846 she became the wife of Robert Browning, and went with him to Italy, where she resided till her death. The Italian struggle for liberty with which she warmly sympathized, furnished the theme of some of her finest poems. Mrs. Browning is, undoubtedly, one of the greatest female poets that have ever lived. Her works show great intellectual power.

In the ranks of the Austrian you found him;
He died with his face to you all:
Yet bury him here where around him
You honor your bravest that fall.

Venetian, fair-featured, and slender,
He lies shot to death in his youth,
With a smile on his lips, over-tender
For any mere soldier's dead mouth.

No stranger, and yet not a traitor!
Though alien the cloth on his breast,
Underneath it how seldom a greater
Young heart, has a shot sent to rest!

By your enemy tortured and goaded
To march with them, stand in their file,

His musket (see!) never was loaded—
He facing your guns with that smile.

As orphans yearn on to their mothers,
He yearned to your patriot bands,—
"Let me die for our Italy, brothers,
If not in your ranks, by your hands!

"Aim straightly, fire steadily! spare me
A ball in the body which may
Deliver my heart here, and tear me
This badge of the Austrian away!"

So thought he, so died he this morning.
What then? Many others have died.
Ay, but easy for men to die scorning
The death-stroke, who fought side by side;—

One tricolor floating above them;
Struck down 'mid triumphant acclaims
Of an Italy rescued to love them
And blazon the brass with their names.

But he—without witness or honor,
Mixed, shamed in his country's regard,
With the tyrants who march in upon her—
Died faithful and passive: 'twas hard.

'Twas sublime! In a cruel restriction
Cut off from the guerdon of sons,
With most filial obedience, conviction,
His soul kissed the lips of her guns.

That moves you? Nay, grudge not to show it,
While digging a grave for him here:
The others who died, says your poet,
Have glory: let *him* have a tear.

XCVI.—CANADA AND THE UNITED STATES.

HOWE.

JOSEPH HOWE (b. 1804. d. 1873) stands in the front rank of Canadian statesmen. He was a native of Nova Scotia, and the son of a Loyalist. At the age of thirteen he entered a printing office as an apprentice. By diligent application to study, he did much to overcome the defects of his early education. In 1827 he entered upon his career as a journalist. In 1835 he was tried for libel, but he conducted his own defence with such tact and ability that he was triumphantly acquitted. His address to the jury on this occasion—his first speech on record—is an eloquent plea for the freedom of the press. He entered Parliament the next year, was the earliest and most eloquent advocate of Responsible Government for his native Province, and rose to be its Premier. Contrary to general expectation, Mr. Howe opposed the Confederation of the Provinces in 1867, and carried the people of Nova Scotia with him in his opposition. After making a vain effort for a repeal of the Union, he ceased from further opposition, and accepted office in the Dominion Government. He was appointed Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia in 1873, and died shortly afterwards.

The following lesson is taken from an eloquent speech on *The Reciprocity Treaty*, delivered by Mr. Howe at the International Commercial Convention held at Detroit, in 1865.

SIR: We are here to determine how best we can draw together, in the bonds of peace, friendship, and commercial prosperity, the three great branches of the British family. In the presence of this great theme all petty interests should stand rebuked. We are not dealing with the concerns of a City, a Province, or a State, but with the future of our race in all time to come.

Why should not these three great branches of the family flourish, under different systems of government, it may be, but forming one grand whole, proud of a common origin and of their advanced civilization? The clover lifts its trefoil leaves to the evening dew, yet they draw their nourishment from a single stem. Thus distinct, and yet united, let us live and flourish.

Why should we not? For nearly two thousand years we were one family. Our fathers fought side by side at Hastings, and heard the curfew toll. They fought in the same ranks for the sepulchre of our Saviour.

Our common ancestors won the great Charter and the Bill of Rights—established free Parliaments, the Habeas Corpus, and Trial by Jury. Our Jurisprudence comes down from Coke and Mansfield to Marshall and Story, rich in knowledge and experience which no man can divide. From Chaucer to Shakespeare our literature is a common inheritance. Tennyson and Longfellow write in one language, which is enriched by the genius developed on either side of the Atlantic. In the great navigators from Cortereal to Hudson, and in all their "moving accidents by flood and field," we have a common interest.

On this side of the sea we have been largely reinforced by the Germans and French, but there is strength in both elements. The Germans gave to us the sovereigns who established our freedom, and they give to you industry, intelligence, and thrift; and the French, who have distinguished themselves in arts and arms for centuries, now strengthen the Provinces which the fortune of war decided they could not control.

But it may be said we have been divided by two wars. What then? The noble St. Lawrence is split in two places—by Goat Island and Anticosti—but it comes down to us from the same springs in the same mountain sides; its waters sweep together past the Pictured Rocks of Lake Superior, and encircle in their loving embrace the shores of Huron and Michigan. They are divided at Niagara Falls as we were at the Revolutionary War, but they come together again on the peaceful bosom of Ontario. Again they are divided on their passage to the sea; but who thinks of divisions when they lift the keels of commerce, or when, drawn up to heaven, they form the rainbow or the cloud?

It is true that in eighty-five years we have had two

wars—but what then? Since the last we have had fifty years of peace, and there have been more people killed in a single campaign in the late civil war than there were in the two national wars between this country and Great Britain. The people of the United States hope to draw together the two conflicting elements and make them one people. In that task I wish them God-speed! And in the same way I feel that we ought to rule out everything disagreeable in the recollection of our old wars, and unite together as one people for all time to come. I see around the door the flags of the two countries. United as they are there, I would have them draped together, fold within fold, and let

> "Their varying tints unite,
> And form in heaven's light,
> One arch of peace."

ODE.

How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

—*William Collins.*

XCVII.—THE SUBLIMITY OF GOD.

"IT may almost be said that the following psalm (Ps. CIV.), represents the image of the whole Cosmos. We are astonished to find, in a lyrical poem of such limited compass, the whole universe—the heavens and earth—sketched with a few bold touches. The calm and toilsome labor of man, from the rising of the sun to the setting of the same, is here contrasted with the moving life of the elements of nature."

—*Humboldt.*

BLESS the Lord, O my soul.
O Lord, my God, thou art very great;
Thou art clothed with honor and majesty.
Who coverest thyself with light
As with a garment:
Who stretchest out the heavens
Like a curtain:
Who layeth the beams of his chambers
In the waters:
Who maketh the clouds his chariot:
Who walketh upon the wings of the wind:
Who maketh his angels spirits;
His ministers a flaming fire:
Who laid the foundations of the earth,
That it should not be removed for ever.
Thou coveredst it with the deep
As with a garment;
The waters stood above the mountains.
At thy rebuke they fled;
At the voice of thy thunder they hasted away.
They go up by the mountains;
They go down by the valleys unto the place
Which thou hast founded for them.
Thou hast set a bound
That they may not pass over;
That they turn not again to cover the earth.

He sendeth the springs into the valleys,
Which run among the hills.

They give drink to every beast of the field :
The wild asses quench their thirst.
By them shall the fowls of the heaven
Have their habitation,
Which sing among the branches.
He watereth the hills from his chambers :
The earth is satisfied
With the fruit of thy works.
He causeth the grass to grow for the cattle,
And herb for the service of man :
That he may bring forth food
Out of the earth ;
And wine that maketh glad the heart of man,
And oil to make his face to shine,
And bread which strengtheneth man's heart.

The trees of the Lord are full of sap ;
The cedars of Lebanon,
Which he hath planted ;
Where the birds make their nests :
As for the stork, the fir trees are her house.
The high hills are a refuge for the wild goat ;
And the rocks for the conies.

He appointed the moon for seasons :
The sun knoweth his going down.
Thou makest darkness and it is night ;
Wherein all the beasts of the forest
Do creep forth.
The young lions roar after their prey,
And seek their meat from God.
The sun ariseth,
They gather themselves together,
And lay them down in their dens.
Man goeth forth unto his work
And to his labor until the evening.

O Lord, how manifold are thy works!
In wisdom hast thou made them all:
The earth is full of thy riches.

So is this great and wide sea,
Wherein are things creeping innumerable,
Both small and great beasts.
There go the ships;
There is that leviathan,
Whom thou hast made to play therein.

These wait all upon thee;
That thou mayest give them their meat
In due season.
That thou givest them they gather;
Thou openest thine hand,
They are filled with good.
Thou hidest thy face, they are troubled:
Thou takest away their breath, they die
And return to their dust.
Thou sendest forth thy Spirit,
They are created:
And thou renewest the face of the earth.

The glory of the Lord shall endure for ever:
The Lord shall rejoice in his works.
He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth:
He toucheth the hills, and they smoke.
I will sing unto the Lord, as long as I live:
I will sing praise to my God,
While I have my being.
My meditation of him shall be sweet:
I will be glad in the Lord.
Let the sinners be consumed out of the earth,
And let the wicked be no more.
Bless thou the Lord, O my soul.
Praise ye the Lord.

XCVIII.—NATIONAL MORALITY.

BRIGHT.

JOHN BRIGHT (b. 1811) is an eminent English orator and statesman, who for more than forty years has been a prominent figure in English political life. In 1839 he was associated with Richard Cobden and others in organizing the Anti-Corn-Law League, a society formed for the purpose of bringing about a removal of the duty on corn. He entered Parliament in 1843, and has been a member of two Governments under the leadership of Mr. Gladstone. Mr. Bright has always been a powerful and zealous advocate of social and political reforms. His oratory is marked by candor and sincerity, and his style is remarkably clear and simple.

The following lesson forms part of a speech delivered at Birmingham in 1858, on the Foreign Policy of Britain.

I BELIEVE there is no permanent greatness to a nation except it be based upon morality. I do not care for military greatness or military renown. I care for the condition of the people among whom I live. There is no man in England who is less likely to speak irreverently of the Crown and Monarchy of England than I am; but crowns, coronets, mitres, military display, the pomp of war, wide colonies, and a huge empire, are, in my view, all trifles light as air, and not worth considering, unless with them you can have a fair share of comfort, contentment, and happiness among the great body of the people. Palaces, baronial castles, great halls, stately mansions, do not make a nation. The nation in every country dwells in the cottage; and unless the light of your Constitution can shine there, unless the beauty of your legislation and the excellence of your statesmanship are impressed there on the feelings and condition of the people, rely upon it you have yet to learn the duties of government.

I have not pleaded, as you have observed, that this country should remain without adequate and scientific means of defence. I acknowledge it to be the duty of your statesmen, acting upon the known opinions and

principles of ninety-nine out of every hundred persons in the country, at all times, with all possible moderation, but with all possible efficiency, to take steps which shall preserve order within and on the confines of your kingdom. But I shall repudiate and denounce the expenditure of every shilling, the engagement of every man, the employment of every ship, which has no object but intermeddling in the affairs of other countries, and endeavouring to extend the boundaries of an Empire which is already large enough to satisfy the greatest ambition, and I fear is much too large for the highest statesmanship to which any man has yet attained.

The most ancient of profane historians has told us that the Scythians of his time were a very warlike people, and that they elevated an old scimitar upon a platform as a symbol of Mars, for to Mars alone, I believe, they built altars and offered sacrifices. To this scimitar they offered sacrifices of horses and cattle, the main wealth of the country, and more costly sacrifices than to all the rest of their gods. I often ask myself whether we are at all advanced in one respect beyond those Scythians. What are our contributions to charity, to education, to morality, to religion, to justice, and to civil government, when compared with the wealth we expend in sacrifices to the old scimitar?

Two nights ago I addressed in this hall a vast assembly composed to a great extent of your countrymen who have no political power, who are at work from the dawn of the day to the evening, and who have therefore limited means of informing themselves on these great subjects. Now I am privileged to speak to a somewhat different audience. You represent those of your great community who have a more complete education, who

have on some points greater intelligence, and in whose hands reside the power and influence of the district. I am speaking, too, within the hearing of those whose gentle nature, whose finer instincts, whose purer minds, have not suffered as some of us have suffered in the turmoil and strife of life. You can mould opinion, you can create political power,—you cannot think a good thought on this subject and communicate it to your neighbors,—you cannot make these points topics of discussion in your social circles and more general meetings, without affecting sensibly and speedily the course which the government of your country will pursue. May I ask you, then, to believe, as I do most devoutly believe, that the moral law was not written for men alone in their individual character, but that it was written as well for nations, and for nations great as this of which we are citizens. If nations reject and deride that moral law, there is a penalty which will inevitably follow. It may not come at once, it may not come in our lifetime; but, rely upon it, the great Italian is not a poet only, but a prophet, when he says—

> "The sword of heaven is not in haste to smite,
> Nor yet doth linger."

We have experience, we have beacons, we have landmarks enough. We know what the past has cost us, we know how much and how far we have wandered, but we are not left without a guide. It is true, we have not, as an ancient people had, Urim and Thummim—those oraculous gems on Aaron's breast—from which to take counsel, but we have the unchangeable and eternal principles of the moral law to guide us, and only so far as we walk by that guidance can we be permanently a great nation, or our people a happy people.

XCIX.—THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

ARNOLD.

MATTHEW ARNOLD (born 1822), eldest son of the celebrated Dr. Arnold, of Rugby, is a distinguished poet and critic. In 1851 he was appointed Inspector of Schools, a post which he still holds. From 1857 to 1867, he was Professor of Poetry at Oxford. His poetry is artistic and scholarly.

COME, dear children, let us away;
  Down and away below!
Now my brothers call from the bay;
Now the great winds shoreward blow;
Now the salt tides seaward flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
  Children dear, let us away;
    This way, this way!

Call her once before you go,
  Call once yet!
In a voice that she will know:
  "Margaret! Margaret!"
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear;
Children's voices, wild with pain—
  Surely she will come again.
Call her once and come away;
  This way, this way!
"Mother dear, we cannot stay.
The wild white horses foam and fret."
  Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down;
  Call no more!
One last look at the white-walled town,
And the little gray church on the windy shore;
  Then come down!

She will not come though you call all day;
Come away, come away!

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam;
Where the salt weed sways in the stream;
Where the sea beasts ranged all round
Feed in the ooze of their pasture ground;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye?
When did music come this way?
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She combed its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.
She sighed, she looked up through the clear green sea.
She said: "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little gray church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee."
I said: "Go up, dear heart, through the waves;

Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves."
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?
"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan;
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say;
Come!" I said; and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled town;
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,
To the little gray church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
We climbed on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.
She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:
"Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here!
Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone.
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."
But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were sealed to the holy book.
Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more!
Come away, come down, call no more!

Down, down, down!
Down to the depths of the sea!
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark what she sings: "O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy!
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well;
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun!"

And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the shuttle falls from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,
And over the sand at the sea;
And her eyes are set in a stare;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh;
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden,
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away, children;
Come, children, come down!
The hoarse wind blows colder;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When guests shake the door;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing: "Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she!
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring-tides are low;

When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starred with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanched sands a gloom;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town;
At the church on the hill-side—
And then come back down.
Singing: "There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she!
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea."

SONNET.

MYSTERIOUS Night! When our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! creation widened in man's view.
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O sun! or who could find,
Whilst fly and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife?
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life?

—*Joseph Blanco White.*

C.—SHAKESPEARE.

MÜLLER.

FREDERICK MAXIMILIAN MÜLLER (b. 1823), the famous philologist and oriental scholar, is a native of Germany. In the pursuit of his oriental studies he visited England in 1846, and he became a Professor at Oxford University in 1850. Since 1868 he has held the Professorship of Comparative Philology in the same University, and is perhaps the greatest living authority on the science of language.

At the tercentenary celebration of Shakespeare's birth, held at Stratford-on-Avon in 1864, Max Müller delivered the speech that forms the following lesson. It is taken from a collection of essays entitled *Chips from a German Workshop*.

THE city of Frankfort, the birthplace of Goethe, sends her greeting to the city of Stratford-on-Avon, the birthplace of Shakespeare. The old free town of Frankfort, which, since the days of Frederick Barbarossa, has seen the Emperors of Germany crowned within her walls, might well at all times speak in the name of Germany.

But to-day she sends her greeting, not as the proud mother of German Emperors, but as the prouder mother of the greatest among the poets of Germany; and it is from the very house in which Goethe lived that this message of the German admirers and lovers of Shakespeare has been sent, which I am asked to present to you, the Mayor and Council of Stratford-on-Avon.

When honor was to be done to the memory of Shakespeare, Germany could not be absent, for next to Goethe and Schiller there is no poet so truly loved by us, so thoroughly our own, as your Shakespeare. He is no stranger with us, no mere classic, like Homer, or Virgil, or Dante, or Corneille, whom we admire as we admire a marble statue. He has become one of ourselves, holding his own place in the history of our literature, applauded in our theatres, read in our cottages, studied, known, loved, "as far as sounds the German tongue."

There is many a student in Germany who has learned English solely in order to read Shakespeare in the original, and yet we possess a translation of Shakespeare with which few translations of any work can vie in any language. What we in Germany owe to Shakespeare must be read in the history of our literature.

Goethe was proud to call himself a pupil of Shakespeare. I shall at this moment allude to one debt of gratitude only which Germany owes to the poet of Stratford-on-Avon. I do not speak of the poet only, and of his art, so perfect because so artless; I think of the man with his large, warm heart, with his sympathy for all that is genuine, unselfish, beautiful, and good; with his contempt for all that is petty, mean, vulgar, and false. It is from his plays that our young men in Germany form their first ideas of England and the English nation, and in admiring and loving him we have learned to admire and to love you who may proudly call him your own.

And it is right that this should be so. As the height of the Alps is measured by Mont Blanc, let the greatness of England be measured by the greatness of Shakespeare. Great nations make great poets, great poets make great nations. Happy the nation that possesses a poet like Shakespeare. Happy the youth of England whose first ideas of this world in which they are to live are taken from his pages. The silent influence of Shakespeare's poetry on millions of young hearts in England, in Germany, in all the world, shows the almost superhuman power of human genius.

If we look at that small house, in a small street of a small town of a small island, and then think of the world-embracing, world-quickening, world-ennobling

spirit that burst forth from that small garret, we have learned a lesson and carried off a blessing for which no pilgrimage would have been too long.

Though the great festivals, which in former days brought together people from all parts of Europe to worship at the shrine of Canterbury, exist no more, let us hope, for the sake of England, more even than for the sake of Shakespeare, that this will not be the last Shakespeare festival in the annals of Stratford-on-Avon. In this cold and critical age of ours, the power of worshipping, the art of admiring, the passion of loving what is great and good, are fast dying out.

May England never be ashamed to show to the world that she can love, that she can admire, that she can worship the greatest of her poets! May Shakespeare live on in the love of each generation that grows up in England! May the youth of England long continue to be nursed, to be fed, to be reproved and judged by his spirit!

With that nation—that truly English, because truly Shakespearian nation—the German nation will always be united by the strongest sympathies; for, superadded to their common blood, their common religion, their common battles and victories, they will always have in Shakespeare a common teacher, a common benefactor, and a common friend.

SHAKESPEARE is of no age. He speaks a language which thrills in our blood in spite of the separation of two hundred years. His thoughts, passions, strains of fancy, are all of this day, as they were of his own; and his genius may be contemporary with the mind of every generation for a thousand years to come.

—*John Wilson (Christopher North).*

CI.—SCENE FROM KING JOHN.

SHAKESPEARE.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE (b. 1564, d. 1616) is the greatest name in all literature. The main facts known in regard to his life are:—That he was born at Stratford-on-Avon; that, in his nineteenth year, he married Anne Hathaway; that, while still a young man, he went to London, where he became an actor, and wrote poems and plays; that he made money from his plays, and from the shares which he held in London theatres; and, that he purchased considerable property in his native town, to which he retired to spend the later years of his life. His plays—thirty-seven in all, according to latest criticism—are classified as tragedies, histories, and comedies.

Shakespearian criticism occupies a large space in English literature. Max Müller's eulogy, which forms the preceding lesson, gives a fair idea of the estimate which has been placed upon Shakespeare by his critics.

Charles Lamb, an English poet and essayist, published, in 1807, a series of tales based on the plays of Shakespeare, which he had written in conjunction with his sister, Mary. These tales were intended as an introduction to the study of Shakespeare, and, for this purpose, Shakespeare's own words are used as far as possible. One of these tales, *The Merchant of Venice*, forms Lessons CII. and CIV.

The extract, *Mercy*, on page 274, forms part of Portia's address to Shylock. in *The Merchant of Venice*.

The scene which forms the following lesson is from *King John*. Arthur is lawful heir to the throne of England, which has been usurped by the King, his uncle, who employs Hubert to murder Arthur.

ACT IV.

SCENE 1.—*Northampton. A Room in the Castle.*

Enter HUBERT *and* Two Attendants.

Hub. HEAT me these irons hot; and look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot
Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth
And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
Fast to the chair: be heedful: hence, and watch.

First Attend. I hope your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples! Fear not you: look to 't.—

[*Exeunt* Attendants.

Young lad, come forth; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
To be more prince) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me!
Methinks, nobody should be sad but I:
Yet, I remember, when I was in France,
Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
I should be as merry as the day is long;
And so I would be here, but that I doubt
My uncle practises more harm to me:
He is afraid of me, and I of him:
Is it my fault that I was Geffrey's son?
No, indeed is't not; and I would to Heaven
I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. (Aside) If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
He will awake my mercy, which lies dead:
Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch.

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert? you look pale to-day:
In sooth, I would you were a little sick,
That I might sit all night and watch with you.
I warrant I love you more than you do me.

Hub. (Aside) His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur. [*Showing a paper.*
(Aside) How now, foolish rheum!
Turning dispiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes in tender womanish tears.
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkercher about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again;
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time;
Saying, *What lack you?* and, *Where lies your grief?*
Or, *What good love may I perform for you?*
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think my love was crafty love,
And call it cunning; do, an if you will:
If Heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none but in this iron age would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears
And quench his fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence;
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed him. No tongue but Hubert's—

Hub. Come forth! [*Stamps.*

Re-enter Attendants, *with cords, irons, etc.*

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. Oh, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas! what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.
For heaven sake, Hubert, let me not be bound!
Nay, hear me, Hubert! drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;
I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly:
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

First Attend. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt* Attendants.

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend;
He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart:
Let him come back, that his compassion may
Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O Heaven! that there were but a mote in yours,
A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair,
Any annoyance in that precious sense!
Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes:
Let me not hold my tongue,—let me not, Hubert!
Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
So I may keep mine eyes. Oh, spare mine eyes,
Though to no use but still to look on you!

Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth; the fire is dead with grief,
Being create for comfort, to be used
In undeserved extremes: see else yourself;
There is no malice in this burning coal;
The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush
And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert:
Nay, it perchance will sparkle in your eyes;
And, like a dog that is compelled to fight,
Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
All things that you should use to do me wrong
Deny their office: only you do lack
That mercy which fierce fire and iron extends,
Creatures of note for mercy-lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
You were disguised.

Hub. Peace! no more. Adieu.
Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
And, pretty child, sleep doubtless and secure
That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
Will not offend thee.

Arth. O Heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence! no more. Go closely in with me.
Much danger do I undergo for thee.

[*Exeunt.*

CII.—THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

(See page 306.)

FIRST READING.

SHYLOCK, the Jew, lived at Venice: he was an usurer, who had amassed an immense fortune by lending money at great interest to Christian merchants. Shylock, being a hard-hearted man, exacted the payment of the money he lent with such severity, that he was much disliked by all good men, and particularly by Antonio, a young merchant of Venice; and Shylock as much hated Antonio, because he used to lend money to people in distress, and would never take any interest for the money he lent; therefore there was great enmity between this covetous Jew and the generous merchant, Antonio. Whenever Antonio met Shylock on the Rialto (or Exchange), he used to reproach him with his usuries and hard dealings, which the Jew would bear with seeming patience, while he secretly meditated revenge.

Antonio was one of the kindest men that lived, one of the best conditioned, and had the most unwearied spirit in doing courtesies; indeed, he was one in whom the ancient Roman honor more appeared than in any that drew breath in Italy. He was greatly beloved by all his fellow-citizens; but the friend who was nearest and dearest to his heart was Bassanio, a noble Venetian, who, having but a small patrimony, had nearly exhausted his little fortune by living in too expensive a manner for his slender means, as young men of high rank with small fortunes are too apt to do. Whenever Bassanio wanted money, Antonio assisted him; and it seemed as if they had but one heart and one purse between them.

One day Bassanio came to Antonio, and told him that

he wished to repair his fortune by a wealthy marriage with a lady whom he dearly loved, whose father, lately dead, had left her sole heiress to a large estate; and that in her father's lifetime he used to visit at her house, when he thought he had observed this lady had sometimes from her eyes sent speechless messages, that seemed to say he would be no unwelcome suitor; but not having money to furnish himself with an appearance befitting the lover of so rich an heiress, he besought Antonio to add to the many favors he had shown him, by lending him three thousand ducats. Antonio had no money by him at that time to lend his friend; but expecting soon to have some ships come home laden with merchandise, he said he would go to Shylock, the rich money-lender, and borrow the money upon the credit of those ships.

Antonio and Bassanio went together to Shylock, and Antonio asked the Jew to lend him three thousands ducats upon any interest he should require, to be paid out of the merchandise contained in his ships at sea. On this, Shylock thought within himself, "If I can once catch him on the hip, I will feed fat the ancient grudge I bear him: he hates our Jewish nation; he lends out money gratis; and among the merchants he rails at me and my well-earned bargains, which he calls interest. Cursed be my tribe if I forgive him!" Antonio, finding he was musing within himself and did not answer, and being impatient for the money, said: "Shylock, do you hear? will you lend the money?" To this question the Jew replied: "Signior Antonio, on the Rialto many a time and often you have railed at me about my moneys and my usuries, and I have borne it with a patient shrug, for sufferance is the badge of all our tribe; and then you have called me unbeliever, cut-throat dog, and spit upon

my Jewish garments, and spurned at me with your foot, as if I was a cur. Well then, it now appears you need my help; and you come to me and say, *Shylock, lend me moneys.* Has a dog money? Is it possible a cur should lend three thousand ducats? Shall I bend low and say, Fair sir, you spit upon me on Wednesday last, another time you called me dog, and for these courtesies I am to lend you moneys." Antonio replied: "I am as like to call you so again, to spit on you again, and spurn you too. If you will lend me this money, lend it not to me as to a friend, but rather lend it to me as to an enemy, that, if I break, you may with better face exact the penalty." "Why, look you," said Shylock, "how you storm! I would be friends with you, and have your love. I will forget the shames you have put upon me. I will supply your wants, and take no interest for my money." This seemingly kind offer greatly surprised Antonio; and then Shylock, still pretending kindness, and that all he did was with a view to gain Antonio's love, again said he would lend him the three thousand ducats, and take no interest for his money; only Antonio should go with him to a lawyer, and there sign in merry sport a bond, that if he did not repay the money by a certain day, he would forfeit a pound of flesh, to be cut off from any part of his body that Shylock pleased.

"Content," said Antonio; "I will sign to this bond, and say there is much kindness in the Jew." Bassanio said Antonio should not sign to such a bond for him; but still Antonio insisted that he would sign it, for that before the day of payment came, his ships would return laden with many times the value of the money.

Shylock, hearing this debate, exclaimed: "O father Abraham, what suspicious people these Christians are!

Their own hard dealings teach them to suspect the thoughts of others. I pray you tell me this, Bassanio: if he should break this day, what should I gain by the exaction of the forfeiture? A pound of man's flesh, taken from a man, is not so estimable, nor profitable either, as the flesh of mutton or of beef. I say, to buy his favor I offer this friendship: if he will take it, so; if not, adieu."

At last, against the advice of Bassanio, who, notwithstanding all the Jew had said of his kind intentions, did not like his friend should run the hazard of this shocking penalty for his sake, Antonio signed the bond, thinking it really was, as the Jew said, merely in sport.

The rich heiress that Bassanio wished to marry lived near Venice, at a place called Belmont; her name was Portia, and in the graces of her person and her mind, she was nothing inferior to that Portia, of whom we read, who was Cato's daughter and the wife of Brutus. Bassanio, being so kindly supplied with money by his friend Antonio at the hazard of his life, set out for Belmont with a splendid train, and attended by a gentleman of the name of Gratiano. Bassanio proving successful in his suit, Portia in a short time consented to accept of him for a husband.

Bassanio confessed to Portia that he had no fortune, and that his high birth and noble ancestry were all that he could boast of; she, who loved him for his worthy qualities, and had riches enough not to regard wealth in a husband, answered with a graceful modesty, that she would wish herself a thousand times more fair, and ten thousand times more rich, to be more worthy of him; and then the accomplished Portia prettily dispraised herself, and said she was an unlessoned girl, unschooled, unpractised, yet not so old but that she could learn, and

that she would commit her gentle spirit to be directed and governed by him in all things; and she said: "Myself and what is mine, to you and yours is now converted. But yesterday, Bassanio, I was the lady of this fair mansion, queen of myself, and mistress over these servants; and now this house, these servants, and myself, are yours, my lord; I give them with this ring:" presenting a ring to Bassanio. Bassanio was so overpowered with gratitude and wonder at the gracious manner in which the rich and noble Portia accepted of a man of his humble fortunes, that he could not express his joy and reverence to the dear lady who so honored him, by anything but broken words of love and thankfulness; and, taking the ring, he vowed never to part with it.

Gratiano and Nerissa, Portia's waiting-maid, were in attendance upon their lord and lady, when Portia so gracefully promised to become the obedient wife of Bassanio; and Gratiano, wishing Bassanio and the generous lady joy, desired permission to be married at the same time. "With all my heart, Gratiano," said Bassanio, "if you can get a wife."

Gratiano then said that he loved the Lady Portia's fair waiting-gentlewoman, Nerissa, and that she had promised to be his wife, if her lady married Bassanio. Portia asked Nerissa if this was true. Nerissa replied: "Madam, it is so, if you approve of it." Portia willingly consenting, Bassanio pleasantly said: "Then our wedding-feast shall be much honored by your marriage, Gratiano."

The happiness of these lovers was sadly crossed at this moment by the entrance of a messenger, who brought a letter from Antonio containing fearful tidings. When Bassanio read Antonio's letter, Portia feared that it was to tell him of the death of some dear friend, he looked so

pale; and inquiring what was the news which had so distressed him, he said: "O sweet Portia, here are a few of the unpleasantest words that ever blotted paper; gentle lady, when I first imparted my love to you, I freely told you all the wealth I had ran in my veins; but I should have told you I had less than nothing, being in debt." Bassanio then told Portia what has been here related, of his borrowing the money of Antonio, and of Antonio's procuring it of Shylock the Jew, and of the bond by which Antonio had engaged to forfeit a pound of flesh, if it was not repaid by a certain day; and then Bassanio read Antonio's letter, the words of which were: "*Sweet Bassanio, my ships are all lost, my bond to the Jew is forfeited, and since in paying it is impossible I should live, I could wish to see you at my death; notwithstanding, use your pleasure; if your love for me do not persuade you to come, let not my letter.*"

"O my dear love," said Portia, "despatch all business, and begone; you shall have gold to pay the money twenty times over, before this kind friend shall lose a hair by my Bassanio's fault; and as you are so dearly bought, I will dearly love you." Portia then said she would be married to Bassanio before he set out, to give him a legal right to her money; and that same day they were married, and Gratiano was also married to Nerissa; and Bassanio and Gratiano, the instant they were married, set out in great haste for Venice, where Bassanio found Antonio in prison. The day of payment being past, the cruel Jew would not accept of the money which Bassanio offered him, but insisted upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh. A day was appointed to try this shocking cause before the Duke of Venice, and Bassanio awaited in dreadful suspense the event of the trial.

CIII.—TO A SKYLARK.

Shelley.

Percy Bysshe Shelley (b. 1792, d. 1822) was a great poetical genius, and one of the most eminent of English lyric poets. He lived a restless, troubled life, impatient of every form of constituted authority, and in opposition to the current opinions of his time. Not finding England congenial to him, he went to Italy in 1818, where he spent the remainder of his life. He was drowned in the Gulf of Spezzia, by the upsetting of his yacht in a squall. His body was washed ashore, and burnt on the beach, and the ashes were deposited in the Protestant burial-ground at Rome, near the grave of his friend Keats. His poems are highly finished and musical, and bear the impress of his own intense feeling and powerful imagination.

His odes *To a Skylark* and *The Cloud* are the most popular and widely-read of his poems, and are unsurpassed in their rhythmic flow, and in their beauty and originality of thought.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
  (Bird thou never wert)
That from heaven, or near it,
  Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still, and higher,
  From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
  The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
  Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
  Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
  Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
  In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see,—we feel, that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Matched with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught:
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

I count this thing to be grandly true:
That a noble deed is a step toward God,—
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

—*J. G. Holland.*

CIV.—THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

SECOND READING.

WHEN Portia parted with her husband, she spoke cheeringly to him, and bade him bring his dear friend along with him when he returned; yet she feared it would go hard with Antonio, and when she was left alone, she began to think and consider within herself, if she could by any means be instrumental in saving the life of her dear Bassanio's friend; and notwithstanding, when she wished to honor her Bassanio, she had said to him with such a meek and wife-like grace, that she would submit in all things to be governed by his superior wisdom, yet being now called forth into action by the peril of her honored husband's friend, she did nothing doubt her own powers, and by the sole guidance of her own true and perfect judgment, at once resolved to go herself to Venice, and speak in Antonio's defence.

Portia had a relation who was a counsellor in the law; to this gentleman, whose name was Bellario, she wrote, and stating the case to him, desired his opinion, and that with his advice he would also send her the dress worn by a counsellor. When the messenger returned, he brought letters from Bellario of advice how to proceed, and also everything necessary for her equipment.

Portia dressed herself and her maid Nerissa in men's apparel, and putting on the robes of a counsellor, she took Nerissa along with her as her clerk; and setting out immediately, they arrived at Venice on the very day of the trial. The cause was just going to be heard before the duke and senators of Venice in the senate-house, when Portia entered this high court of justice, and pre-

sented a letter from Bellario, in which that learned counsellor wrote to the duke, saying, he would have come himself to plead for Antonio, but that he was prevented by sickness, and he requested that the learned young Doctor Balthasar—so he called Portia—might be permitted to plead in his stead. This the duke granted, much wondering at the youthful appearance of the stranger, who was prettily disguised by her counsellor's robes and her large wig.

And now began this important trial. Portia looked around her, and she saw the merciless Jew; and she saw Bassanio, but he knew her not in her disguise. He was standing beside Antonio, in an agony of distress and fear for his friend.

The importance of the arduous task Portia had engaged in, gave this tender lady courage, and she boldly proceeded in the duty she had undertaken to perform; and first of all she addressed herself to Shylock; and allowing that he had a right by the Venetian law to have the forfeit expressed in the bond, she spoke so sweetly of the noble quality of *mercy*, as would have softened any heart but the unfeeling Shylock's, saying, that it dropped as the gentle rain from heaven upon the place beneath; and how mercy was a double blessing, it blessed him that gave, and him that received it; and how it became monarchs better than their crowns, being an attribute of God himself; and that earthly power came nearest to God's, in proportion as mercy tempered justice; and she bid Shylock remember that as we all pray for mercy, that same prayer should teach us to shew mercy.

Shylock only answered her by desiring to have the penalty forfeited in the bond. "Is he not able to pay the money?" asked Portia. Bassanio then offered the Jew the payment of the three thousand ducats as many times

over as he should desire; which Shylock refusing, and still insisting upon having a pound of Antonio's flesh, Bassanio begged the learned young counsellor would endeavor to wrest the law a little, to save Antonio's life. But Portia gravely answered, that laws once established must never be altered. Shylock hearing Portia say that the law might not be altered, it seemed to him that she was pleading in his favor, and he said: "A Daniel is come to judgment! O wise young judge, how I do honor you! How much elder are you than your looks!"

Portia now desired Shylock to let her look at the bond; and when she had read it, she said: "This bond is forfeited, and by this the Jew may lawfully claim a pound of flesh, to be by him cut off nearest Antonio's heart." Then she said to Shylock: "Be merciful; take the money, and bid me tear the bond." But no mercy would the cruel Shylock show; and he said: "By my soul I swear, there is no power in the tongue of man to alter me." "Why then, Antonio," said Portia, "you must prepare your bosom for the knife;" and while Shylock was sharpening a long knife with great eagerness to cut off the pound of flesh, Portia said to Antonio: "Have you anything to say?" Antonio, with calm resignation, replied, that he had but little to say, for that he had prepared his mind for death. Then he said to Bassanio: "Give me your hand, Bassanio! Fare you well! Grieve not that I am fallen into this misfortune for you. Commend me to your honorable wife, and tell her how I have loved you!" Bassanio, in the deepest affliction, replied: "Antonio, I am married to a wife, who is as dear to me as life itself; but life itself, my wife, and all the world, are not esteemed with me above your life: I would lose all, I would sacrifice all to this devil here, to deliver you."

Portia hearing this, though the kind-hearted lady was not at all offended with her husband for expressing the love he owed to so true a friend as Antonio in those strong terms, yet could not help answering: "Your wife would give you little thanks, if she were present, to hear you make this offer." And then Gratiano, who loved to copy what his lord did, thought he must make a speech like Bassanio's, and he said, in Nerissa's hearing, who was writing in her clerk's dress by the side of Portia: "I have a wife, whom I protest I love; I wish she were in heaven, if she could but entreat some power there to change the cruel temper of this currish Jew." "It is well you wish this behind her back, else you would have but an unquiet house," said Nerissa.

Shylock now cried out impatiently: "We trifle time; I pray pronounce the sentence." And now all was awful expectation in the court, and every heart was full of grief for Antonio.

Portia asked if the scales were ready to weigh the flesh; and she said to the Jew: "Shylock, you must have some surgeon by, lest he bleed to death." Shylock, whose whole intent was that Antonio should bleed to death, said, "It is not so named in the bond." Portia replied: "It is not so named in the bond, but what of that? It were good you did so much for charity." To this, all the answer Shylock would make was: "I cannot find it; it is not in the bond." "Then," said Portia, "a pound of Antonio's flesh is thine. The law allows it, and the court awards it. And you may cut this flesh from off his breast. The law allows it, and the court awards it." Again Shylock exclaimed: "O wise and upright judge! A Daniel is come to judgment!" And then he sharpened his long knife again, and looking eagerly on Antonio, he said, "Come, prepare!"

"Tarry a little, Jew," said Portia; "there is something else. This bond here gives you no drop of blood; the words expressly are, 'a pound of flesh.' If in the cutting off the pound of flesh you shed one drop of Christian blood, your land and goods are by the law to be confiscated to the State of Venice." Now, as it was utterly impossible for Shylock to cut off the pound of flesh without shedding some of Antonio's blood, this wise discovery of Portia's, that it was flesh and not blood that was named in the bond, saved the life of Antonio; and all admiring the wonderful sagacity of the young counsellor, who had so happily thought of this expedient, plaudits resounded from every part of the senate-house; and Gratiano exclaimed, in the words which Shylock had used: "O wise and upright judge! mark, Jew, a Daniel is come to judgment!"

Shylock, finding himself defeated in his cruel intent, said with a disappointed look, that he would take the money; and Bassanio, rejoiced beyond measure at Antonio's unexpected deliverance, cried out: "Here is the money!" But Portia stopped him, saying: "Softly; there is no haste; the Jew shall have nothing but the penalty; therefore prepare, Shylock, to cut off the flesh; but mind you shed no blood; nor do not cut off more nor less than a just pound; be it more or less by one poor scruple, nay, if the scale turn but by the weight of a single hair, you are condemned by the laws of Venice to die, and all your wealth is forfeited to the senate."

"Give me my money, and let me go," said Shylock.

"I have it ready," said Bassanio; "here it is."

Shylock was going to take the money, when Portia again stopped him, saying: "Tarry, Jew; I have yet another hold upon you. By the laws of Venice, your wealth is forfeited to the state, for having conspired against the

life of one of its citizens, and your life lies at the mercy of the duke; therefore, down on your knees, and ask him to pardon you."

The duke then said to Shylock: "That you may see the difference of our Christian spirit, I pardon you your life before you ask it; half your wealth belongs to Antonio, the other half comes to the state."

The generous Antonio then said, that he would give up his share of Shylock's wealth, if Shylock would sign a deed to make it over at his death to his daughter and her husband; for Antonio knew that the Jew had an only daughter, who had lately married against his consent to a young Christian, named Lorenzo, a friend of Antonio's, which had so offended Shylock, that he had disinherited her.

The Jew agreed to this; and being thus disappointed in his revenge, and despoiled of his riches, he said: "I am ill. Let me go home; send the deed after me, and I will sign over half my riches to my daughter."

"Get you gone, then," said the duke, "and sign it; and if you repent your cruelty, and turn Christian, the state will forgive you the fine of the other half of your riches."

The duke now released Antonio, and dismissed the court. He then highly praised the wisdom and ingenuity of the young counsellor, and invited him home to dinner. Portia, who meant to return to Belmont before her husband, replied: "I humbly thank your Grace, but I must away directly."

The duke said he was sorry he had not leisure to stay and dine with him; and, turning to Antonio, he added: "Reward this gentleman; for in my mind you are much indebted to him."

The duke and his senators left the court; and then

Bassanio said to Portia: "Most worthy gentleman, I and my friend, Antonio, have by your wisdom been this day acquitted of grievous penalties, and I beg you will accept of the three thousand ducats due unto the Jew."

"And we shall stand indebted to you over and above," said Antonio, "in love and service evermore."

Portia could not be prevailed upon to accept the money; but upon Bassanio still pressing her to accept of some reward, she said: "Give me your gloves; I will wear them for your sake;" and then Bassanio taking off his gloves, she espied upon his finger the ring which she had given him. Now it was the ring the wily lady wanted to get from him to make a merry jest when she saw her Bassanio again, that made her ask him for his gloves; and she said, when she saw the ring: "And for your love I will take this ring from you." Bassanio was sadly distressed that the counsellor should ask him for the only thing he could not part with, and he replied in great confusion, that he could not give him that ring, because it was his wife's gift, and he had vowed never to part with it; but that he would give him the most valuable ring in Venice, and find it out by proclamation. On this Portia affected to be affronted, and left the court, saying: "You teach me, sir, how a beggar should be answered."

"Dear Bassanio," said Antonio, "let him have the ring; let my love and the great service he has done for me be valued against your wife's displeasure." Bassanio, ashamed to appear so ungrateful, yielded, and sent Gratiano after Portia with the ring; and then the clerk Nerissa, who had also given Gratiano a ring, begged it of him, and Gratiano—not choosing to be outdone in generosity by his lord—gave it to her. And there was laughing among these ladies to think, when they got

home, how they would tax their husbands with giving away their rings, and swear that they had given them as a present to some woman.

Portia, when she returned, was in that happy temper of mind which never fails to attend the consciousness of having performed a good action; her cheerful spirits enjoyed everything she saw: the moon never seemed to shine so bright before; and when that pleasant moon was hid behind a cloud, then a light which she saw from her house at Belmont as well pleased her charmed fancy, and she said to Nerissa: "That light we see is burning in my hall; how far that little candle throws its beams, so shines a good deed in a naughty world:" and hearing the sound of music from her house, she said: "Methinks that music sounds much sweeter than by day."

And now Portia and Nerissa entered the house, and dressing themselves in their own apparel, they awaited the arrival of their husbands, who soon followed them with Antonio; and Bassanio presenting his dear friend to the Lady Portia, the congratulations and welcomings of that lady were hardly over, when they perceived Nerissa and her husband quarrelling in a corner of the room.

"A quarrel already?" said Portia; "what is the matter?"

Gratiano replied: "Lady, it is about a paltry gilt ring that Nerissa gave me, with words upon it like the poetry on a cutler's knife—*Love me and leave me not.*"

"What does the poetry or the value of the ring signify?" said Nerissa; "you swore to me, when I gave it to you, that you would keep i till the hour of death; and now you say you gave it to the lawyer's clerk. I know you gave it to a woman."

"By this hand," replied Gratiano, "I gave it to a youth,

a kind of boy, a little scrubbed boy no higher than yourself; he was clerk to the young counsellor that by his wise pleading saved Antonio's life: this prating boy begged it for a fee, and I could not for my life deny him."

Portia said: "You were to blame, Gratiano, to part with your wife's first gift. I gave my Lord Bassanio a ring, and I am sure he would not part with it for all the world." Gratiano, in excuse for his fault, now said: "My Lord Bassanio gave his ring away to the counsellor, and then the boy, his clerk, that took some pains in writing, begged my ring."

Portia, hearing this, seemed very angry, and reproached Bassanio for giving away her ring; and she said Nerissa had taught her what to believe, and that she knew some woman had the ring. Bassanio was very unhappy to have so offended his dear lady, and he said with great earnestness: "No, by my honor, no woman had it, but a civil doctor, who refused three thousand ducats of me, and begged the ring, which, when I denied him, he went displeased away. What could I do, sweet Portia? I was so beset with shame for my seeming ingratitude, that I was forced to send the ring after him. Pardon me, good lady; had you been there, I think you would have begged the ring of me to give the worthy doctor."

"Ah!" said Antonio, "I am the unhappy cause of these quarrels."

Portia bade Antonio not to grieve at that, for that he was welcome notwithstanding; and then Antonio said: "I once did lend my body for Bassanio's sake; and but for him to whom your husband gave the ring, I should have now been dead. I dare be bound again, my soul upon the forfeit, your lord will never more break his faith with you."

"Then you shall be his surety," said Portia; "give him this ring, and bid him keep it better than the other."

When Bassanio looked at this ring, he was strangely surprised to find that it was the same he gave away; and then Portia told him how she was the young counsellor, and Nerissa was her clerk; and Bassanio found, to his unspeakable wonder and delight, that it was by the noble courage and wisdom of his wife that Antonio's life was saved.

And Portia again welcomed Antonio, and gave him letters which by some chance had fallen into her hands, containing an account of Antonio's ships, that were supposed lost, being safely arrived in the harbor. So these tragical beginnings of this rich merchant's story were all forgotten in the unexpected good fortune which ensued; and there was leisure to laugh at the comical adventure of the rings, and the husbands that did not know their own wives; Gratiano merrily declaring, in a sort of rhyming speech, that

> "While he lived, he'd fear no other thing
> So sore, as keeping safe Nerissa's ring."

—*From Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare."*

Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their souls.
Who steals my purse, steals trash; 'tis something, nothing,
'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

—*Shakespeare, "Othello."*

CV.—ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

GRAY.

THOMAS GRAY (b. 1716, d. 1771) is best known as the author of the celebrated *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, one of the most popular of all poems. "It abounds," says Dr. Johnson, "with images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo."

Through the loving care and kindness of his mother, Gray received an excellent education. After graduating at Cambridge, he made the tour of the Continent in company with Horace Walpole. On his return to England he fixed his residence at Cambridge University, where he passed the rest of his life in study. He wrote but little, but what he did write is perfect in execution, and bears the marks of his ripe scholarship and refined taste.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the Poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honor's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Even from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonored dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,—

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne:
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

The Epitaph.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to Misery all he had—a tear,
He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wished)—a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

NATIONAL ANTHEM.

God save our gracious Queen,
Long live our noble Queen,
God save the Queen!
Send her victorious,
Happy and glorious,
Long to reign over us;
God save the Queen!

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On her be pleased to pour,
Long may she reign;
May she defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To sing with heart and voice,
God save the Queen!

OUR NATIVE LAND.

God bless our native land!
Firm may she ever stand,
Through storm and night;
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do Thou our country save
By Thy great might!

And not this land alone;
But be Thy mercies known
From shore to shore;
Let all the nations see
That men should brothers be,
And form one family
The wide world o'er.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

(The numbers refer to the pages.)

17. **School Close**—*klōs*, not *klōz*—the *enclosed* playground.

18. **Fags**.—In English schools, a name given to boys who are obliged to do servants' work for their schoolmates in higher classes.

Verger—*ver'jer*—janitor, or caretaker.

20. **Schoolhouse** — the boarding-house in the school building, under the immediate charge of the Head Master.

22. **Rome's imperial day** — the period of Rome's greatest power.

23. **No royal road.**—An allusion to the answer of Euclid to Ptolemy, king of Egypt. The king, having asked the mathematician if geometry could not be made easier, received the reply:—"There is no royal road to geometry."

Hel'icon — a mountain of ancient Greece at the foot of which was a fountain whose waters were believed to inspire those who drank of them.

25. **Bloody surf.**—See fourth stanza for explanation.

Stars—marks of honor. The allusion is to the stars, medals, etc., given to soldiers as rewards of valor.

Midshipman—a young officer in training on board a ship of war.

31. **Mistletoe**—*miz'zl-tō*—an evergreen plant which grows on many kinds of trees and derives its nourishment from them. Contrary to the general belief, it is rarely found on oaks.

33. **Alexander the Macedonian**—generally known as Alexander the Great—king of Macedon, a country now forming part of Turkey. During his reign, B.C. 336-323, he conquered a large part of the then known world.

34. **Contingent**— possible, but not certain or expected.

35. **Bleeding . . . rods.**— The Romans had publicly beaten Boadicé'a with rods.

Princess . . . tongues.—The Druids were supposed to have the power of bringing down the wrath of heaven upon their enemies. The Druid chief is at first silent from the intensity of his indignation.

The Gaul . . . gates.—A prophecy of the destruction of Rome by the northern nations of Europe. "Gaul" (inhabitant of Gallia or ancient France) is used to represent these nations.

36. **Other Romans**— the modern Italians, who, until lately, have been more noted for their musical skill than for their military spirit. This is alluded to in the lines, "Sounds . . . fame."

Progeny . . . wings—*prŏj'en-y*—British ships of war.

Cæsar—a title given to twelve Roman emperors, including Julius Cæsar, the great Dictator. The Cæsar of Boadicea's time was the infamous Nero.

Where . . . flew—where the Roman power never extended. The eagle was the Roman military standard. **They**—the Britons. "They" refers to "posterity."

Pregnant . . . fire—full of prophetic inspiration.

Fought, and died.—According to the historians, however, Boadicea poisoned herself.

37. **To keep his oath.**—Harold had sworn to support William's claim to the throne of England.

39. **Three Lions**—heraldic device, or emblem, of Normandy; now forming part of the royal arms of Great Britain.

40. **Rood**—a cross bearing an image of the Saviour.

51. **Shandon bells**—the bells of the church of St. Anne, or Upper Shandon, in Cork, Ireland.

Adrian's Mole—mausoleum or tomb of the Roman emperor Adrian, in Rome; on its site is now the Castle of St. Angelo.

Vatican—palace of the Pope at Rome.

Notre Dame—*nōt'r dām*—the celebrated cathedral of Paris.

Dome of Peter—St. Peter's church at Rome.

52. **Kiosk** — *kī-osk'* — a small open summer-house, supported by pillars. Here, an open cupola or dome.

Saint Sophia—the great Mahometan temple or mosque at Constantinople.

Minarets—slender turrets on Mahometan mosques from which the people are summoned to prayer.

60. **Epicū'rean**—generally *epicurē'an*—pleasure-seeker.

61. **Color of romance**—richer freshness and beauty. An allusion to the fresher and deeper color which the countenance assumes in spring. In romance everything is highly colored—represented as more beautiful and attractive than in everyday life.

Crone—the bee, whose humming noise is compared to the *crooning* or murmuring sound supposed to have been made by witches. Generally, a term of contempt for a garrulous old woman.

Syrian peace.—An allusion to the calm quiet of hot countries at mid-day, and to the life, free from care, led by the people of the East. The same idea is found in the common Italian phrase, *dolce far niente—sweet doing-nothing, sweet idleness.*

62. **Slumberest deep.**—The bee hibernates, or passes the winter in sleep.

64. **Genius**—*jē'ni-us*—a spirit supposed by the ancients to attend and direct a man through life; also, the guardian spirit of a *place.*

69. **With scimitars . . them.**—An allusion to the premature deaths caused by war. The scim'itar is a short Turkish sword with a curved blade.

Harpies—fabulous winged monsters having the face of a woman and the body of a vulture.

73. **Ere half my days.**—Milton was about forty-four years old when he became totally blind.

One talent.—Milton here alludes to his poetical faculty.—See Matthew xxv.

Fondly—foolishly. *Fond* primarily meant *foolish.*

74. **Crone.**—See note on "crone," p. 61.

75. **Unseen fingers**—the wind itself.

Rocket.—Rockets are frequently used at light-houses to discover the position and course of vessels in distress, and to throw life-lines to them.

76. **Shoal . . . rubies.**—The wave-crests on the eastern horizon sparkle like rubies in the red gleam of the rising sun.

Angel . . . spire—the weather-vane on the spire of the church.

80. **Auburn**—usually identified with Lissoy, a village six miles north of Athlone, in the parish of Kilkenny West, County of Westmeath, Ireland. Goldsmith's father was rector of this parish.

81. **That spoke . . . mind**—that showed a mind free from care. Compare "careless" seven lines above.

And filled . . . made.—"The nightingale usually begins its song in the evening, and sings *with brief intervals* throughout the night."

The "village preacher" of the poem is probably a portrait of Goldsmith's brother, Henry, with some touches from his father's character. Henry was curate at Lissoy "with forty pounds a year."

The place disclose—mark the spot.

Passing—surpassing; that is, surpassingly, exceedingly.

Long-remembered.—He had taken the same round for many years.

Careless . . . began.—Prompted by pity, he relieved their wants without enquiring if they were deserving of charity.

82. **Midway . . . storm.**—Half of the cliff rises above the storm-clouds.

With blossomed . . gay.—The furze is a low evergreen shrub. Its abundant yellow flowers are not followed by fruit; hence the epithet, "unprofitable."

83. **Terms.**—Times when the law courts, etc., are in session.

Tides—times, or seasons. Now used in such compounds as, noontide, Easter-tide.

84. **French provinces.**—Poitou and Aquitaine in the west of France and some districts in the north belonged to England at this time.

85. **Douglas**—Sir James Douglas, surnamed "The Good." He is the "Black Douglas" mentioned in the *Third Reader.*

86. **St. Ninians**—a village about one mile to the south-west of Stirling.

Mareschal—*mar'e-shal*—a military officer of high rank; same as *marshal.*

88. **As at Falkirk.**—At Falkirk Edward I. defeated William Wallace, the famous Scottish hero, in 1298.

92. **Hoddin-grey**—cloth made of wool that has not been dyed.

Aboon his might—above his power to make.

Mauna fa' that—must not try that.

93. **Bear the gree**—win the victory.

The same instrument—the spectroscope.

95. **Pleiades**—*plē'ya-dēz*—a group of seven stars, six of which are visible to the naked eye. **Præsepe**—*prē-sē'pē.*

Nebulæ.—*Neb'u-la* (plural, *nebulæ*—Latin)—mist or vapor. The *nebulæ* appear like little patches of mist.

97. **Mary**—Mary Campbell, or "Highland Mary"—the subject of some of Burns's most beautiful songs. She and Burns were lovers. In May, 1786, they met "by the winding Ayr," and vowed fidelity to each other. It was their last meeting. She died in the following October. This poem was written on the third anniversary of her death.

Hawthorn hoar — the hawthorn white with blossoms.

98. **Braes**—hill-sides.

Mary—"Highland Mary."

Birk—birch. Compare "fragrant birch" in the preceding poem.

99. **Matin**—morning song.

Dewy wing.—The lark builds its nest on the ground, and in the morning, while the dew is still on its wings, it rises into the air singing as it soars.

Fell—a barren or stony hill.

Gloaming—evening twilight.

100. **The poor schoolmaster.**—He had kindly entertained Nell and her grandfather, who had become homeless in London, and were wandering about the country. A second time he fortunately met them and relieved their wants when they were in great destitution, and he continued to be their friend and benefactor as long as they lived.

Furnace-fire.—Once in their wanderings, they had found shelter in an immense iron-work.

Dying boy—the schoolmaster's favorite scholar, whose death Nell had witnessed the day after her arrival at the school-house.

105. **Rachel . . . crying.**—See Matthew ii., 18, and Jeremiah xxxi., 15.

Elysian—*e-lĭzh'i-an*—blissful. Derived from *Elysium*, which, in classical mythology, was the abode of happy souls after death.

106. **Cloister's . . . seclusion.**—Heaven is here compared to a quiet and secluded school.

107. **Cressy**—or Creçy.

Flanders.—Formerly a semi-independent territory, ruled by Counts. It embraced parts of Belgium and Holland, and part of the north-east of France.

108. **Right heritage . . dowry.**—Ponthieu, a district around the mouth of the Somme. Edward's mother was the daughter of Philip IV. of France.

110. **Calais**—*kăl'is*, or *kă-lā'* (French).

111 **Atri**—*ä'tree.*

Abruzzo—*ă-broot'so*—a mountainous district in central Italy.

Re Giovanni—*rā jō-vän'nee*—King John.

Syndic—chief magistrate.

112. **Brī'ony**—also *brī'ony*—a wild climbing plant.

Falcons—*faw'kns*—hawks trained for hunting. When in the hunting field they had their heads covered with hoods till the game was sighted.

113. **Belfry's light arcade**—the lightly-built archway of the bell-tower.

Domeneddio—*do'men-ed-dee"o*—an Italian exclamation.

114. **Unknown to the laws**—not possessing legal rights and privileges.

115. Christopher Columbus was born at Genoa, in Italy, about 1435. He early turned his attention to navigation. Having conceived the idea that there was land to the west of Europe, he spent several years in trying to interest the courts of Europe in his plans for discovering this land. At length, Ferdinand and Isabella, the king and queen of Spain, fitted out for him three small vessels, and he set sail from the harbor of Palos, in the south-west of Spain, August 3rd, 1492, and arrived at the Canary Islands on the 9th.

118. **San Salvador**—*Holy Saviour*—one of the Bahama Islands.

119. **Western . . . India**—the extremity reached by sailing *westward.*

Numbers—verse or poetry. Verse requires regularity in the *number* of accents in each line.

120. **Not enjoyment . . to-day.**—The purpose of man's existence is not to follow pleasure exclusively; neither is he placed on earth merely to endure pain or sorrow. He is to be active and earnest in duty—to grow in character day by day.

Art . . . fleeting.—An exhortation to activity in duty. The duties of life are numerous and ever-present; the time for doing them is short and passes rapidly.

Bivouac—*biv'oo-ak.*—Life is compared to a temporary encampment demanding extreme watchfulness.

122. **Civic . . . spite**—the bitterness that characterizes the strife for public positions.

123. **Qui vive**—*kē vēv.*—The challenge of a French sentinel, corresponding to the English challenge, "Who goes there?" Hence, "on the *qui vive*," on the alert, keenly watchful, like a sentinel.

129. **Russet**—reddish-brown. Also, as here, coarse, rustic, without reference to color.

130. **Down**—originally, *dune*—a low hill.

133. **An-tae'us.**—According to ancient fable, Antæus was a giant, the son of Neptune and the Earth. He was invincible so long as he was able to touch his mother Earth. Hercules is said to have killed him while holding him in the air.

134. **Ultramarine blue**—a deep sky-blue color; so called because the mineral substance from which it was formerly obtained was brought from *beyond the sea*—from Asia.

147. The Epiphany is a church festival celebrated on the twelfth day after Christmas to commemorate the appearance of the "Star in the East" to the *Magi*, or wise men, as the symbol of the manifestation of Christ to the Gentiles.

148. **Mammoth**—a species of elephant of enormous size, now extinct.

149. **No horses . . . carts.**—No traces of these have been found in the mounds. Horses were first introduced into America by Europeans.

151. **Speech . . . name.**—Prairie is a French word, meaning *meadow;* applied by the early French explorers to the vast fertile plains of the West.

Crisped—raised ripples upon.

Sonora—a state in the north-west of Mexico.

152. **Mighty mounds.**—See preceding lesson.

Pen-tĕl'i-cus—a mountain east of Athens whence the ancient Greeks obtained the fine marble for their statues, temples, etc.

Par'the-non—*th* as in *thin*—a magnificent temple on the Acropolis, a steep, rocky hill in Athens. It was sacred to the goddess A-thē'nē, or Minerva.

Gō'pher—a small animal of the squirrel kind. It burrows in the ground like a rabbit.

153. **Little Venice.**—A collection of beaver houses is here compared to the city of Venice, in Italy.

154. **Quick**—used in its old sense of *alive.* See ii. Timothy iv., 1.

Savannas—the name given to prairie-like districts in the Southern States. Used here for *prairies.*

Golden age—a fabled period in the remote past when, according to the poets, man lived in a state of innocence. Animals did not prey upon one another, and none of them were subjected to the service of man.

155. **Daulac**—*dō-lac'* (French).

Maisonneuve — *may-zoN-nuv'* (French—*N*, nasal; *u*, nearly as in *fur*).

Iroquois — *ĭr'o-kwŏĭ* — a powerful tribe of Indians originally inhabiting the country south of the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario. It was made up of several smaller tribes; hence, called the Six Nations.

156. **Ste. Anne**—a place celebrated in Moore's *Canadian Boat Song. Ste.* is a contraction for *sainte*, the French feminine form of *saint.*

Sault—*sō* or *soo.*

Hurons — Algonquins—tribes of Indians that lived north of the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario—the Al-gon'quins to the east, and the Hurons to the west.

157. **Sen'ecas**—one of the Iroquois tribes.

159. **Musketoon**—a short musket.

160. **Gre-nāde'**—a hollow ball of iron filled with explosives, and thrown by the hand.

161. **St. Mä'lo**—a seaport in the north-west of France.

Jacques Cartier—*zhak kart'yā.*—He discovered the St. Lawrence River in 1534. The voyage referred to in the lesson was made in 1535.

162. **Mount Royal**—the mountain overlooking the city of Montreal, from which the city gets its name.

Fleur-de-lis—*Flur-dĕ-lee'* (*u* nearly as in *fur*)—flower of the lily—a figure in the royal arms of France. Cartier took formal possession of the country by erecting a pillar bearing the royal arms and a cross.

Thū'lē—according to the ancients, an island in the extreme north of Europe; perhaps, Iceland or the Shetland Islands. Now used poetically for the most northern part of the world.

163. **Hochelaga** — *hŏsh-ĕ-lä-gä* — an Indian village where Montreal now stands.

164. **Nobles**—gold coins worth about 6*s.* 8*d.*, sterling.

Lincoln green—green cloth formerly made in Lincoln, England. It was the characteristic dress of archers and hunters.

Lists—the enclosed ground in which the sports took place. It was marked off by ropes as in our games. **Provost**—*prŏv'ust*—director of the sports—corresponding nearly to our *umpire.*

The presence—often used to denote the *royal presence.*

165. **Forester**—an officer who had the care of a forest.

Malvoisin—a Norman nobleman in the service of John.

Baldric—a belt or girdle to which the quiver was attached.

Sith—old form of *since*.

166. **Runagate**—renegade, vagabond.

167. **King Arthur's . . . table.**—King Arthur was a famous king of the ancient Britons. "The Knights of the Round Table" were the bravest and noblest of the throng of knights by whom he was surrounded. The table was round so that one might not have precedence over another.

Whittle—a knife; probably carried in lieu of a sword.

Sirrah—fellow; used in contempt.

170. **Galliard**—a lively dance.

Scaur—a rough, broken place on a hill-side.

173. **Carbonate of lime** — pure chalk or limestone; here, in solution.

175. **Spores**—minute grains in flowerless plants which perform the function of seeds.

Scaly trees — seal trees.—The botanical name of the former tree is *lĕpĭdŏden'dron*, and of the latter, *sigilla'ria*. It is by their botanical names that these plants are generally spoken of.

176. **Newt**—a reptile having some resemblance to a lizard.

177.—**Glittering . . . blind**—Glitter and show cannot dazzle the honest man. "Glittering" is the subject of "can look."

178. **Procure**—induce.

From his will . . . limbs—to act contrary to his better judgment.

185. **"Winsome Marrow"**—agreeable companion. This expression occurs in *The Braes of Yarrow*, a poem by William Hamilton (1704-1754). Hence, the quotation marks. It is here applied to Wordsworth's sister, who accompanied him in his visit to Scotland in 1803.

Yarrow—a small stream flowing into the Ettrick, a tributary of the Tweed.

Lintwhites—linnets.

186. **Strath**—a broad valley through which a river runs.

Thorough—*thur'o*—through.

Saint Mary's Lake—an expansion of the river Yarrow.

188. The subject of this poem was Wordsworth's wife.

192. **Erin-go-bragh**—Erin for ever!

193. **Mavourneen**—my darling.

199. Sedan is a small village in the N. E. of France where Napoleon III. surrendered to the Germans in 1870.

200. **Silhouette.**—A silhouette is a black portrait showing only the outline of the figure; named after Etienne Silhouette, French finance minister in 1759.

201. **Frontenac's . . . administration.** Frontenac was one of the ablest of the French governors of Canada.

Vercheres—*ver-share'*.

Block-house—house built of heavy timber and pierced with *loop-holes* through which the enemy was fired upon.

Seignior—*seen'yur*—a title given to French-Canadian gentlemen who held large tracts of land granted to them by the kings of France.

203. **Bastions**—*bast'yuns*—towers or projections at the angles of fortifications.

205. It was at one time a common superstition that fairies used to steal beautiful and intelligent children and put others that were ugly and stupid in their places. The children so left were called *changelings*. The changeling of the poem is the poet's memory of his child that has died. It is represented as having been left by the angels, and is, therefore, beautiful.

206. **Zingari** — wanderers — a name given to gipsies; here, the "wandering angels."

212. **Hold in fee**—have in absolute, unrestricted possession.

215. **Grotto del Cäne** (Italian)—the dog-cave.

Black Hole.—See page 223.

220. **Harbor bar**—a shoal at the mouth of a harbor, formed by an accumulation of sand or gravel. The peculiar sound, called *moaning*, made by the water breaking over the bar, is noticeable before a storm.

Rack—Broken, flying clouds.

221. **Shingle**—round, water-worn pebbles.

Wear—*wēr*—a dam in a river. Also spelled *weir*.

Ousel—*oo'zl*—an old or poetical name for the black-bird.

Cowl.—Smoke hanging over the town is compared to a *cowl*, or monk's hood.

222. **Sŭr-ā'jah Dow'lah** — Nā'bob or *Viceroy* of Bengal, nominally under the Great Mogul, or Emperor, whose seat of government was at Delhi.

Fort William—an English trading settlement near Calcutta.

Dupleix — *du-play'* — governor of Pondicherry, a French settlement, south of Madras.

226. **Meer Jaffier**—the chief commander of the Nabob's troops. He became Nabob of Bengal after the battle of Plassey.

227. **Furies**—in classical mythology, avenging deities who tormented guilty men. They were a personification of the terrors of a guilty conscience.

228. **Primus in Indis**—first among the Indians; that is, first among the troops that fought in India.

230. Miss Nightingale, daughter of a Sheffield banker, was born at Florence, in Italy, in 1820. Shortly after the outbreak of the Russian war in 1854, she went to the Crimea as superintendent of a staff of nurses, and she has ever since been remembered with gratitude for her self-denying labors among the sick and wounded soldiers.

231. **Lady's Feast**—a festival celebrated on the 25th of March to commemorate the angel's announcement that Mary should become the mother of our Saviour. See Luke i., 26-38.

240. **Empire's dust.**—The first French Empire was overthrown by the defeat of Napoleon at Waterloo. This overthrow is likened to the effect of an *earthquake* in the next line.

Sound of revelry.—On the afternoon of the 15th June, 1815, the Duke of Wellington, who was then at Brussels, received news of the advance of the French army under Bonaparte. In order to keep the people in ignorance as to the course of events, he and his principal officers attended a ball given that evening by the Duchess of Richmond. Before daybreak the army was on the march, and on the next day an engagement took place at Quatre Bras, twenty miles south of Brussels. Waterloo was not fought till the 18th.

241. **Brunswick's . . . chieftain.**—The Duke of Brunswick fell at Quatre Bras. His father was mortally wounded at Jena, where the Prussians were defeated by the French in 1806.

Mutual eyes—eyes exchanging loving or sympathetic looks.

242. **"Cameron's gathering"**—the "war note" of the Cameron clan, whose chief was called Lochiel. The Camerons supported the Stuarts in 1715 and in 1745.

Albyn's hills—the Highlands of Scotland.

Pibroch—*pē'broch* or *pī'broch* (*ch* as in *loch*)—the Highlanders' war-music, performed on the bag-pipes.

But with the breath . . . years.—The strains of the bag-pipes inspire the Highlanders to imitate the brave deeds of their ancestors. "Fill" is here used passively in the sense of *are filled.*

Evan's, Donald's.—Sir Evan Cameron and his grandson, Donald, are here meant. The former fought under Claverhouse at Killiecrankie, and also took part in the Stuart rising in 1715. The latter was one of the chief supporters of the Pretender in 1745, and was wounded at the battle of Culloden.

Ardennes—*ar'den*—a forest between Waterloo and Brussels.

247. **Man marks . . . unknown.**—The construction of this passage is irregular, and its meaning is uncertain. The poet is evidently in a misanthropic mood. Man's rule on the earth is characterized as always working ruin. But he has no control over the ocean; the ruin that is wrought there is the work of the ocean itself. Even man himself, in his very attempts to subjugate the ocean, is destroyed by its invincible power. After "own" understand "ravage," which must be taken in a passive sense; the "ravage" of the text is active.

248. **Where haply . . . earth.**—This passage also is obscure. The contrast between the power of the ocean and the weakness of man is kept up. The meaning probably is, that the ocean in its stormy moods frequently destroys men just when their hope of safety seems most sure. Men have often escaped the perils of long voyages only to be drowned in sight of their own homes.

Levi'athans.—The leviathan, a huge marine monster, is described in Job (chap. xli.). Compare "With thunders from her native oak," p. 194.

249. **And laid . . . mane.**—Byron was a skilful swimmer. He likens the ocean to a steed which submits to his caresses. **Mane**—waves.

251. **Promē'theus** (*thūs*).—It is related in classical mythology that Prometheus made men of clay, and animated them with fire stolen from heaven.

Thews—muscles.

Lingua Franca—a corrupt form of the Italian language spoken on the coasts of the Mediterranean.

252. **Knave.**—This word originally meant a *boy*, and then a *servant*. Now it means *rogue*.

Soldan—*Sultan.*—Saladin had sent the Nubian (Sir Kenneth) as a present to Richard.

253. **Justiciary**—chief administrator of law and finance, and regent of the kingdom during the king's absence.

Hau'berk—Brig'andine—coats of mail.

254. **Marabout'** (*boot*). **San'ton**—saint.

Copts—the Christian descendants of the ancient Egyptians.

Caftan—a Turkish undercoat.

255. **Genie**—*jē'nē*—or genius. See note on "genius," p. 64.

256. **Clara**—an English heiress, whom Marmion wished to marry. Marmion had tried to ruin Ralph de Wilton, Clara's lover, but had failed.

Let the hawk . . . flown.—De Wilton, in disguise, acted as Marmion's guide in his journey through Scotland, but having obtained proofs of Marmion's perfidy, he left the castle for Flodden field at dawn on the morning of Marmion's departure. *Stoop* is applied to the action of a bird coming down on its prey. The falcon (*hawk*) was Marmion's emblem.

257. **Drawbridge**—a movable bridge over the moat or ditch surrounding a castle.

Portcullis—a harrow-like framework suspended over the gateway of a castle. By dropping it, the gateway could be closed quickly.

258. **A letter forged.**—Marmion had letters forged to prove De Wilton guilty of treason.

Clerkly—scholarly.

St. Bothan.—Invoked as the patron saint of ignorance.

Gawain—or Gavin—bishop of Dunkeld. He translated Virgil's Æneid.

261. **Foul impostor**—Mohammed.

Martlemas or Martinmas—the feast of St. Martin, November 11th. November was the slaughter-time, when cattle were killed and salted.

262. **Orviē'tan**—an antidote, or remedy to counteract the effects of poison. Invented at Orvieto, in Italy.

266. **Sea-urchins**—marine animals having their shells covered with spines. Also called *sea hedgehogs*.

267. **Escarpment**—the steep side of a hill or rock.

269. **Oct'ŏpus**—*okto, eight; pous, a foot.*—The devil-fish is so called, because it has eight arms or tentacles. It is also called *Ĕph'ălopod*, because its tentacles form a circle around its *head*. (*Kephalē, head*)

Sea-vampire.—The vampire, a fabulous being, was supposed to suck the blood of persons when asleep. The blood-sucking bat is also called the vampire.

270. **Testacea**—shell-fish, with *entire* shells; as oysters. **Crustacea**—shell-fish with *jointed* shells; as lobsters.

Antenna—feeler; here used for tentacle, or arm.

276. **Titan**—a fabled giant of ancient mythology.

Sir Hudson Lowe—Governor of St. Helena while Napoleon was imprisoned there.

279. **Northern streamers**—the *Aurora Borealis*, or Northern Lights. It was formerly supposed that great events were often foretold by unusual appearances in the sky.

279. **Maiden Town**—a name given to Edinburgh from a tradition that the daughters of a Pictish King were sent there for protection in time of war.

280. **Couched.**—To *couch a spear* is to bring the spear into position for attack or defence.

Provost—*prŏv'ust*—chief magistrate.

281. **Duned'in**—an old name for Edinburgh.

284. **Pilgrim Fathers**—Englishmen who emigrated to America to escape religious persecution. The first party of them sailed in the *Mayflower*, and landed at Plymouth, Massachusetts, in December, 1620.

285. **Pŏst'ern**—a small back gate.

Pique—*peek*—the raised part of the saddle in front.

Ghent—*gent* (*g* hard); **Lo'ker-en** (here the accent is on the second syllable); **Boom**—*bome;* **Düf'feld** (*dif*); **Mech'eln** (*mek*) **Aer'schot** (*air*); **Looz**—*loze;* **Tŏn'gres**; **Dal'hem** (*ä* as in *far*); **Aix**—*āks*—Aix-la-Chapelle.

286. **Roos** (*rōs*)—horse. *Ross* is a German word for *horse*.

287. **Solferino** — *sōl-fair-een'o* — a town in the north of Italy, near which, in 1859, an allied French and Italian army defeated the Austrians. The recruit was a young Venetian forced to serve in the Austrian army.

288. **Tri'color.**—The Italian flag consists of three perpendicular bars—*green, white* and *red*. The white bar bears a device.

Mixed with the tyrants, etc.—This phrase is an adjective complement of "He."

The others . . glory.—Probably an allusion to the well-known line of Horace, "It is sweet and glorious to die for one's country."

290. **Coke and Mansfield**—eminent English lawyers. The former was Chief Justice in the reign of James I. The latter was Chief Justice in the reign of George III.

Marshall and Story — eminent American judges and jurists.

Cortereal — *kor-tā-rā-ăl'*—a Portuguese navigator who visited the Labrador coast in 1500.

Hudson — the discoverer of Hudson Bay; also, of the Hudson river. Died about 1611.

296. **Profane historians** — those who write the *general* history of a nation. Opposed to *ecclesiastical*. Herodotus, who is here meant, was born B.C. 484.

Mars—the god of war.

297. **Great Italian**—Dante (*Dän'tā*), the great Italian poet. Lived 1265-1321.

Urim and Thummim.—See Exodus xxviii., 30; Numbers xxvii., 21.

298. **Merman.**—The merman was a fabled marine creature having the upper part of the body like that of a man, and the lower part like that of a fish. *Mermaid* was the female.

Wild white horses — the white crests of the waves.

300. **Sea-stocks** — marine plants, allied to the common garden stocks.

303. **Goethe**—*Goe'tĕh* (*oe* like *e* in *her*) —and **Schil'ler** (*sh*)—the two greatest poets of Germany.

Frederick Barbarossa—Frederick I. of Germany, surnamed Barbarossa (Redbeard). Lived 1121-1190.

Corneille—*kor-năl'* (English pronunciation)—an eminent French dramatist. Lived 1606-1684.

305. **Shrine**—of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury.

306. **Ar'ras**—hangings of tapestry with which walls of rooms were covered in olden times. First made at Arras, a town in the north of France.

307. **As little prince** — as little princely, as little of a prince. **More prince**—more princely, that is, king.

Christendom—faith as a Christian.

Geffrey—third son of Henry II., and elder brother of King John.

Dispiteous—pitiless.

309. **Must needs . . pleading**—must of necessity be insufficient to plead.

310. **Tarre**—urge, excite.

Of note—noted. **Fire and iron** *(sword)* are employed for destructive purposes.

Owes—owns, possesses.

Doubtless—free from doubt or fear.

312. **Signior** — *seen'yur* — Italian for ***Sir*** or ***Mr.***

314. **Cato's daughter.**—See *Julius Cæsar, Act II., Scene I.*

317. **Pourest . . . . art.**—The lark's song is remarkable for its volume and power. *Unpremeditated*, not studied beforehand, as the songs of men are.

Higher . . . singest.—The lark sings whilst it rises almost perpendicularly in the air.

318. **Arrows . . . sphere**—moonbeams. Diana, the *moon-goddess* of ancient mythology, was generally represented as a huntress carrying a quiver full of arrows.

Aē'rial hue—heavenly color. *Light* is meant.

319. **Makes . . . thieves.**—The winds move slowly as if weary and weighed down by the scent of which they have robbed (*deflowered*) the rose.

Hymene'al—pertaining to marriage. Hymen was the god of marriage.

331. **Curfew**—here used for an evening bell. It is represented as announcing the death of the day. For "winds" another reading is "wind."

All the air . . . holds.—The stillness *fills* or *pervades* the air.

Incense-breathing — exhaling sweet perfumes.

332. **Await.** — Another reading is *awaits.*

Fretted vault—arched roof ornamented with fretwork. The allusion in this stanza is to the custom of placing tombs of great men in cathedral churches.

Storied urn.—It was customary among the ancient Greeks and Romans to burn the dead, and place their ashes in urns. These urns were inscribed with the names and deeds of the dead, and were frequently ornamented with pictures illustrating their lives.

333. **Village Hampden**—some person that resisted oppression in this village in the same spirit as that in which Hampden, in a wider sphere, withstood the tyranny of Charles I.

Their lot forbade.—The infinitive clauses in the preceding stanza are the objects of "forbade."

Far . . . strife.—This phrase does not modify "stray," but belongs grammatically to *they* implied in "Their." (They being) far, etc.

334. **Muse**—goddess of poetry. "Unlettered muse" here means some unlearned person who wrote the "uncouth rhymes" mentioned in preceding stanza.

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